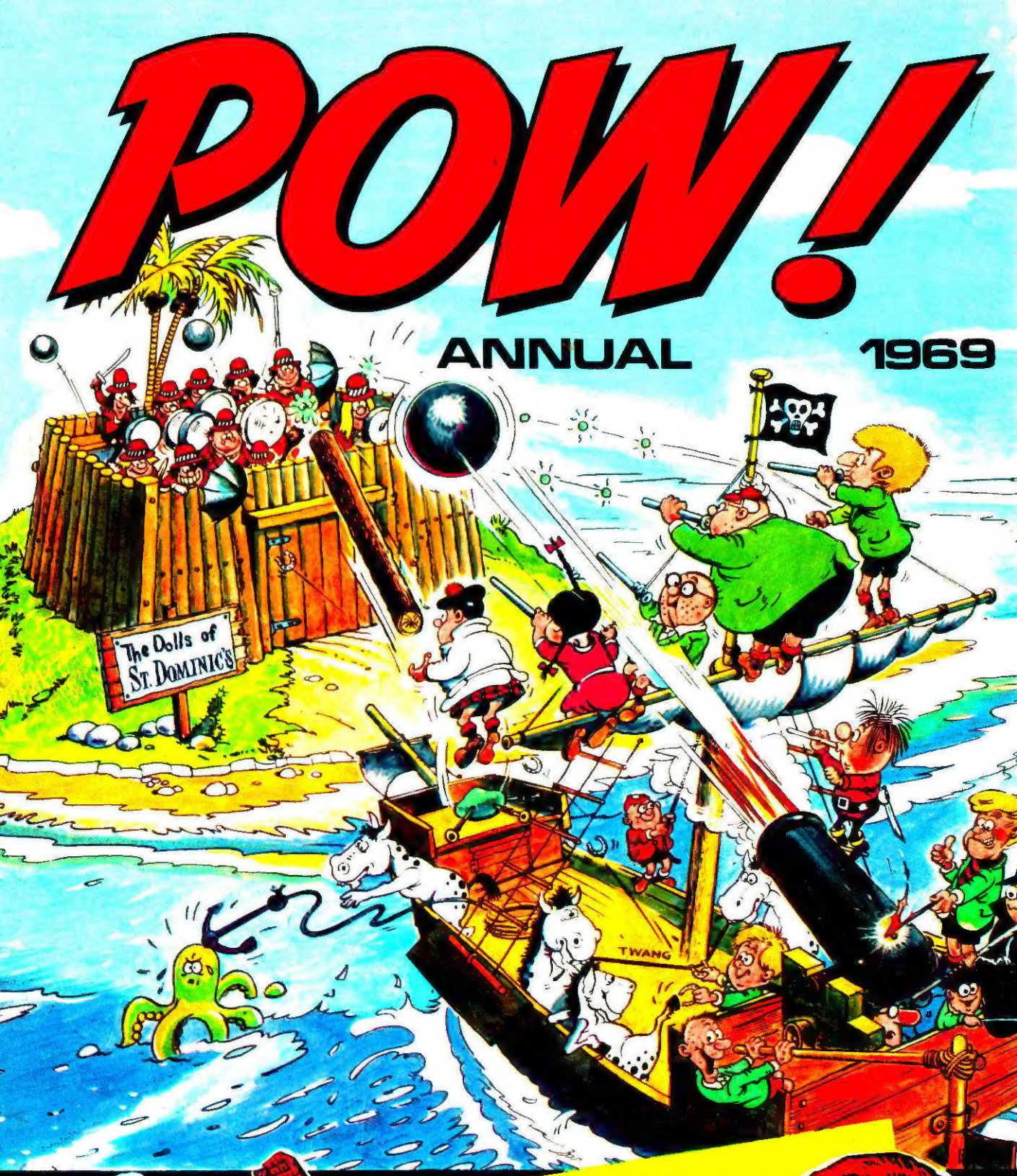
POW!

ANNUAL 1969



Featuring The Sensational "Spiderman" and Battling "Nick Fury"

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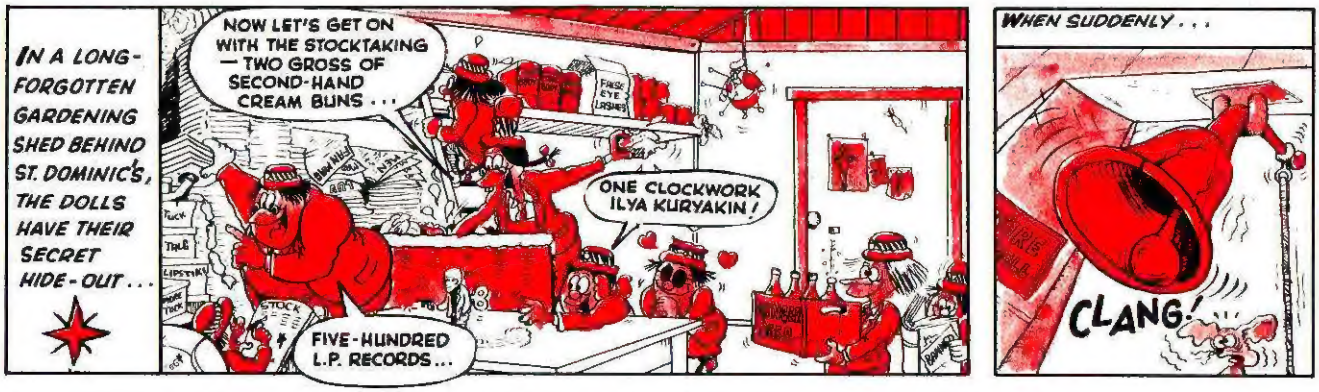
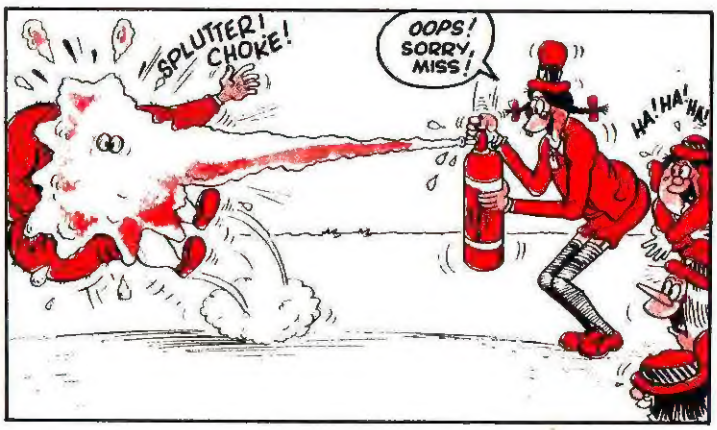
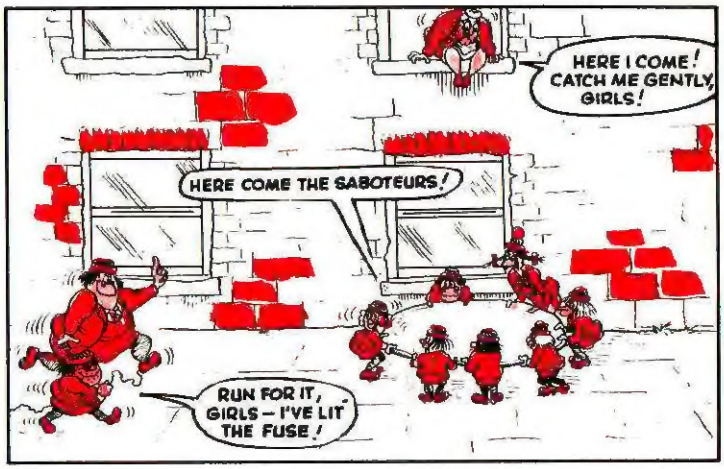
1969
POW ANNUAL
TAKE THAT— AN' THAT—AN' THAT!
PONG!
OH, IT'S NOT MUCH FUN BEING A LADY PIRATE !!
URGH!— HE'S PELTING US WITH THE DREADED PONGING HAGGIS !!
WHAT'S WRONG, DOLLS —? DON'T YOU LIKE LUCKY HORSESHOES!
THIS FLAG IS EVEN JOLLIER THAN THE JOLLY ROGER!
POW ANNUALS
AAGH! I HATE NIGHTMARES!
9/6

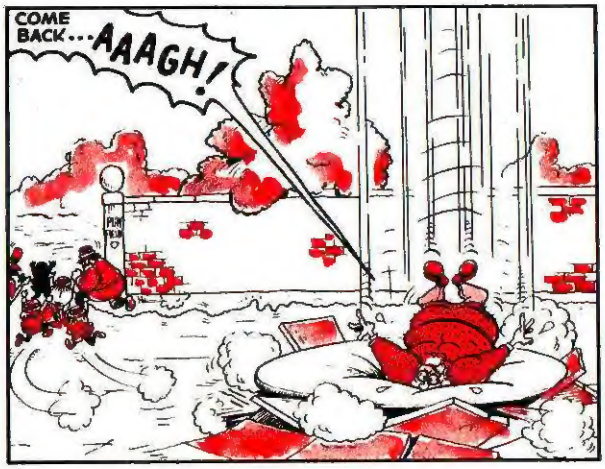
The Dolls of St. Dominic's

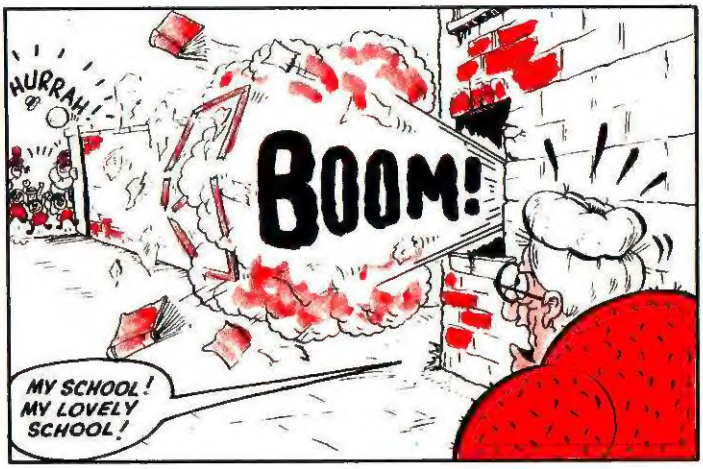




BAH! I SHALL NOW SHOW YOU HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A BURNING BUILDING PROPERLY! — AND IF YOU MESS THIS UP, IT'S FIVE MILLION LINES EACH!

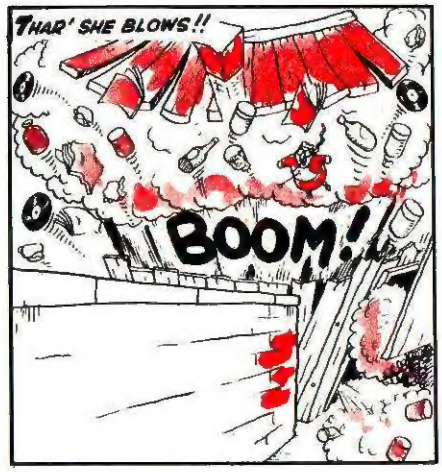

HERE I COME! CATCH ME GENTLY, GIRLS!
HERE COME THE SABOTEURS!
RUN FOR IT, GIRLS — I'VE LIT THE FUSE!


COME BACK... AAAGH!


HURRAH!
BOOM!
MY SCHOOL! MY LOVELY SCHOOL!

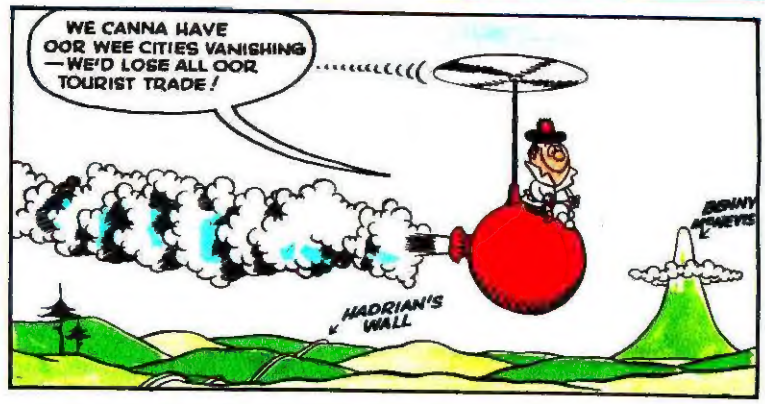
YOU THREE WRITE OUT FIVE MILLION TIMES — "I MUST NOT BLOW UP THE SCHOOL!" YOU THREE WRITE OUT — "I MUST NOT DROP MY LOVELY TEACH!" YOU THREE...

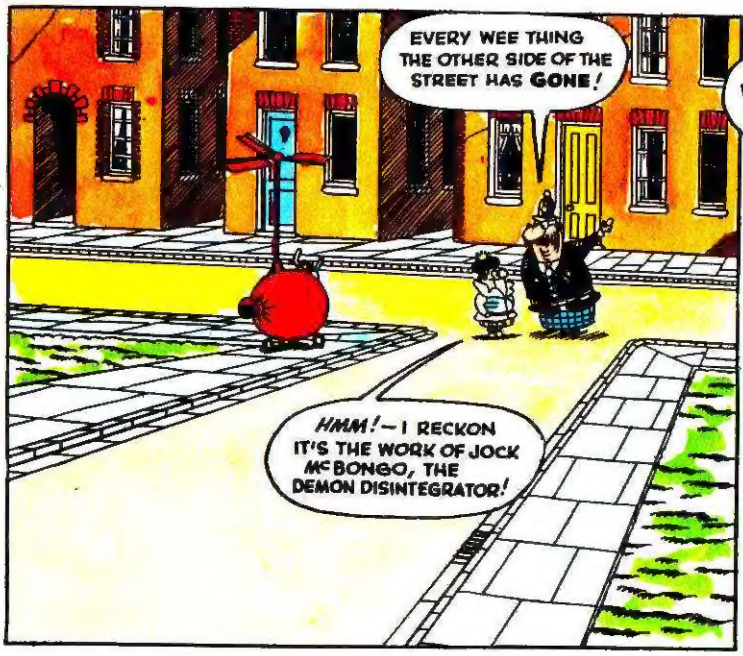
L-LOOK! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A HOLE IN OUR SACK!
T-THERE'S A TRAIL OF GUNPOWDER ALL THE WAY TO OUR HUT!
CLASS ROOM BACK DOOR
ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!
FIRE DRILL TOO

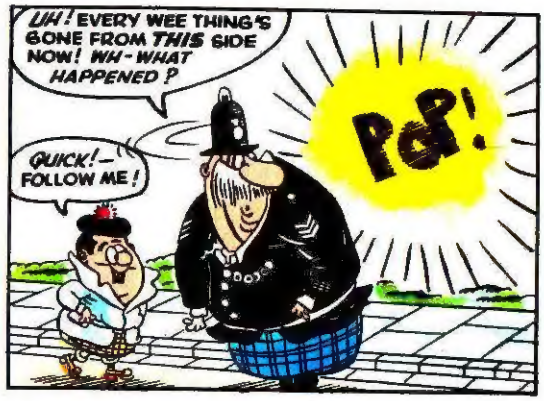

THAR' SHE BLOWS!!
BOOM!

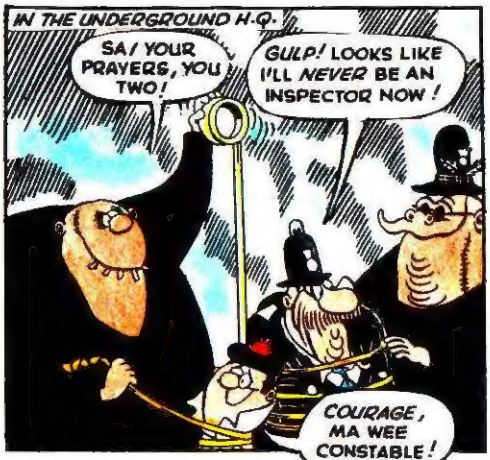
AFTER YOU'VE WRITTEN YOUR LINES, YOU CAN STAY BEHIND AND REBUILD THE WRECKED BUILDINGS! HO! HO!
SOB! WE'LL BE HERE TILL A MONTH NEXT CHRISTMAS!

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS
THE SPY FROM SKYE

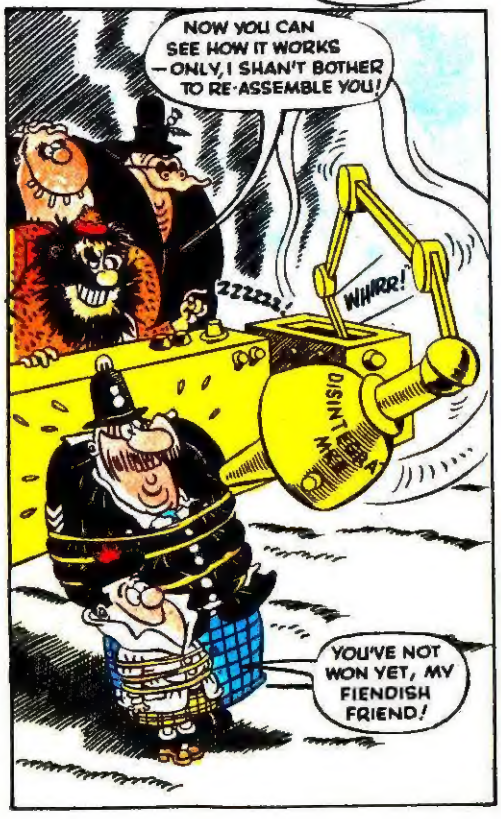


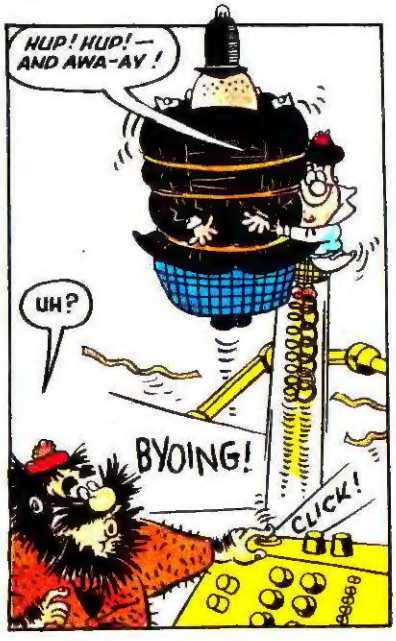


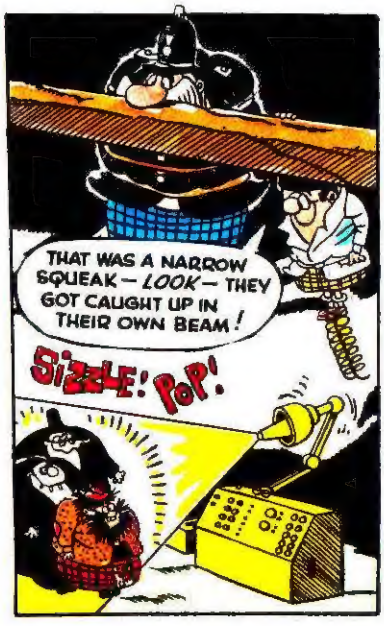



IN THE UNDERGROUND H.Q.
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, YOU TWO!
GULP! LOOKS LIKE I'LL NEVER BE AN INSPECTOR NOW!
COURAGE, MA WEE CONSTABLE!

WELCOME, WILLIE! WE'RE HOLDING HALF GLASGOW TO RANSOM DOWN HERE — AND YOU CAN PERSONALLY TRY OUT MY DISINTEGRATOR! HEH! HEH! HEH!


NOW YOU CAN SEE HOW IT WORKS — ONLY, I SHAN'T BOTHER TO RE-ASSEMBLE YOU!
ZZZZZZ!
WHIRR!
DISINTEGRATOR
YOU'VE NOT WON YET, MY FIENDISH FRIEND!


HUP! HUP! — AND AWA-AY!
UH?
BYOING!
CLICK!

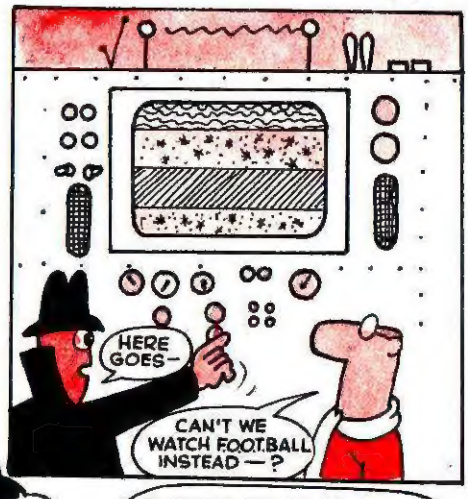

THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK — LOOK — THEY GOT CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN BEAM!
SIZZLE! POP!

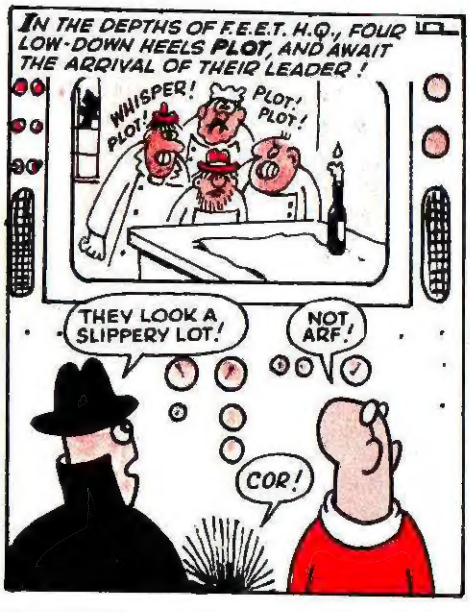
YOU CAN'T LEAVE US LIKE THIS! SOB! JUST A LOAD OF OLD BUILDING BRICKS!
WE JUST MIGHT RE-ASSEMBLE YOU — BUT ONLY ON ONE CONDITION!

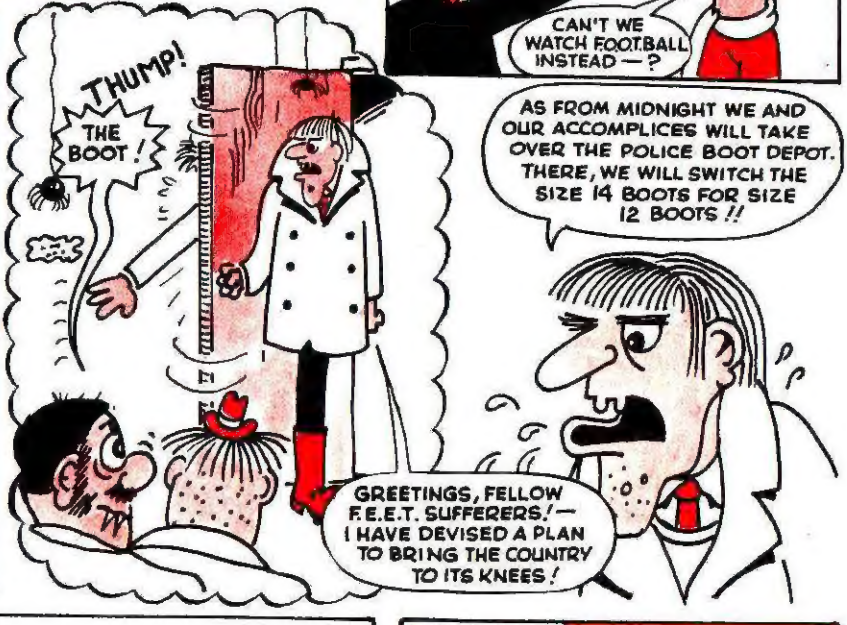
— THAT YOU PERSONALLY CARRY EVERY PIECE OF BUILDING AND PERSONALLY RE-ASSEMBLE THE FAIR, WEE CITY! HA! HA!

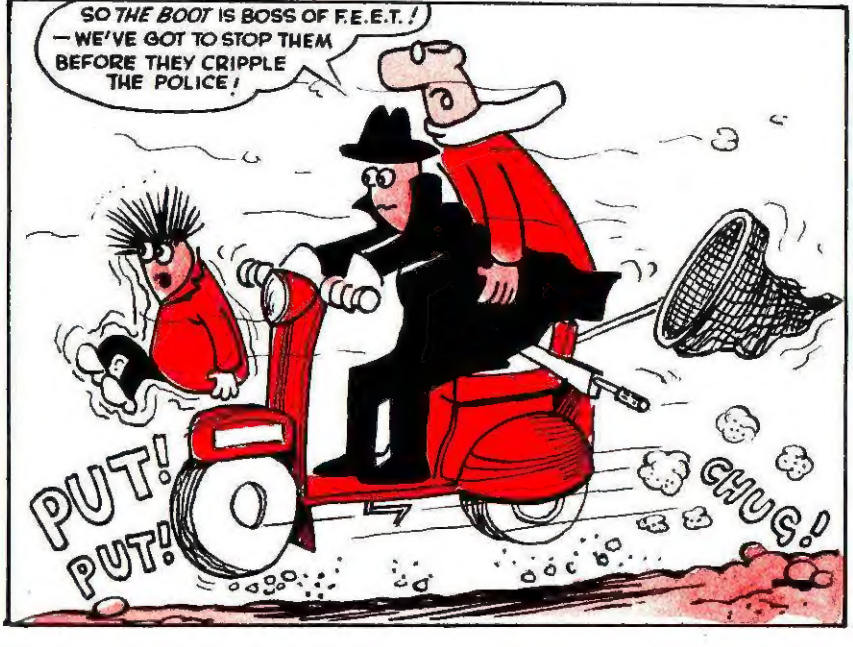
GASP! — PUFF! PANT!
AND FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, A PATHETIC SIGHT WAS SEEN IN GLASGOW'S SUNNY STREETS . . .
DINNA LOSE HEART! YOU CAN HAVE FIVE-MINUTES OFF FOR TEA NEXT TUESDAY! HEH! HEH!

THE CLOAK and the F.E.E.T. FIENDS





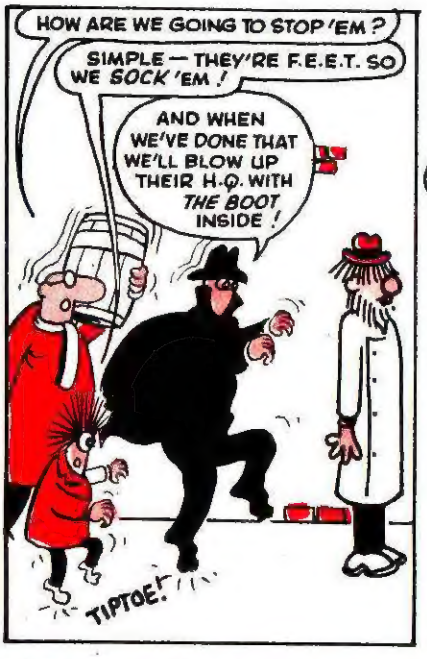




COUGH!
CORI!
SNEEZE!
SPLUTTER!
TAKE THAT! NOW, FLEE, F.E.E.T. AGENTS AND DO YOUR WORST!

QUICKLY, CHAPS — OFF WITH YOUR ANTI-F.E.E.T. MASKS AND GET AFTER THEM!
UH-? YOU ONLY BROUGHT ONE!
AS USUAL!

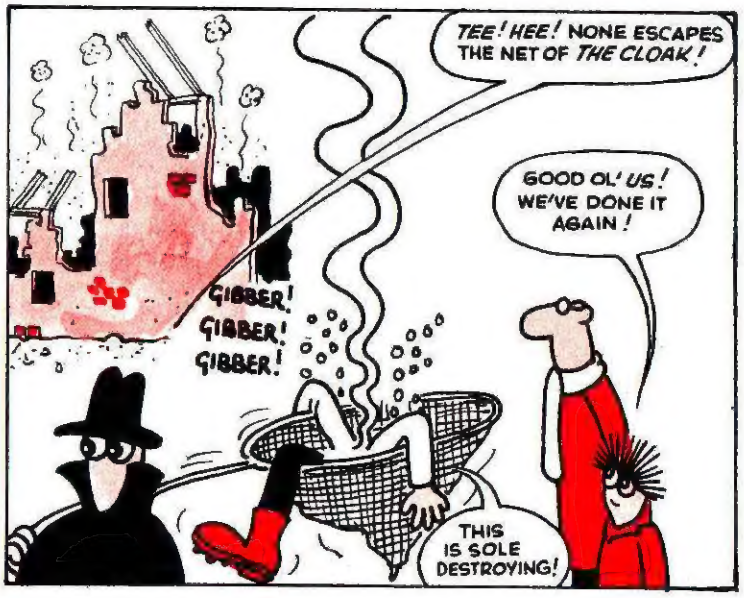
GROOH! THESE BLOOMING BOOTS ARE TOO TIGHT!!
LOOK, CLOAK — THEY'VE STARTED! WHAT DO WE DO NOW!?
MIND YOUR FEET
HO! HO! THAT COPPER CAN'T CATCH US — HE CAN'T RUN!

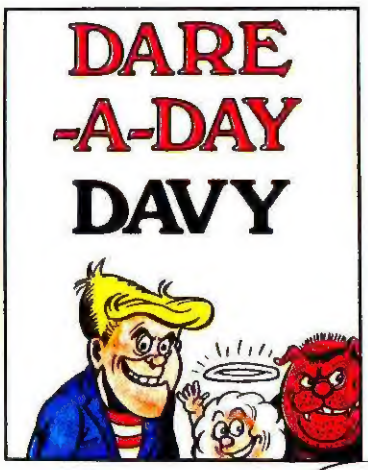

HOW ARE WE GOING TO STOP 'EM?
SIMPLE — THEY'RE F.E.E.T. SO WE SOCK 'EM!
AND WHEN WE'VE DONE THAT WE'LL BLOW UP THEIR H.Q. WITH THE BOOT INSIDE!
TIPTOE!

WELL DONE, LADS, THAT'S THE LAST PAIR — NOW TO WIPE OUT THE BOOT! —
HELP! I'VE BEEN SOCKED!
SO HAVE I!
GROPE!

SURRENDER, BOOT! F.E.E.T. IS ON ITS LAST LEGS!
NEVER! WE WILL RISE TO POWER, DESPITE YOU, CLOAK!
HEE! HEE! YOU'LL RISE, ALL RIGHT!
I WILL ESCAPE YOUR NET!

KABOOM!


TEE! HEE! NONE ESCAPES THE NET OF THE CLOAK!
GOOD OL' US! WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
GIBBER! GIBBER! GIBBER!
THIS IS SOLE DESTROYING!


DARE
-A-DAY
DAVY

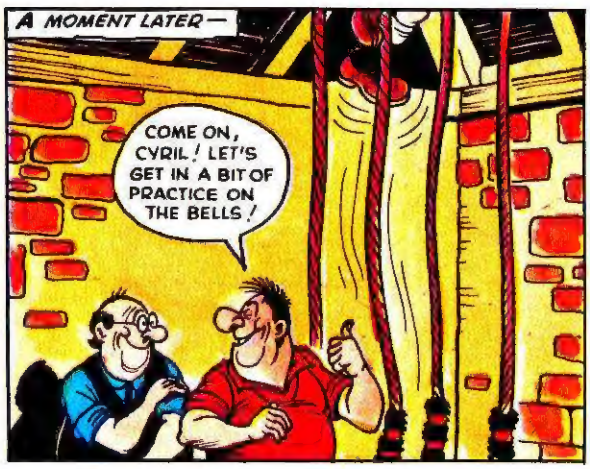
I'M VERY PLEASED WITH MYSELF TODAY— I'VE BEEN TO SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN IN TROUBLE ONCE!
PSST! DAVY — LOOK AT THAT SMASHIN' STEEPLE! I BET YOU DAREN'T CLIMB IT!
SHUT UP! I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR ROTTEN DARES TODAY!

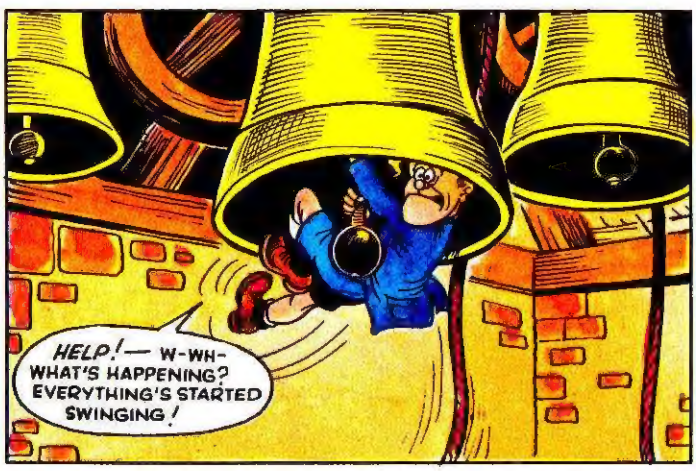
BAH! THAT DEVIL KNOWS I CAN NEVER RESIST A DARE — WONDER HOW YOU GET UP THERE?

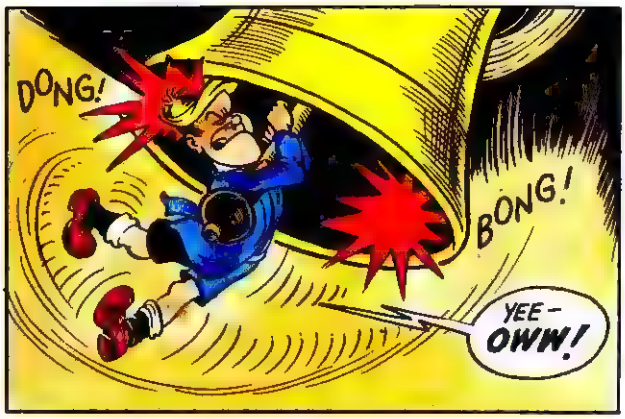
THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY— I CAN GET HALFWAY UP BY STAIRS!
TO THE BELFRY

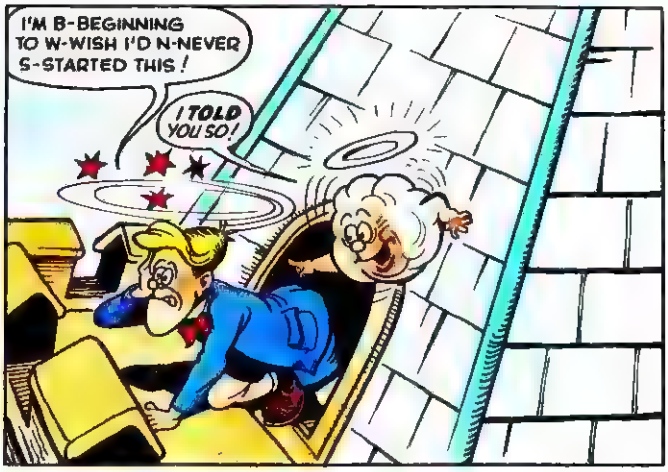
DON'T DO IT, DAVY! GO BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
YOU KNOW I CAN'T TURN BACK ONCE I'VE STARTED A DARE — PUFF!— HOP IT!!

I RECKON THIS ROPE WILL TAKE ME A BIT HIGHER!


A MOMENT LATER—
COME ON, CYRIL! LET'S GET IN A BIT OF PRACTICE ON THE BELLS!


HELP!— W-WH- WHAT'S HAPPENING? EVERYTHING'S STARTED SWINGING!


DONG!
BONG!
YEE-
OWW!

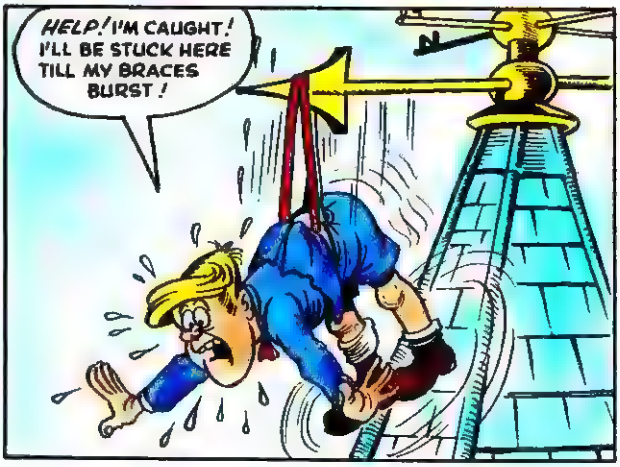

I'M B-BEGINNING TO W-WISH I'D N-NEVER S-STARTED THIS!
I TOLD YOU SO!

HERE GOES! THE L-LAST LAP!

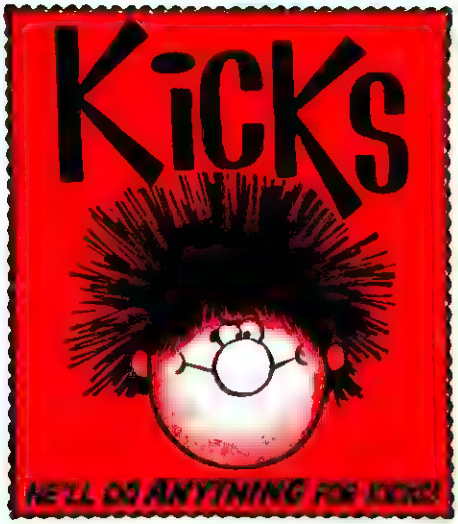
KEEP AT IT, DAVY BOY— YOU'RE ALMOST THERE!
I OUGHT TO GET DANGER MONEY FOR JUST WATCHING YOU! — GO BACK!!
AW! SHUT UP — BOTH OF YOU!

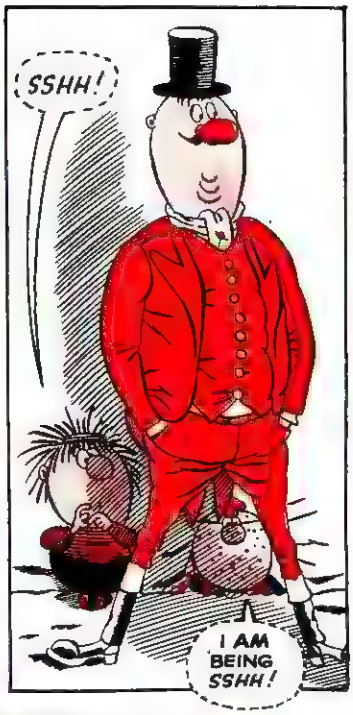
HEE! HEE! HEE! — MADE IT! COO — I CAN SEE FOR MILES!
W
E
S

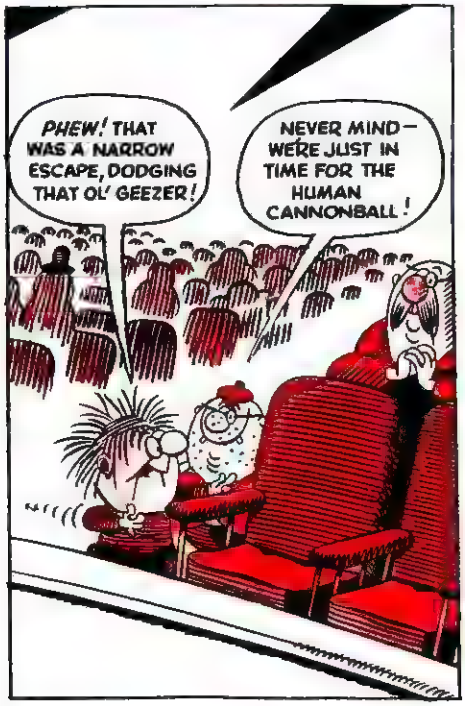
EEK! THE WIND'S CHANGED!
W
S

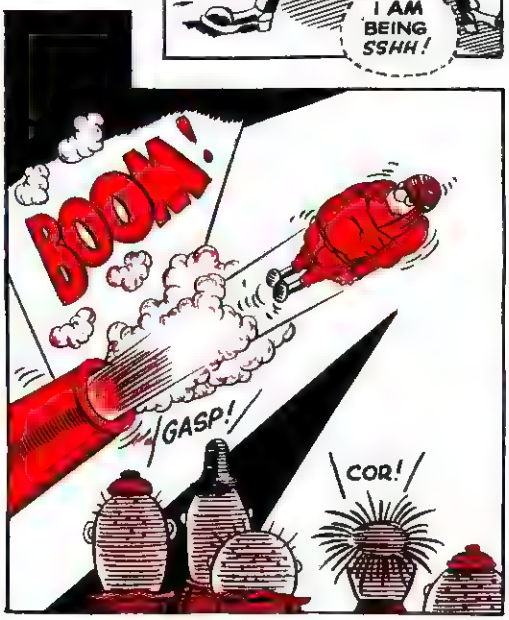

HELP! I'M CAUGHT! I'LL BE STUCK HERE TILL MY BRACES BURST!

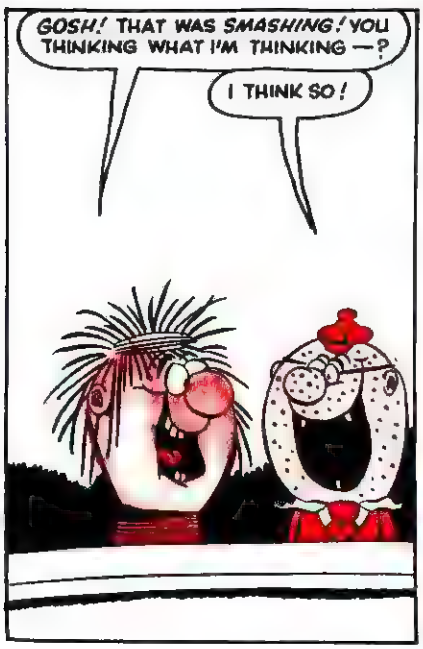
GOODNESS! IT'S DAVY!!
WA-AH! HEEELP!
HURRMPH! SERVES HIM RIGHT! LET'S LEAVE HIM THERE TILL AFTER THE SERVICE!











LATER THAT NIGHT . . .

HERE GOES! GET A MATCH READY—

—FIRE!!

OOOOOOOOOOOH!
BOOM!

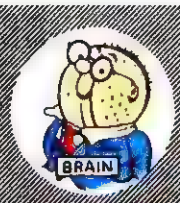
OWOWOW! GET ME DOWN! ARGHHH!
RIP!

I'VE HAD MY STROLL — NOW FOR BED AND COCOA!

CRASH!
HELP! WE'RE BEING BOMBED!!

YELP! WHERE AM I??
?!
FIFTY WHACKS FOR SNEAKING IN ... FIFTY FOR USING THE CANNON ... FIFTY FOR SMASHING MY CARAVAN ... FIFTY FOR ...
OWW!— THAT'S ANOTHER KICK I WON'T DO AGAIN! — WAAH!

THE GROUP


BRAIN

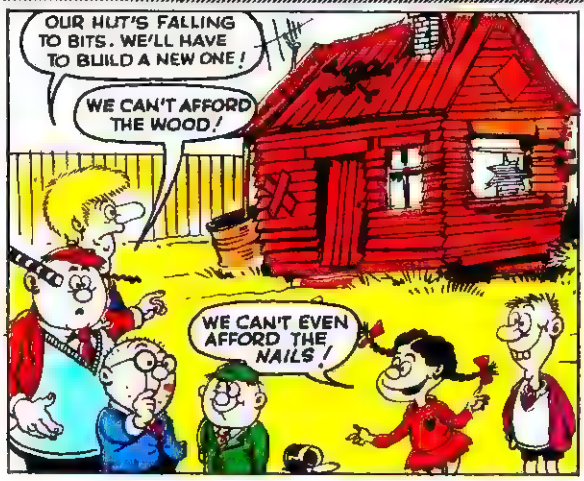
LUVVY

FATSO

STUPID

SHRIMP

RINGO


OUR HUT'S FALLING TO BITS. WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD A NEW ONE!
WE CAN'T AFFORD THE WOOD!
WE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD THE NAILS!

HEY! LET'S RUN A JUMBLE SALE — WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!
YEAH! WE CAN BRING ALL OUR OLD RUBBISH FROM HOME TO SELL!

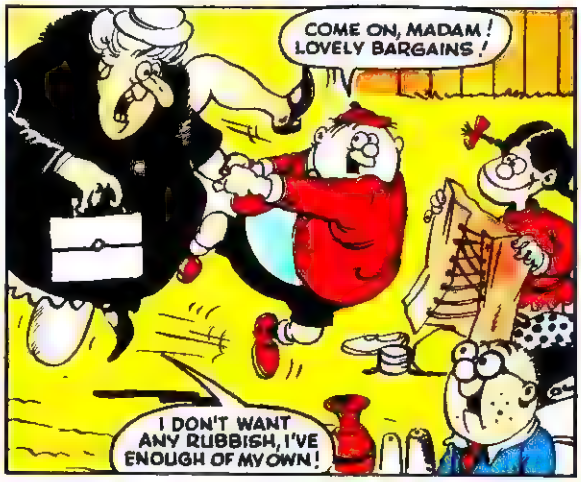
I'LL PUT SOME POSTERS UP WHILE YOU LOT RAID YOUR ATTICS!
I THINK I'LL GET RID OF OUR BATH — I HATE IT!
GRAND JUMBLE SALE

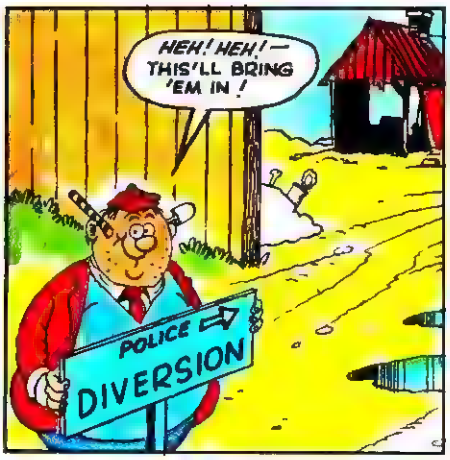
AN HOUR LATER—
PUFF! PANT!
WELL DONE, GROUP! WE SHOULD MAKE A MINT OUT OF THIS LOT!
MUM'LL NEVER MISS HER OLD CORSET! — TITTER!

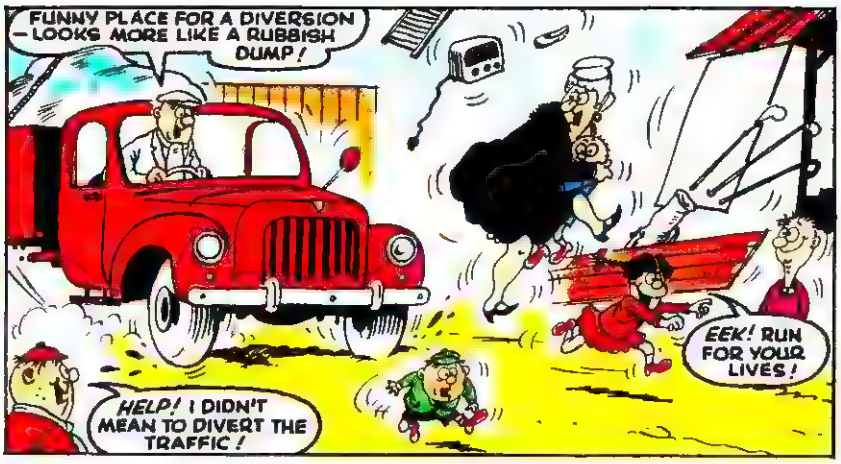
THE SILLY TWIT'S SO TINY, HE'S FALLEN IN!
HELP!

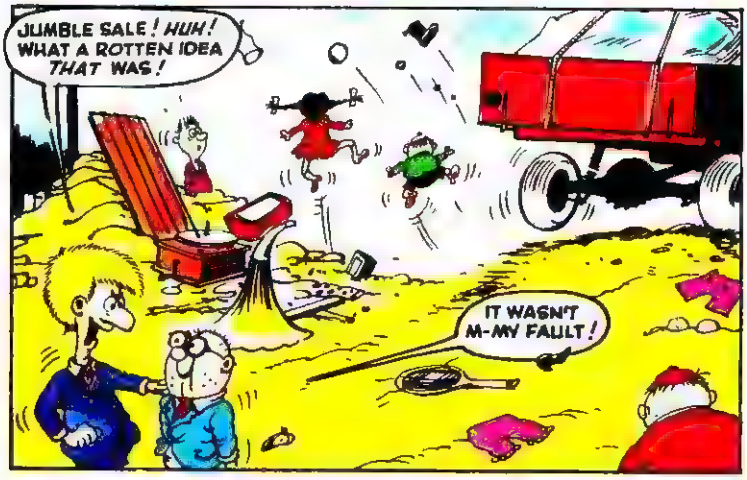
ERK! NOW WE REALLY DO NEED A NEW HUT!
PLOP!
YEOW! ME NOSE! ME LOVELY LITTLE CONK!

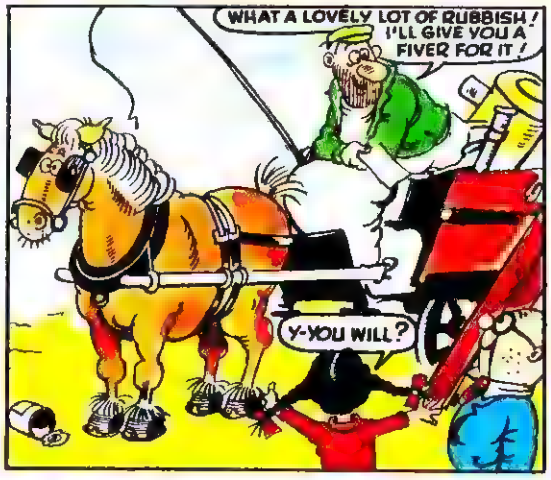
LATER THAT DAY—
ALL SET? I'LL GO AND FIND OUR FIRST CUSTOMERS!
GRAND JUMBLE SALE TODAY.


COME ON, MADAM! LOVELY BARGAINS!
I DON'T WANT ANY RUBBISH, I'VE ENOUGH OF MY OWN!

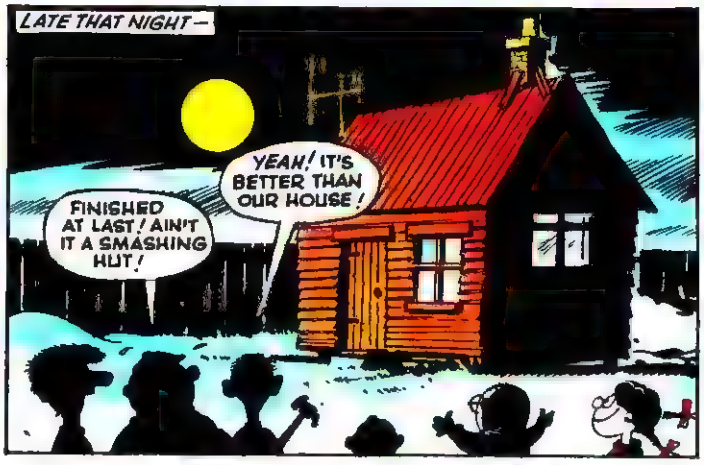

HEH! HEH! — THIS'LL BRING 'EM IN!
POLICE
DIVERSION

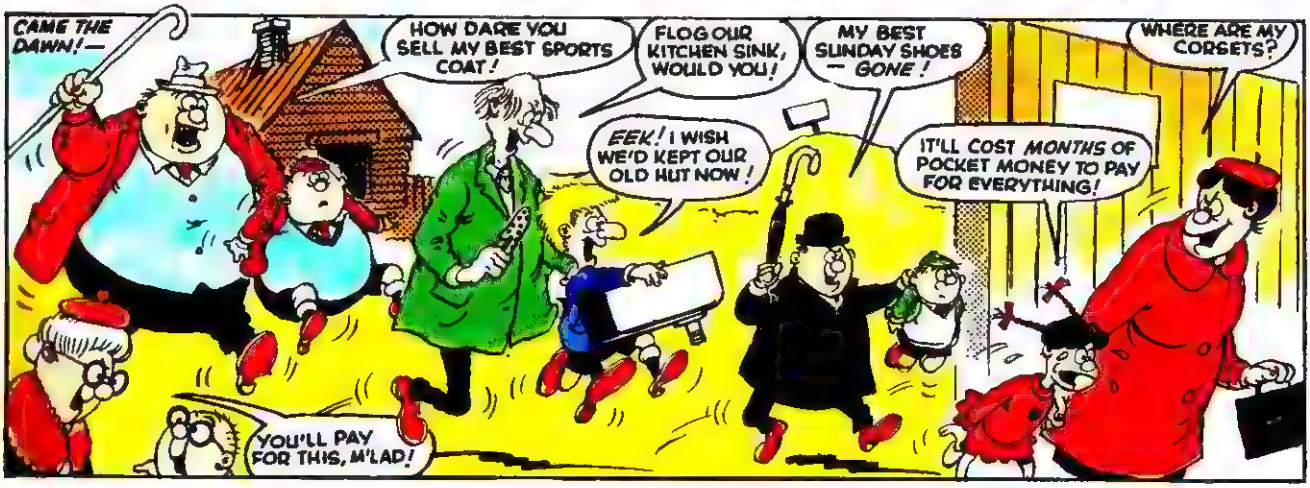

FUNNY PLACE FOR A DIVERSION — LOOKS MORE LIKE A RUBBISH DUMP!
EEK! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
HELP! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DIVERT THE TRAFFIC!


JUMBLE SALE! HUH! WHAT A ROTTEN IDEA THAT WAS!
IT WASN'T M-MY FAULT!


WHAT A LOVELY LOT OF RUBBISH! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIVER FOR IT!
Y-YOU WILL?

HARDWARE
ALL THE WOOD AND NAILS THIS WILL BUY, MISTER —
YEAH! WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A NEW HUT!


LATE THAT NIGHT —
FINISHED AT LAST! AIN'T IT A SMASHING HUT!
YEAH! IT'S BETTER THAN OUR HOUSE!


CAME THE DAWN! —
HOW DARE YOU SELL MY BEST SPORTS COAT!
FLOG OUR KITCHEN SINK, WOULD YOU!
MY BEST SUNDAY SHOES — GONE!
WHERE ARE MY CORSETS?
EEK! I WISH WE'D KEPT OUR OLD HUT NOW!
IT'LL COST MONTHS OF POCKET MONEY TO PAY FOR EVERYTHING!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, M'LAD!

SPIDER-MAN

V. The "VULTURE!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

THEY'LL PROBABLY BE EXPECTING ME TO TRY SOMETHING, BUT I'LL GET THOSE GEMS IN A WAY THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT! EVEN SPIDER-MAN WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF STOPPING ME!

AFTER MAKING CERTAIN HE IS NOT OBSERVED, THE VULTURE DARTS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE ATOP AN ABANDONED SILO IN STATEN ISLAND, JUST A FEW SECONDS FROM THE HEART OF MANHATTEN...
NOW FOR THE FIRST PART OF MY INGENIOUS PLAN!

SECONDS LATER, ATOP AN APARTMENT HOUSE WHERE HE HAD BEEN CHECKING HIS CAMERA, SPIDER-MAN'S AMAZING SPIDER SENSES PICK UP A STRANGE SENSATION.
SOMETHING COMING THROUGH THE AIR--BUT MAKING NO SOUND!... CAN'T BE A PLANE...

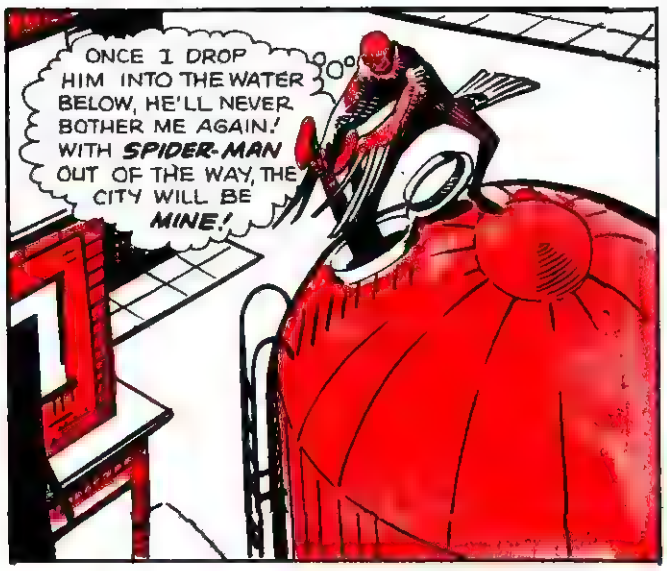
NOT NOTICING THE POWERFUL FIGURE ON THE ROOF TOP, THE VULTURE SWEEPS PAST..
THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT HOW I'M GOING TO STEAL THOSE DIAMONDS!
I'VE GOT EVERYONE COMPLETELY BAFFLED! NO ONE HAS YET DISCOVERED HOW I MANAGE TO FLY WITH THESE ARTIFICIAL WINGS!

I'LL TOSS SOME MESSAGES WHERE THEY'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!
THE FIRST ONE IS FOR THE JAMESON PUBLISHING COMPANY BUILDING!

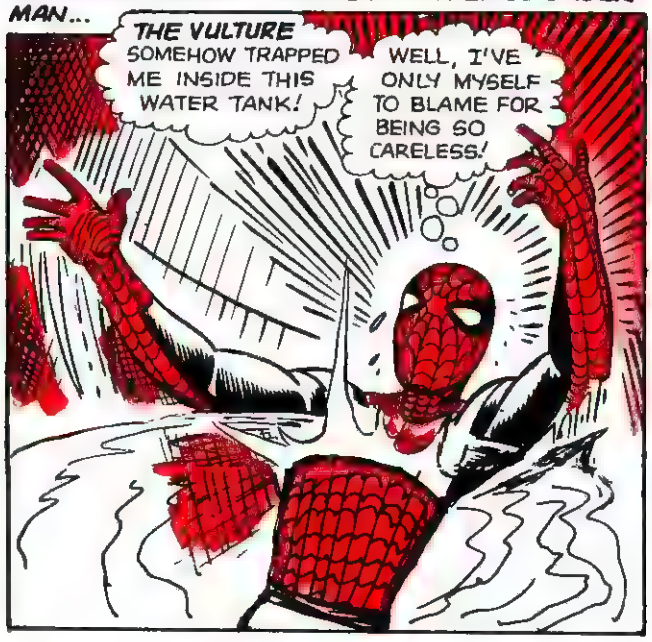
MY NEXT MESSAGE IS FOR THE RADIO NETWORK! NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN TAUNTING MY ENEMIES!

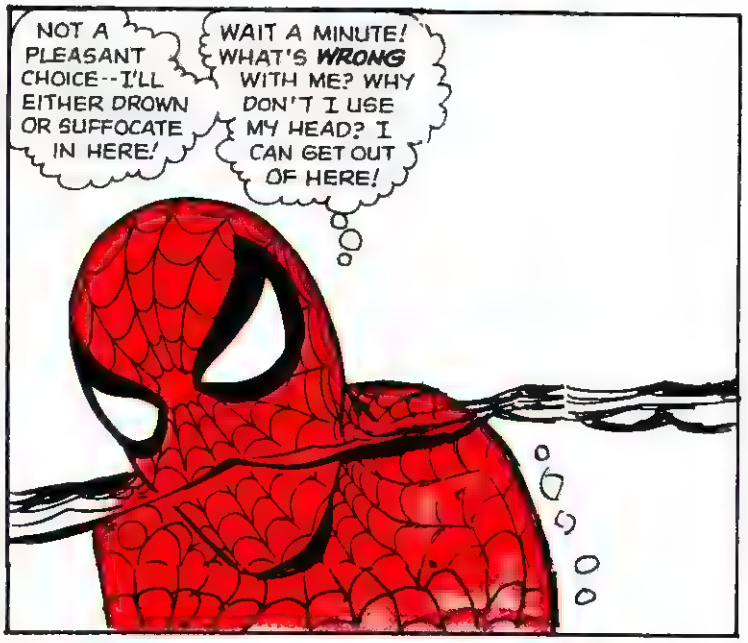
AND, FINALLY, ONE FOR THE POLICE CHIEF HIMSELF! I'LL BE GONE BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO READ THEM!

BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS TO GET A CLOSE-UP PICTURE OF THE VULTURE, SPIDER-MAN CARELESSLY KICKS A LOOSE BRICK...



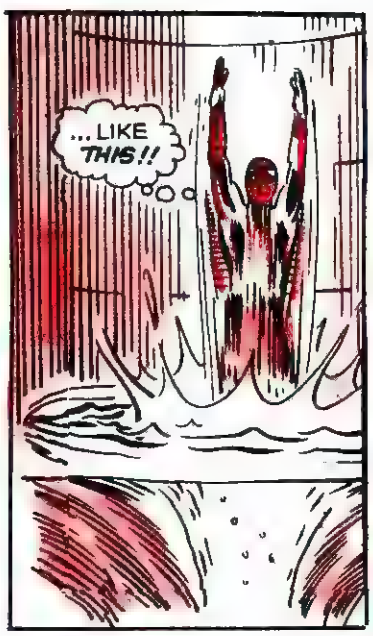
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE TANK, THE SHOCK OF HITTING THE COLD WATER INSTANTLY REVIVES THE POWERFUL SPIDER-MAN...





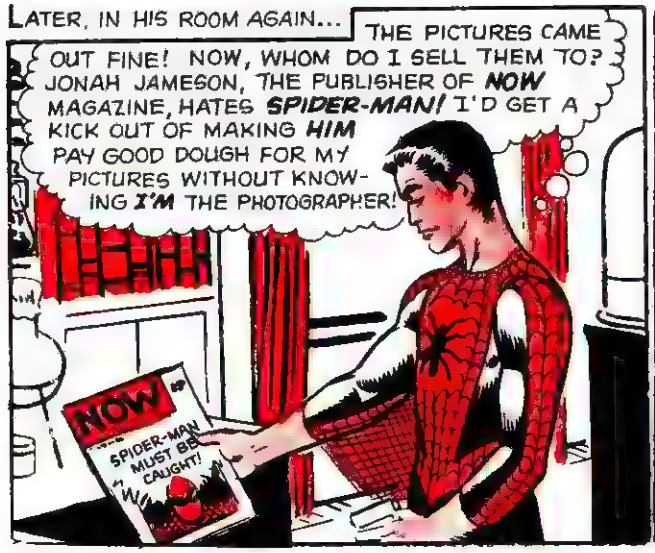
MY MUSCLES ARE FAR STRONGER THAN AN ORDINARY HUMAN'S! THERE'S ONE LITTLE TRICK THAT ONLY THE SPIDER-MAN CAN PERFORM!

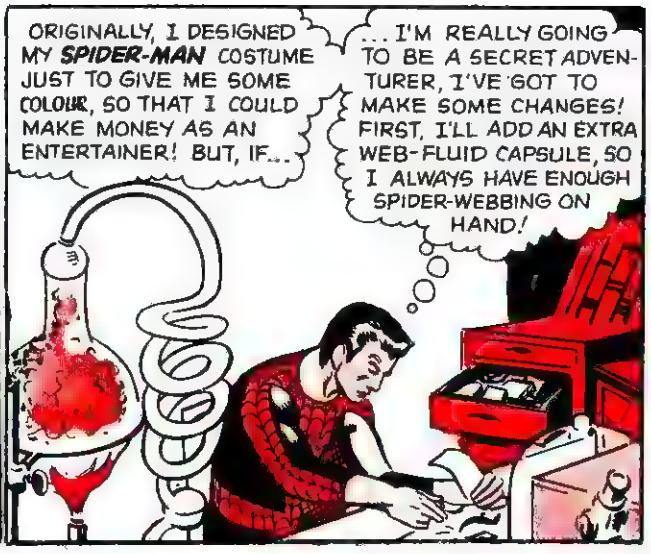
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS REACH THE BOTTOM, SQUAT DOWN, AND PREPARE TO HURL MYSELF UPWARD...


...LIKE THIS!!

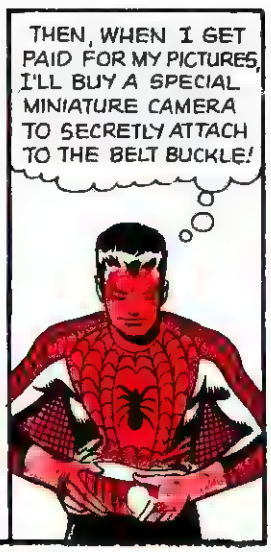
DID IT!!
I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO FLY LIKE THE VULTURE-- BUT MY SPIDER STRENGTH HASN'T LET ME DOWN YET!

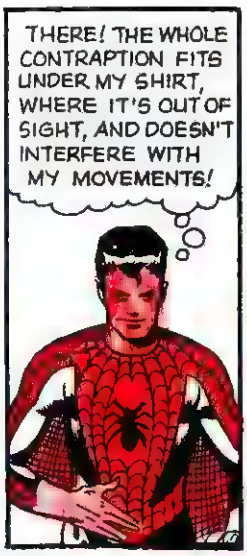
MY LUCK'S STILL HOLDING OUT-- HERE'S MY CAMERA!
SURE IS UNBELIEVABLE HOW THE VULTURE MANAGES TO FLY SO SWIFTLY! I'D SURE LIKE TO FIGURE OUT HOW HE DOES IT!


LATER, IN HIS ROOM AGAIN...
THE PICTURES CAME OUT FINE! NOW, WHOM DO I SELL THEM TO? JONAH JAMESON, THE PUBLISHER OF NOW MAGAZINE, HATES SPIDER-MAN! I'D GET A KICK OUT OF MAKING HIM PAY GOOD DOUGH FOR MY PICTURES WITHOUT KNOWING I'M THE PHOTOGRAPHER!
NOW
SPIDER-MAN MUST BE CAUGHT!


ORIGINALLY, I DESIGNED MY SPIDER-MAN COSTUME JUST TO GIVE ME SOME COLOUR, SO THAT I COULD MAKE MONEY AS AN ENTERTAINER! BUT, IF...
...I'M REALLY GOING TO BE A SECRET ADVENTURER, I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME CHANGES! FIRST, I'LL ADD AN EXTRA WEB-FLUID CAPSULE, SO I ALWAYS HAVE ENOUGH SPIDER-WEBBING ON HAND!

I'LL FASHION SMALL CONTAINERS IN MY BELT TO HOLD ADDITIONAL WEB-FLUID CARTRIDGES!


THEN, WHEN I GET PAID FOR MY PICTURES, I'LL BUY A SPECIAL MINIATURE CAMERA TO SECRETLY ATTACH TO THE BELT BUCKLE!

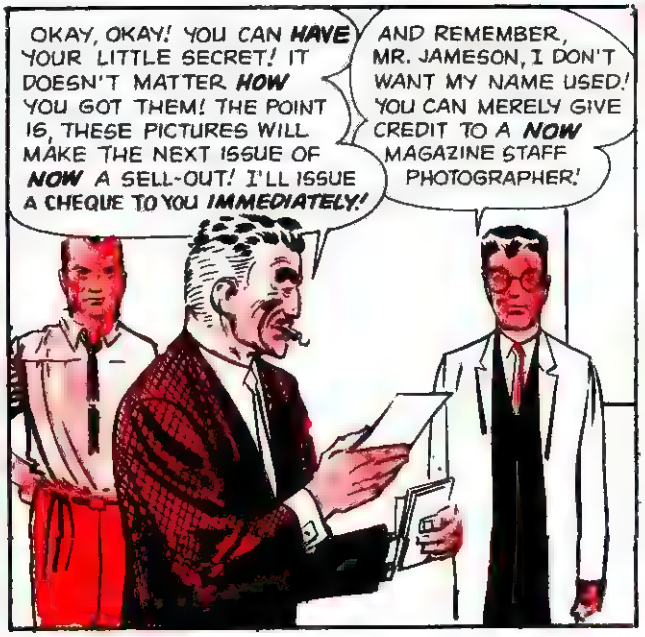

THERE! THE WHOLE CONTRAPTION FITS UNDER MY SHIRT, WHERE IT'S OUT OF SIGHT, AND DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY MOVEMENTS!

AND NOW, I'VE GOT A HUNCH I KNOW THE SECRET OF THE VULTURE'S POWER OF FLIGHT! I'LL JUST WORK ON A LITTLE DEVICE WHICH MAY COME IN HANDY NEXT TIME WE MEET!

LONG HOURS LATER...
WHEW! THAT WAS TOUGHER THAN I EXPECTED, BUT IT'S FINISHED NOW!
I WON'T KNOW IF IT'LL WORK TILL I TRY IT-- BUT RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE!

NEXT DAY, J. JONAH JAMESON RECEIVES AN EXCITING PHONE CALL...
WHAT'S THAT?? YOU'VE GOT SOME EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF THE VULTURE THAT YOU WANT TO SELL?? WELL, DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING! GET OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY!
JOE, HAVE THEM STOP THE PRESSES!
J JONAH JAMES

AND SOON...
SORRY, MR. JAMESON CANNOT SEE ANYBODY RIGHT NOW! HE'S HAVING AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE!
THESE PICTURES ARE SENSATIONAL-- GREAT! BUT HOW'D A KID LIKE YOU GET THEM?
SORRY, SIR! I'LL SELL THEM TO YOU ON CONDITION THAT YOU NEVER ASK ME THAT QUESTION!


OKAY, OKAY! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR LITTLE SECRET! IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU GOT THEM! THE POINT IS, THESE PICTURES WILL MAKE THE NEXT ISSUE OF NOW A SELL-OUT! I'LL ISSUE A CHEQUE TO YOU IMMEDIATELY!
AND REMEMBER, MR. JAMESON, I DON'T WANT MY NAME USED! YOU CAN MERELY GIVE CREDIT TO A NOW MAGAZINE STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER!

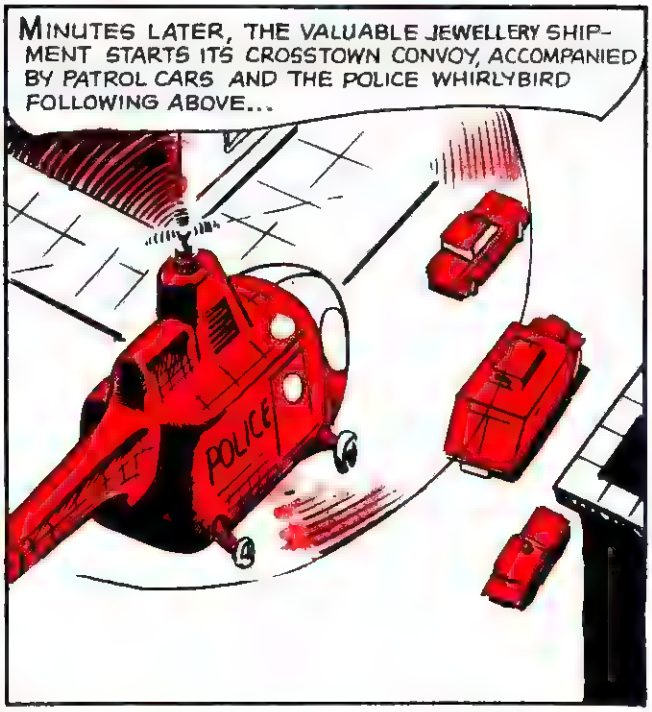
SURE, MY BOY, SURE! AND IF YOU GET ANY MORE GREAT PICTURES, REMEMBER TO GIVE ME FIRST CRACK AT THEM! WE'RE ALWAYS IN THE MARKET FOR SENSATIONAL PHOTOS! IN FACT...
... IF YOU CAN EVER GET A PICTURE OF THAT PUBLIC MENACE, SPIDER-MAN--
BROTHER, WOULDN'T YOU BE SURPRISED IF YOU KNEW!

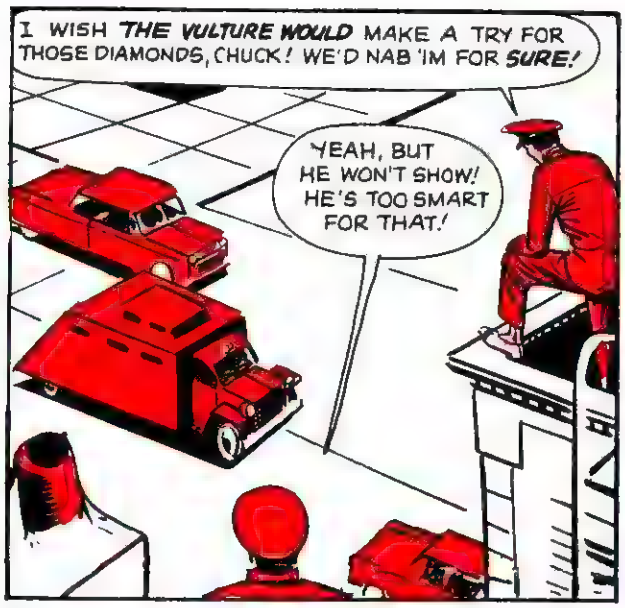
THE NEXT DAY, AS SCHOOL LETS OUT...
C'MON, PETER! WE'RE ALL GOING TO WATCH THEM MOVE THE DIAMONDS FROM THE PARK AVENUE JEWELLERY EXCHANGE! WE'RE HOPING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE VULTURE!
YOU DON'T REALLY THINK THE VULTURE WOULD DARE TRY ANYTHING WITH ALL THE POLICE THERE, DO YOU?
DON'T BE SCARED, BOOKWORM--WE'LL PROTECT YOU!

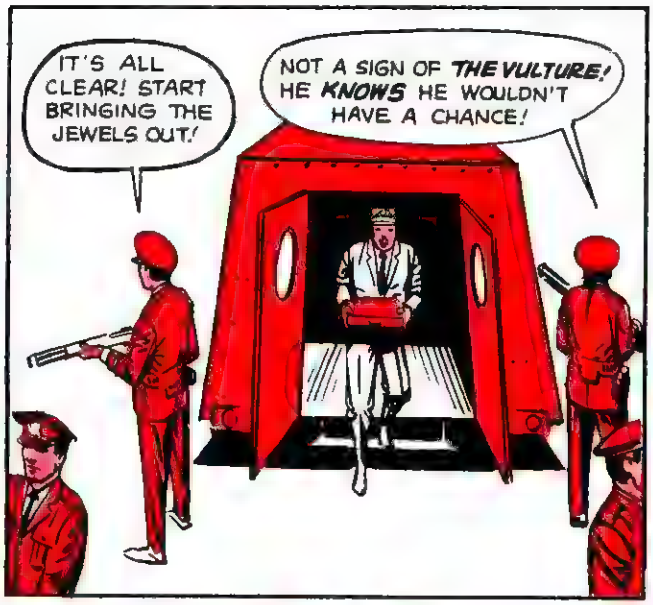
GOSH! THE WHOLE AREA IS CORDONED-OFF! AND LOOK-- T.V. CAMERAS, NEWSPAPERMEN, POLICE! IT'S LIKE A CARNIVAL!
THE VULTURE WOULD BE NUTS TO TRY ANYTHING WITH A CROWD LIKE THIS AROUND! THIS IS ONE TIME HE WON'T MAKE GOOD HIS BOAST!

IT IS HARD TO SEE HOW THE VULTURE COULD HAVE A CHANCE AT THE JEWELS UNDER THESE CONDITIONS! THERE ARE POLICE ON EVERY ROOF, AND AN ARMED HELICOPTER FLYING OVERHEAD!

I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE! IF I HAVE TO CHANGE TO SPIDER-MAN, I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS MOB!
LOOK, GANG! LITTLE PETEY IS CHICKENING OUT! GUESS THE EXCITEMENT IS TOO MUCH FOR HIS DELICATE LITTLE SELF!

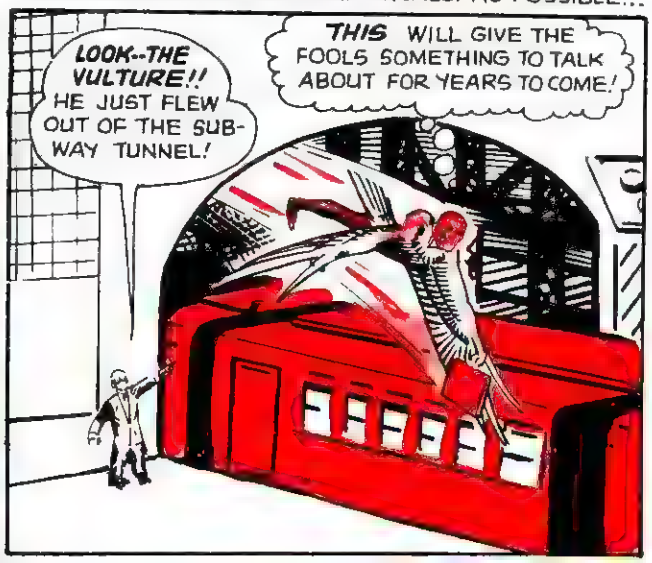

MINUTES LATER, THE VALUABLE JEWELLERY SHIPMENT STARTS ITS CROSSTOWN CONVOY, ACCOMPANIED BY PATROL CARS AND THE POLICE WHIRLYBIRD FOLLOWING ABOVE...
POLICE

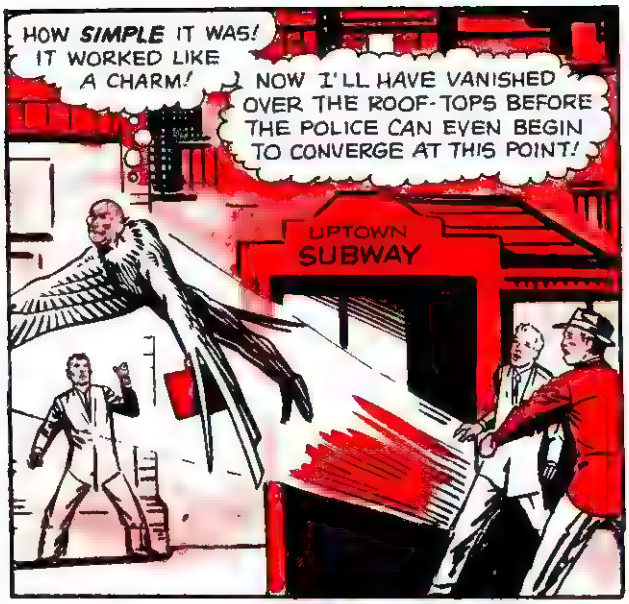




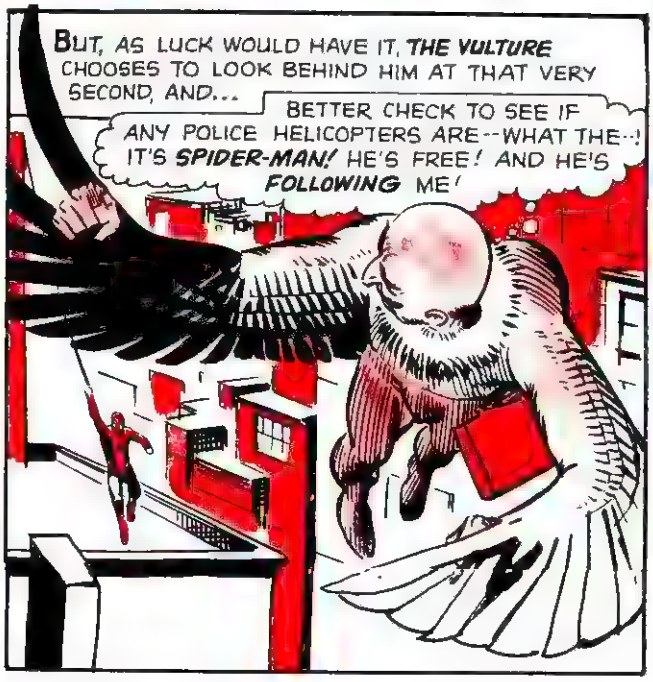
BEFORE THE STARTLED OFFICERS CAN FIRE, THE WILY VULTURE PLUMMETS BACK UNDERGROUND, DROPPING THE MANHOLE COVER INTO PLACE ABOVE HIM! THEN...

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN, A TRIUMPHANT VULTURE DECIDES TO LEAVE HIS UNDERGROUND LAIR AS DRAMATICALLY AS POSSIBLE...



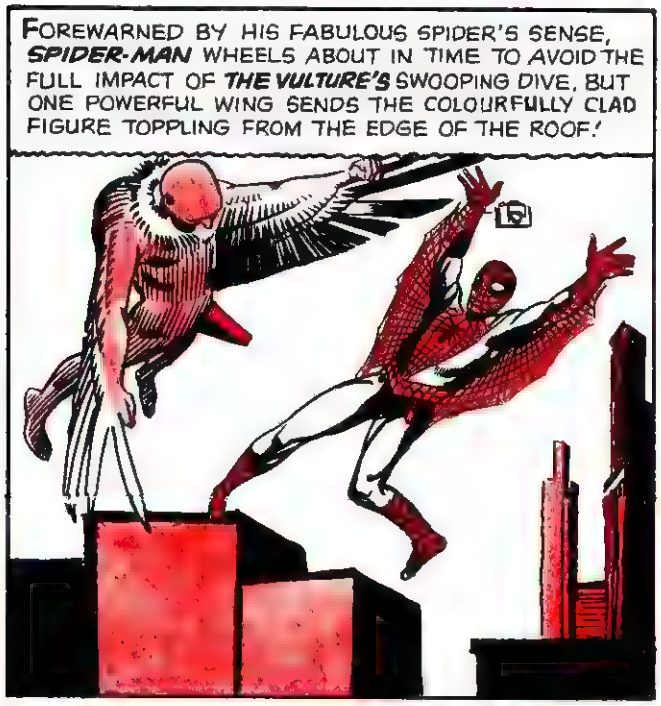


MEANWHILE, LEARNING WHAT HAS OCCURRED, PETER PARKER MANAGES TO FIND A DESERTED ALLEY, AND THEN MOVING WITH BLINDING SPEED...



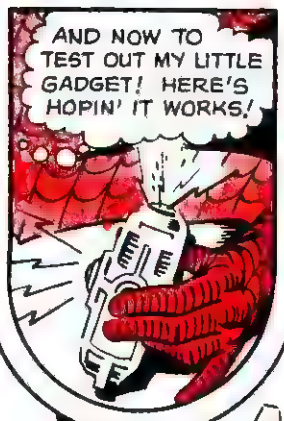
HOLY SMOKE-- WHERE'D HE GO?!? HE COULDN'T HAVE FLOWN AWAY SO FAST!

WAIT!! I--I FEEL VIBRATIONS IN THE AIR BEHIND ME! THE VULTURE MUST HAVE DOUBLED BACK BEHIND ME SOMEHOW!


FOREWARNED BY HIS FABULOUS SPIDER'S SENSE, SPIDER-MAN WHEELS ABOUT IN TIME TO AVOID THE FULL IMPACT OF THE VULTURE'S SWOOPING DIVE, BUT ONE POWERFUL WING SENDS THE COLOURFULLY CLAD FIGURE TOPPLING FROM THE EDGE OF THE ROOF!

NO, YOU DON'T! THIS TIME I'M READY FOR YOU!
WHA--?? HE HIT MY FOOT WITH THAT ACCURSED WEB OF HIS!

YOU FOOL! HERE IN THE SKY WE'RE IN MY ELEMENT! I'LL SHAKE YOU OFF--AND BE RID OF YOU FOR GOOD!
TALK IS CHEAP, BIRDMAN! THIS TIME I'M STICKING!


AND NOW TO TEST OUT MY LITTLE GADGET! HERE'S HOPIN' IT WORKS!

THAT DID IT! YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL! I'VE BEATEN YOU!
WHAT DID YOU DO? I CAN'T STAY ALOFT! YOU-- YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MISTER! THE SKY IS MY ELEMENT AS MUCH AS YOURS! JUST WATCH!!

I CAN ALWAYS SAVE MYSELF BY SHOOTING MY WEB AT A NEARBY BUILDING--LIKE THIS!

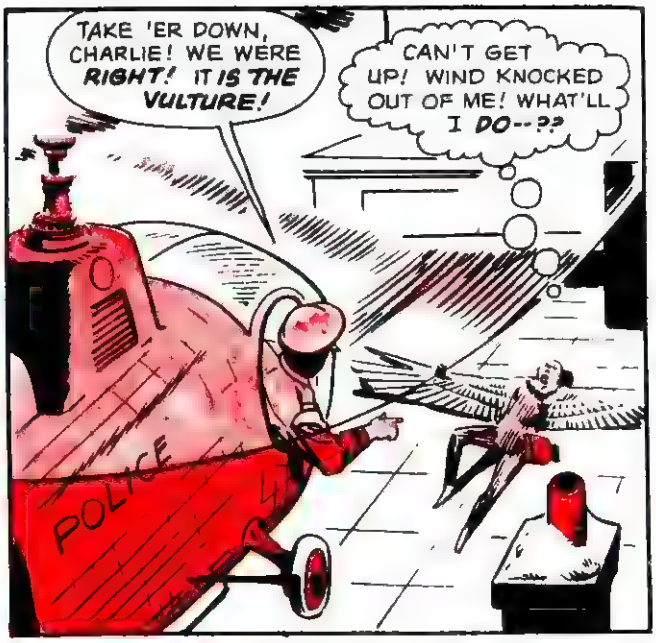
AS FOR THE VULTURE, HE'LL MANAGE TO BREAK HIS FALL BY SPIRALING DOWN, BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME EVER USING THOSE WINGS AGAIN!

THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GET THESE SHOTS TO JAMESON AND ASK FOR TOP MONEY FOR THEM!
LET'S GO, BIRDMAN! WE'LL GET YOU TO HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL HOW YOU MANAGED TO FLY THE WAY YOU DID!

IF THEY ASKED ME, I COULD HAVE TOLD THEM! THE ABSENCE OF NOISE GAVE ME THE CLUE! I SUSPECTED THAT HE HAD DISCOVERED A WAY TO HARNESS MAGNETIC POWER! THAT'S WHY MY GADGET MADE HIM FALL--IT'S AN ANTI-MAGNETIC INVERTER--AND IT WORKED!

THEN, AS THE NEXT DAY DAWNS...
TELL ME, PARKER, ARE YOU A MAGICIAN? HOW DOES A TEENAGER LIKE YOU MANAGE TO GET PICTURES THAT OUR BEST CAMERAMEN WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE TEETH FOR?
REMEMBER OUR DEAL, MR. JAMESON? THAT'S MY SECRET! NOW IF YOU DON'T WANT THEM...

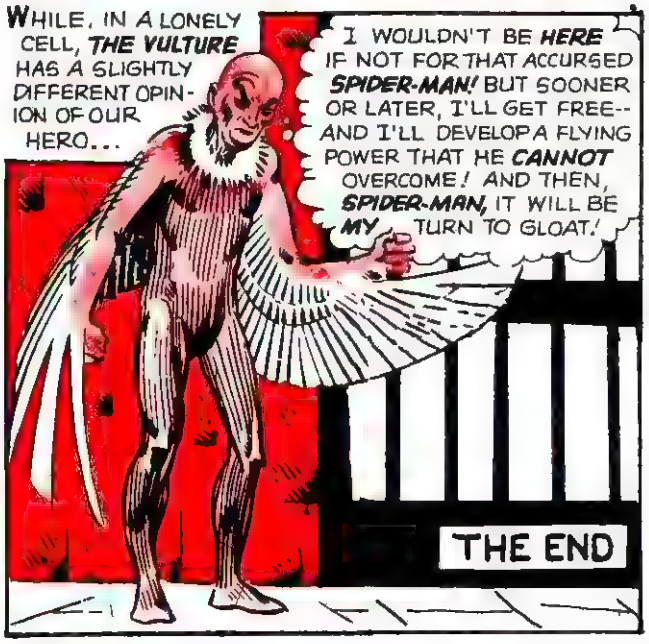
HERE COMES THE POLICE HELICOPTER! THEY MUST HAVE SIGHTED US WHEN WE WERE BATTLING! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET SOME EXCLUSIVE PIX OF THE CAPTURE OF THE VULTURE!


TAKE 'ER DOWN, CHARLIE! WE WERE RIGHT! IT IS THE VULTURE!
CAN'T GET UP! WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME! WHAT'LL I DO--??
POLICE

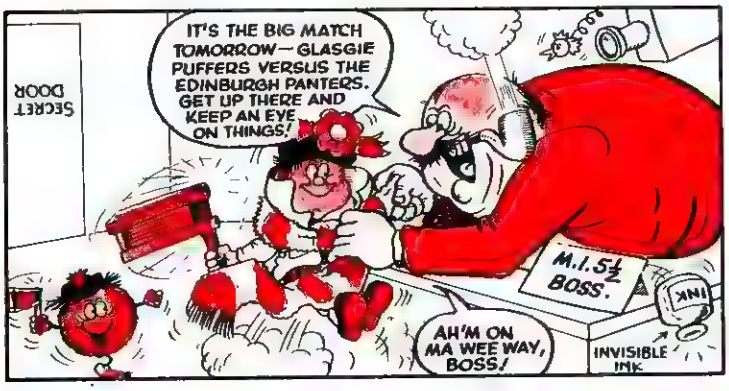
IF THIS DOESN'T TAKE THE CAKE! WHO EVER THOUGHT WE'D BE ABLE TO CAPTURE THE VULTURE SO NICE AND EASY?!! WHAT HAPPENED, FELLA? DID YOU HAVE A TAILSPIN?
PLEASE-- NO JOKES!
THESE PICTURES SHOULD BE PRIZE-WINNERS!

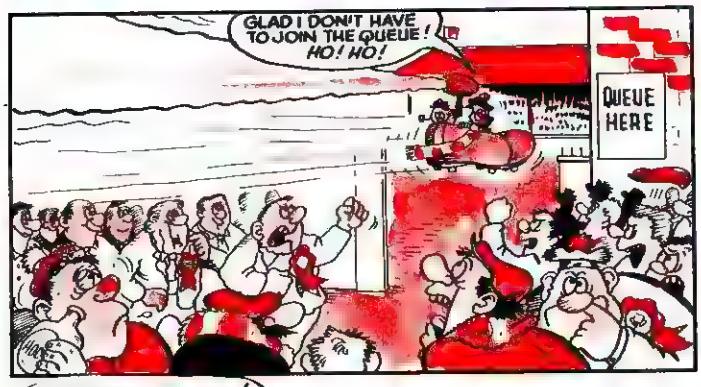
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! WITH PICTURES LIKE THESE, I CAN ALMOST STAND LIVING IN THE CITY WITH SPIDER-MAN! TAKE A BONUS AND GO OUT AND BUY YOURSELF SOME BEAT RECORDS!
HE THINKS I'M JUST A TYPICAL TEEN-AGE KID! GOOD! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT! AND THIS WAD OF BILLS HE PAID ME IS WHAT I LIKE ALSO!

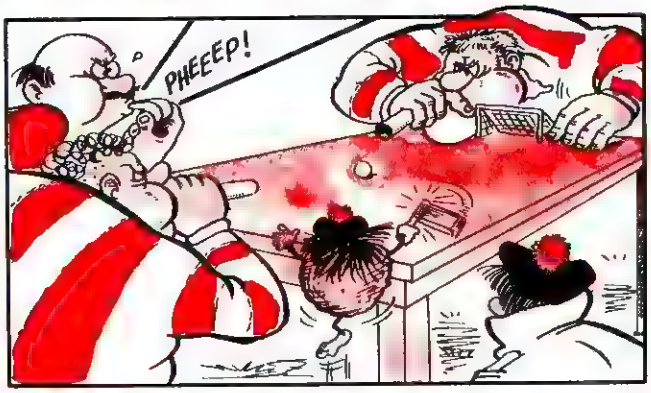
AND, UPON REACHING HIS HOME...
AUNT MAY, THIS MONEY MEANS YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING AGAIN! I PAID THE RENT FOR A FULL YEAR, AND TOMORROW I'M BUYING YOU THE NEWEST KITCHEN APPLIANCES YOU EVER SAW!
OH, PETER, I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! IT'S JUST LIKE YOUR UNCLE BEN ALWAYS SAID--YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL BOY IN THE WORLD!


WHILE, IN A LONELY CELL, THE VULTURE HAS A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT OPINION OF OUR HERO...
I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF NOT FOR THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN! BUT SOONER OR LATER, I'LL GET FREE-- AND I'LL DEVELOP A FLYING POWER THAT HE CANNOT OVERCOME! AND THEN, SPIDER-MAN, IT WILL BE MY TURN TO GLOAT!
THE END

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS
THE SPY FROM SKYE





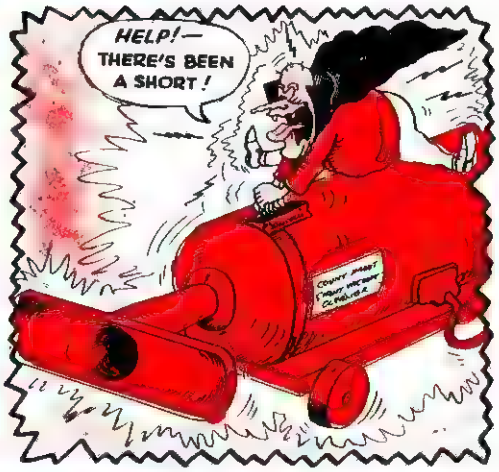


IT'S THE DREADED COUNT IMOUT USING A WEE VACUUM CLEANER TO CLEAN UP BY FIDDLING THE MATCH!
YOU WON'T STOP ME NOW, WILLIE! HAR! HAR!
COUNT IMOUT GIANT VACUUM CLEANER

I SIMPLY SWITCH FROM 'SUCK' TO 'BLOW' — AND IT'S GOODBYE WILLIE MAC HAGGIS! HEH! HEH!
ERK!

I DINNAE LIKE THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING! OCH, NO!

HMM! — QUITE A HAPPY McLANDING!
POWER HOUSE


HELP! — THERE'S BEEN A SHORT!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO SABOTAGE HIS OWN PLANS!
BOOM!
ARGH!

THE EQUALISER — THE MATCH IS A DRAW!
PHOOO!
BONK!

WELL DONE, WILLIE — HAVE A MARSH-MALLOW AS A REWARD!
OCH! IT WAS NOTHING! JUST STRIKING A BLOW FOR JUSTICE!

NOBBY'S
NIGHT MARES

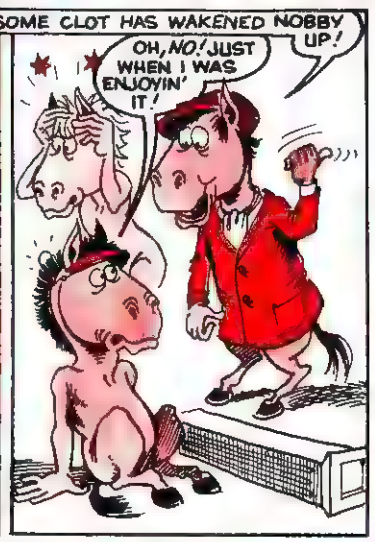
COO! OL' NOBBY'S ASLEEP AGAIN!
HE'LL BE FOR IT! HERE COMES MR. GRIMES!
Z-Z-Z

INSIDE NOBBY'S TEMPLE THEATRE, THEY'RE HAVING A BASH AT SHAKESPEARE —
O.K.,— LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
COO!— I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY HAMLET!

I'LL TEACH HIM TO SLEEP IN CLASS!

WHACK!
WAKE UP!
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO EVER LEAVE FORM 2B AND GO UP IF YOU SLEEP IN CLASS?

2B OR NOT 2B? — THAT IS THE QUESTION — OW!
ERK?


SOME CLOT HAS WAKENED NOBBY UP!
OH, NO! JUST WHEN I WAS ENJOYIN' IT!

I'M TAKING YOU TO HOSPITAL— PERHAPS THEY CAN DO SOME-THING!
ON YOUR FEET, LAD!

CAN'T KEEP AWAKE—HMM! I'LL GET THE DOCTOR TO LOOK AT HIM!

BACK TO NOBBY'S TEMPLE THEATRE ——
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED, BOSS — NOBBY IS IN HOSPITAL TO BE CURED OF SLEEPING!
GOSH! IF HE GETS CURED, THAT'S THE END FOR US!
I KNOW — I'LL PRODUCE A HOSPITAL NIGHTMARE. AND P'RAPS WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT INTERFERING TEACHER AT THE SAME TIME!
AND SO, AS NOBBY DOZES OFF AGAIN ——
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU LOT DOING HERE? THIS ISN'T A HORSEPITAL!
OH, YES IT IS, NOBBY — BUT WE'LL LET YOU BE A PATIENT, TOO, BECAUSE YOU'RE A BIT OF AN ASS SOMETIMES!
WE'RE JUST GOING TO DO AN OPERATION!
ON YOU, NOBBY, DEAR!
OH, NO, YOU'RE NOT!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
COME HERE, NOBBY — DON'T GET SO CUT UP ABOUT IT! ——
CUT UP!! — THAT'S WHAT I WILL BE IF YOU GET YOUR HANDS — ER — HOOVES ON ME! HELP!!
PUFF! TALK ABOUT HORSE-PLAY — IT'LL BE MORE LIKE HORSE-MEAT IF THEY GET ME!

OPERATING THEATRE.
I'LL HIDE IN HERE!

DONE IT! I'M SAFE!
SSSH!-

ERK! I'M TRAPPED!!
HERE WE ARE AGAIN! - IT'S THE OPERATING STABLE FOR YOU!

ALL READY! LET'S BEGIN!
DON'T WORRY, NOBBY- THIS'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!
TWIT! - I AM ASLEEP! —

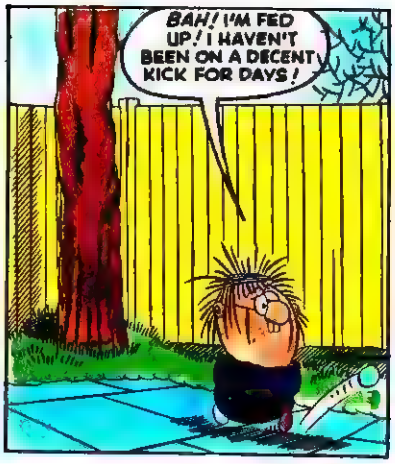
WHISPER... GIVE HIM ANOTHER JUST TO MAKE SURE! HEE! HEE!
HO! HO! THAT'S CONFUSED THEM!

TUMP!
YEEEOW!

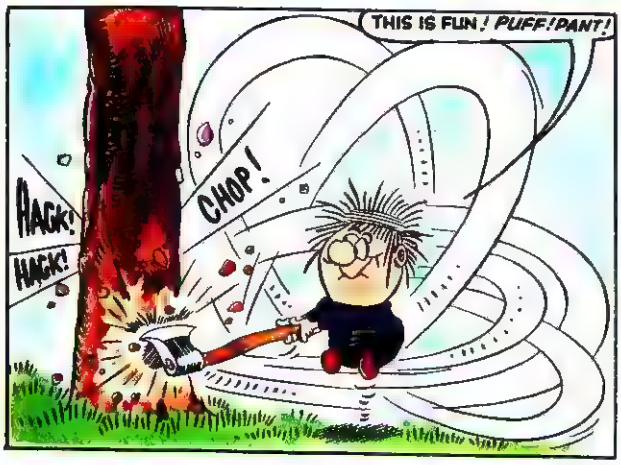
SO THIS IS THE CHAP WHO CAN'T KEEP AWAKE, EH? LOOKS A BAD CASE TO ME — WE'D BETTER KEEP HIM IN FOR A WEEK!
CAN'T YOU MAKE IT A FORTNIGHT?

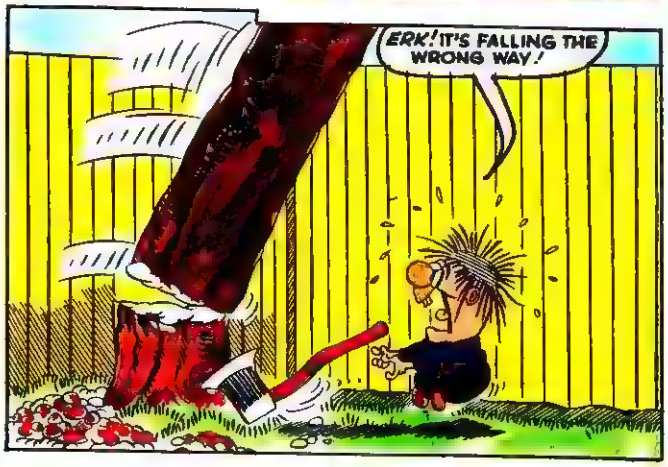
THE DOC DID — AND NOW IT'S MR. GRIMES' FIRST DAY BACK...
HMM — BEST LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE!
ZZZZ
YOU'D BETTER, MATE! I'M PLAYING HAMLET - AND I DON'T WANT YOU POKING YOUR NOSE IN AGAIN!

KiCKs
HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR KICKS!

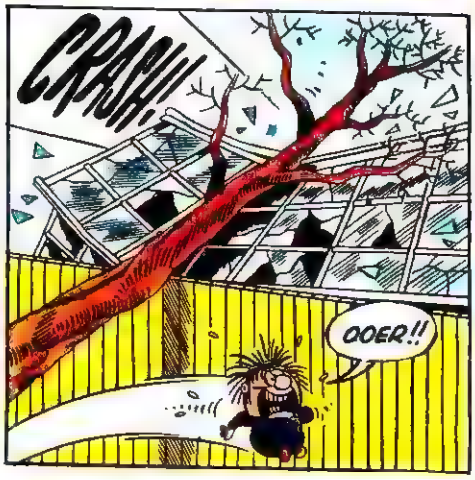

BAH! I'M FED UP! I HAVEN'T BEEN ON A DECENT KICK FOR DAYS!

AHA! I COULD BE A LUMBERJACK IF I HAD AN AXE — AN' THERE'S ONE BY THE FENCE!

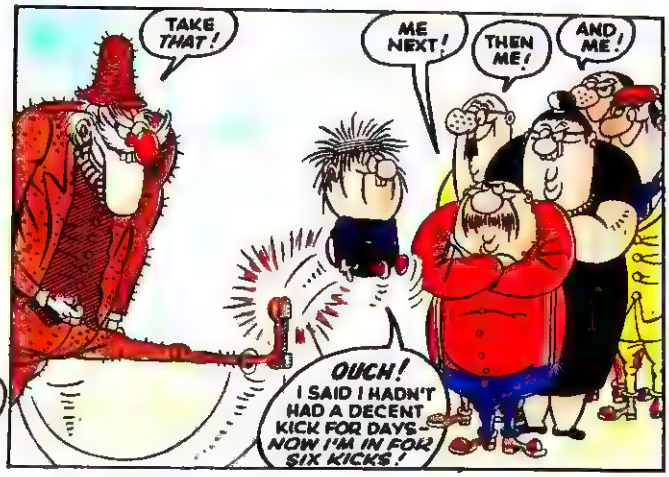

THIS IS FUN! PUFF! PANT!
HACK!
HACK!
CHOP!


ERK! IT'S FALLING THE WRONG WAY!

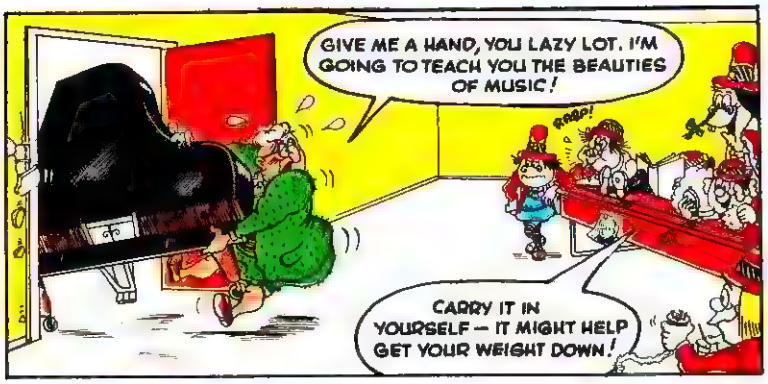
HELP! POLICE! FIRE! AMBULANCE! MUMMY!

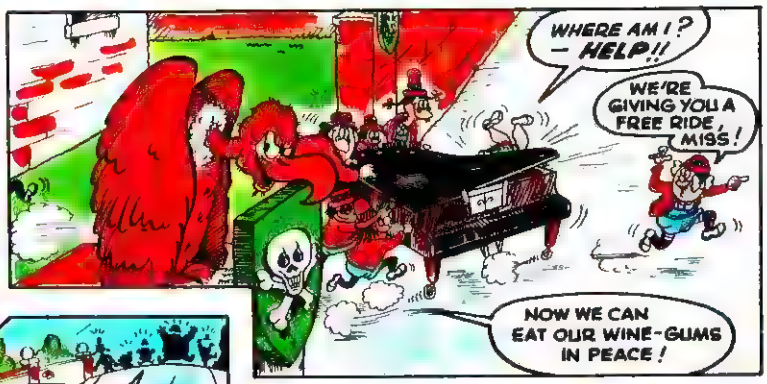

CRASH!
OOER!!

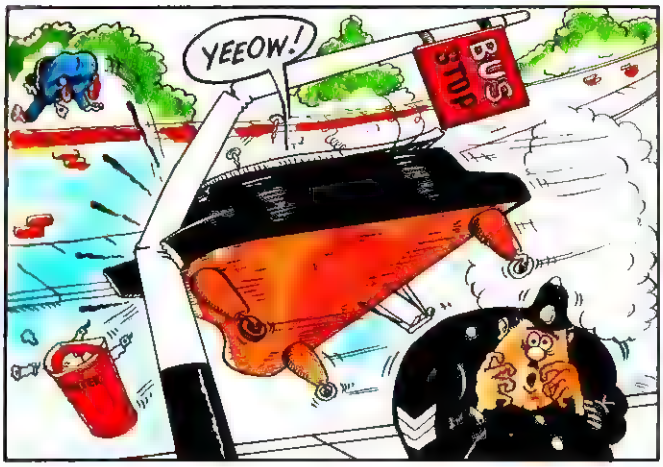
MY GREEN-HOUSE!
MY POOR PUSSY-CAT!
MY FENCE!
MY CAR!
MY HOUSE!
MY GOSH!!


TAKE THAT!
ME NEXT!
THEN ME!
AND ME!
OUCH! I SAID I HADN'T HAD A DECENT KICK FOR DAYS - NOW I'M IN FOR SIX KICKS!

The Dolls of St. Dominic's



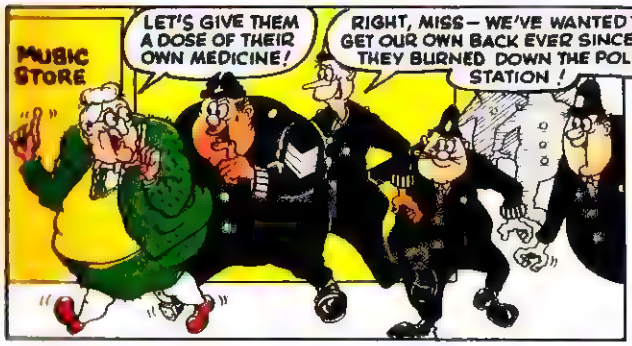


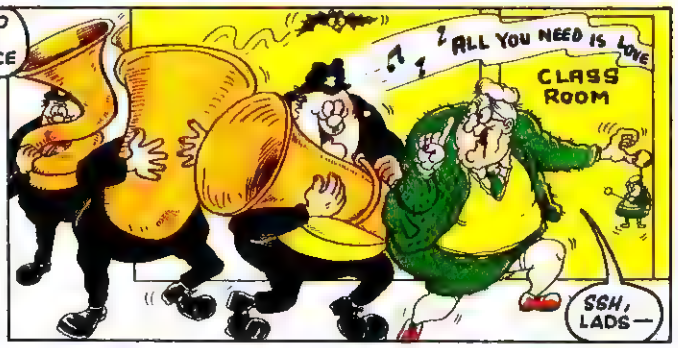

YEEOW!
BUS STOP

BOO! HOO! SOB! THOSE HORRIBLE, ROTTEN, WICKED, LITTLE . . .
BONK!
OOF!

STRIKING AN OFFICER WITH A PIANO — THAT'S A SERIOUS OFFENCE, MISS . . .
OFFICER! — YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

BACK IN SCHOOL . . .
YEAH — YEAH — YEAH!
THIS IS THE SORT OF MUSIC LESSON FOR US!
SCREAM!


MUSIC STORE
LET'S GIVE THEM A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
RIGHT, MISS — WE'VE WANTED TO GET OUR OWN BACK EVER SINCE THEY BURNED DOWN THE POLICE STATION!


ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE
CLASS ROOM
SSH, LADS —

OW! IT'S GONE ALL DARK!
GOTCHA — YOU MUSICAL MORONS!
WELL DONE — WELL DONE!

NOW YOU'RE ALL GOING TO THE POLICE STATION FOR A FEW BARS REST! HO! HO!

THE GROUP

BRAIN

LUVVY

FATSO

STUPID

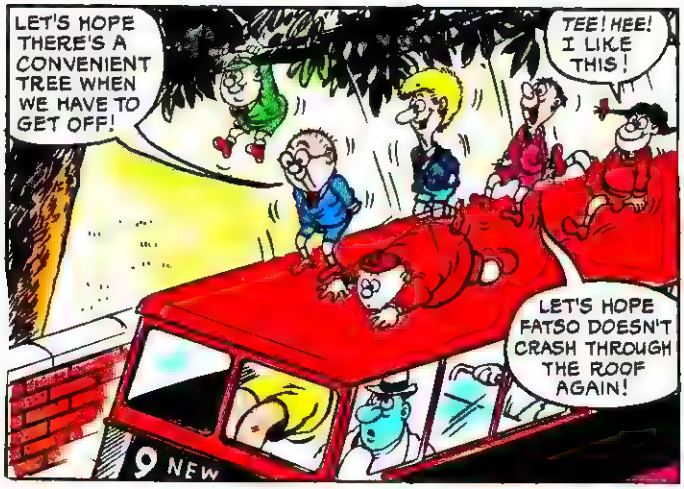
SHRIMP

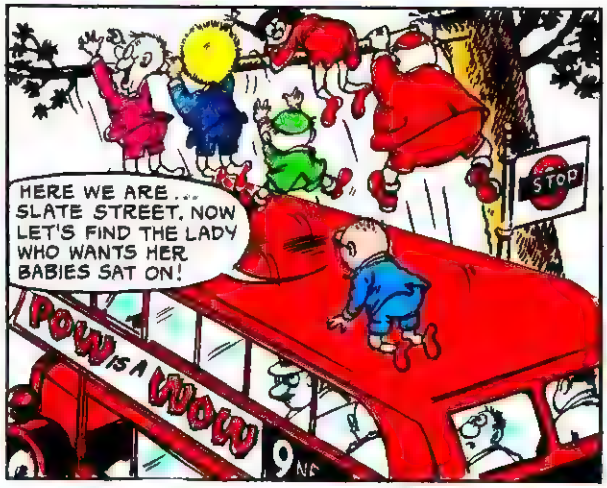
RINGO

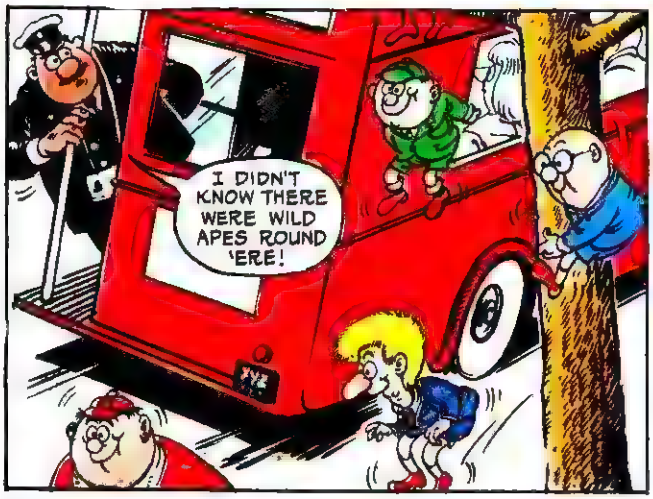
I AM SAD TO REPORT THAT OUR FINANCES HAVE REACHED THEIR LOWEST EBB. IN OTHER WORDS—WE'RE SKINT!
HUH! WE ALWAYS ARE!
WELL, I'M NOT SELLING MY DOLLS AGAIN!

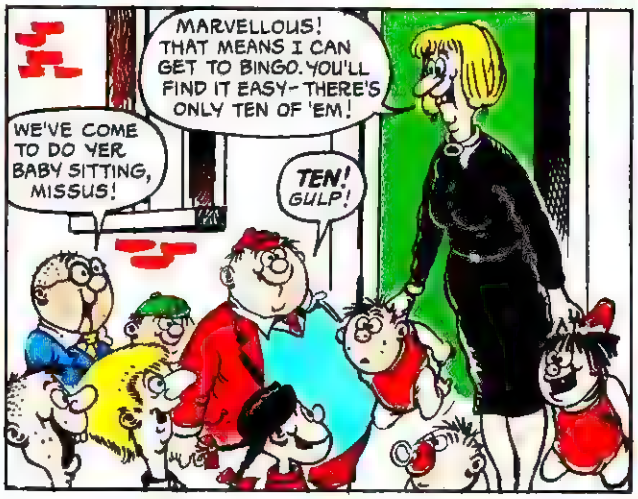
HEY! LISTEN TO THIS — BABYSITTER WANTED. FIVE BOB AN HOUR.
JUST FOR SITTING ON BABIES! THAT'LL BE A CINCH!
I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING!

COME ON— LET'S HITCH A FREE LIFT!
PUFF! PANT! YOU SURE THIS TREE IS STRONG ENOUGH?


LET'S HOPE THERE'S A CONVENIENT TREE WHEN WE HAVE TO GET OFF!
TEE! HEE! I LIKE THIS!
LET'S HOPE FATSO DOESN'T CRASH THROUGH THE ROOF AGAIN!
NEW

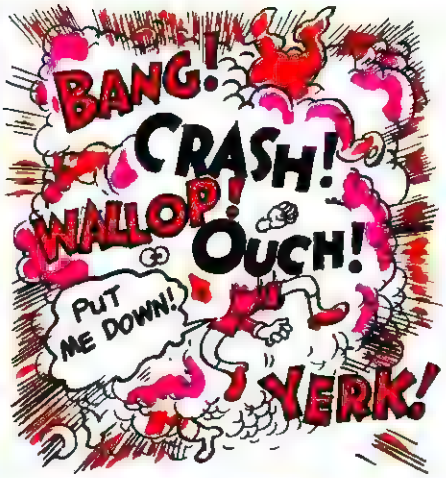

HERE WE ARE... SLATE STREET. NOW LET'S FIND THE LADY WHO WANTS HER BABIES SAT ON!
STOP
POW IS A WOW


I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE WILD APES ROUND 'ERE!


WE'VE COME TO DO YER BABY SITTING, MISSUS!
MARVELLOUS! THAT MEANS I CAN GET TO BINGO. YOU'LL FIND IT EASY—THERE'S ONLY TEN OF 'EM!
TEN! GULP!

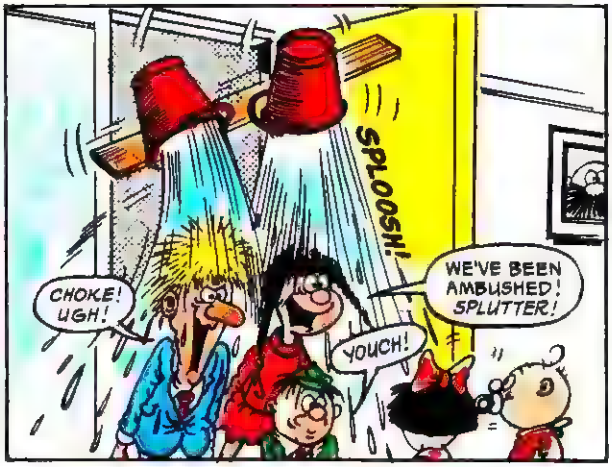
WE'LL TAKE IT IN TURNS TO LOOK AT THE KIDS. YOU GO FIRST, STUPID!
DAH—RIGHT, BRAIN!

EVERYBODY, DAH—ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

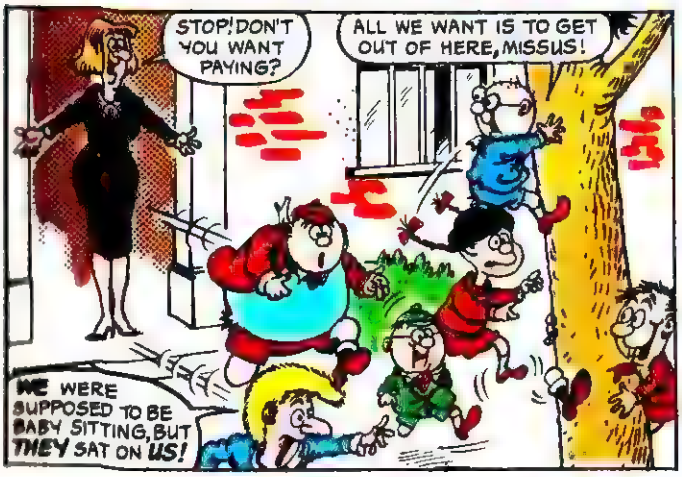

BANG!
CRASH!
WALLOP!
OUCH!
PUT ME DOWN!
YERK!

STUPID'S BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES. I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED?
GULP! I DREAD TO THINK!

AND WHEN BRAIN AND FATSO FAIL TO RETURN...
WHERE ARE YOU? BRAIN! STUPID! FATSO!

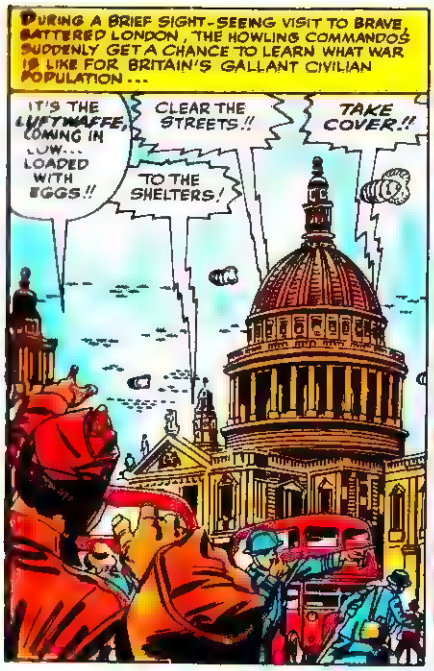

SPLOOSH!
CHOKE! UGH!
WE'VE BEEN AMBUSHED! SPLUTTER!
YOUCH!

TWO HOURS LATER...
WHAT ON EARTH!
GIGGLE!
TITTER!
SHRIEK!
MUMBLE!
HELP!
MUMBLE!
MUMBLE!


STOP! DON'T YOU WANT PAYING?
ALL WE WANT IS TO GET OUT OF HERE, MISSUS!
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BABY SITTING, BUT THEY SAT ON US!

13 DEPOT
POOR OLD GROUP... THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED THAT THIS IS A NUMBER THIRTEEN BUS WHICH DOESN'T STOP TILL IT GETS TO THE DEPOT... FIFTEEN MILES AWAY!

SGT. FURY and his HOWLING COMMANDOS
"LORD HA-HA'S LAST LAUGH!"
TIME: WORLD WAR II
PLACE: HEART OF BOMB-TORN LONDON
EVENT: A SURPRISE DAYLIGHT AIR RAID BY HITLER'S DREADED LUFTWAFFE!!
AIR RAID!! TAKE COVER, YOU HOWLERS!


DURING A BRIEF SIGHT-SEEING VISIT TO BRAVE, BATTERED LONDON, THE HOWLING COMMANDOS SUDDENLY GET A CHANCE TO LEARN WHAT WAR IS LIKE FOR BRITAIN'S GALLANT CIVILIAN POPULATION...
IT'S THE LUFTWAFFE, COMING IN LOW... LOADED WITH EGGS!!
CLEAR THE STREETS!!
TO THE SHELTERS!
TAKE COVER!!

DROP 'EM, YOU YELLOW RATS! SOON IT'LL BE OUR TURN, AND WE'LL SEE HOW YOU CAN TAKE IT!! BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT BACK IN SPADES!!

SOLDIER! OVER HERE... I NEED HELP WITH THIS BOY!
HUH?

WE HAVE TO GET HIM TO A SHELTER! HE'S HURT!
I CAN SEE HE AIN'T A PICTURE OF HEALTH! GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET ME HAVE HIM, SISTER!

CLEAR THE STREET!! CLEAR THE STREET!
WE GET THE MESSAGE, PAL! WHERE IN BLAZES IS THE AIR-RAID SHELTER?!!
IN THE UNDERGROUND ..STRAIGHT AHEAD!! FOLLOW ME!

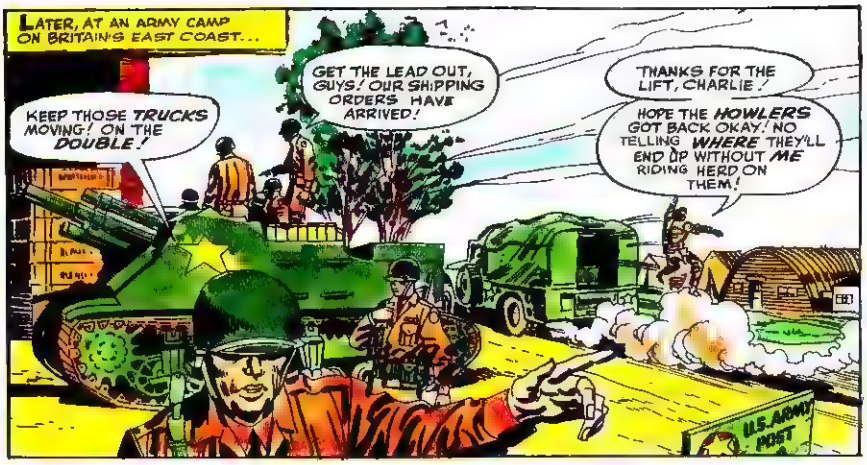
SECONDS LATER, IN AN UNDERGROUND STATION...
I'D RATHER BE IN THE FRONT LINES, THAN COOPED UP IN HERE, WAITING FOR THE BOMBS TO HIT!! C'MON, TAKE THE KID... I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
NO, YOU MUST REMAIN HERE! YOU CAN DO NOTHING UP ABOVE!

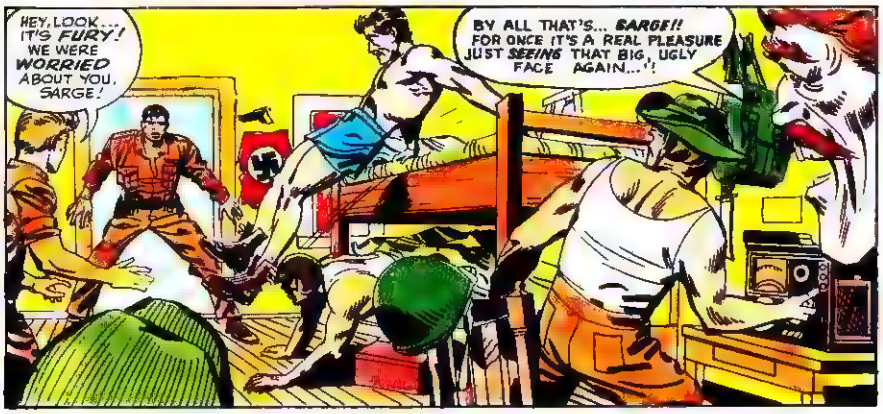
ARE YOU KIDDING! I LEFT MY BUDDIES UP THERE!
I SAID YOU STAY HERE! THAT'S AN ORDER! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, LAD!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN'T FIGHT DIVE BOMBERS WITH CUSS WORDS!

LISTEN TO THOSE BOMBS EXPLODING UP THERE! WHEN WILL THEY REALIZE WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER, NO MATTER WHAT?!
THAT "STIFF-UPPER-LIP" ROUTINE AIN'T JUST A SACK OF HOT AIR, HUH? YOU ENGLISH REALLY MEAN IT!

THE ALL-CLEAR HAS SOUNDED! WE'LL LOOK AFTER THE BOY NOW!
THANK YOU, NURSE! I MUST RETURN TO MY DUTIES!
THAT MEANS I CAN GET GOING, TOO! SEE YOU AROUND, DOLL!

WAIT! I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING WITH THE BOY...
WRITE ME A LETTER! I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO TALK MY WAY THROUGH THIS MAN'S WAR!
OUGHT TO HAVE MY FAT HEAD EXAMINED FOR RUNNING FROM THAT LIVING DOLL. BUT WHAT CHANCE WOULD A SLOB LIKE ME HAVE ANYHOW?


LATER, AT AN ARMY CAMP ON BRITAIN'S EAST COAST...
KEEP THOSE TRUCKS MOVING! ON THE DOUBLE!
GET THE LEAD OUT, GUYS! OUR SHIPPING ORDERS HAVE ARRIVED!
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, CHARLIE!
HOPE THE HOWLERS GOT BACK OKAY! NO TELLING WHERE THEY'LL END UP WITHOUT ME RIDING HERD ON THEM!
U.S. ARMY POST


HEY, LOOK... IT'S FURY! WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU, SARGE!
BY ALL THAT'S... SARGE!! FOR ONCE IT'S A REAL PLEASURE JUST SEEING THAT BIG, UGLY FACE AGAIN...!

WELL, AIN'T THAT NICE? AIN'T THAT REAL HEART-TOUCHING!..
NOW ON YOUR FEET, YOU CREEPS! AND COUNT OFF!

AH SHO' 'NUFF THOUGHT A LI'L OL' BOMB GOT YUH, SARGE! RIGHT, IZZY?
AW, I TRIED TO TELL REB THAT YOU'RE TOO ORNERY TO DIE!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO GLAD TO SEE THAT SOUR PUSS OF YOURS AGAIN, SARGE!
I'M WITH DINO, SARGE! YOU SURE HAD US WORRIED!
LIKE JUNIOR SAID, MAN! YOU NEVER PAID US THE POKER MONEY YOU OWE! RIGHT, DUM-DUM?
YEAH, GABE! WE GOT'TA PROTECT OUR OLD SARGE 'TILL HE SQUARES UP WITH US!
VER-RY INTERESTING! NOW, IF YOU'RE ALL FINISHED...

FALL IN! SHUT YOUR FACES!
SNAP TO IT!
LOOK ALIVE, YOU DEAD-HEADS!
SUCK IN THOSE BELLIES!
PHOOEY!! HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN, HUH?
GREETINGS FROM BERLIN...

...THIS IS LORD HA-HA SPEAKING! YOU'VE PROBABLY ALL HEARD OF OUR AIR RAID ON LONDON TODAY! OUR BRAVE NAZI PILOTS CHASED THE R.A.F. OUT OF THE SKY! WE PITY YOU POOR ENGLISH!
WHAT LAME-BRAINED NITWIT WENT AND TURNED THAT CRUMMY TRAITOR ON?!!
AW, SARGE ...WE ALL LIKE TO LISTEN TO LORD HA-HA JUST FOR LAUGHS!

FOR LAUGHS?!! IF I EVER GET MY MITTS ON HIM! THEY'LL HAVE TO SWEEP THAT LAUGHING HYENA UP WITH A WHISK BROOM!
OKAY! OKAY! WE READ YOU, SARGE! NOW HOW ABOUT PUTTING US AT EASE" BEFORE WE TURN INTO A MESS OF STATUES?!!

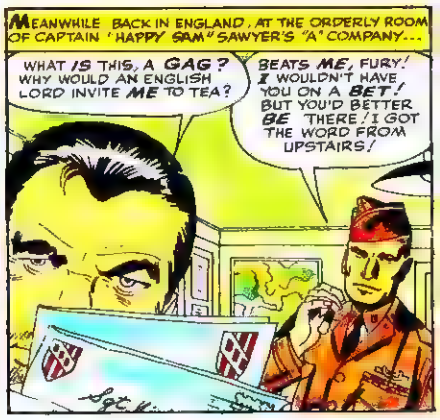
MEANWHILE, IN THE VERY HEART OF BERLIN...
FORTY SECONDS, MEIN HERR!
...THIS IS LORD HA-HA, WITH A FINAL WORD TO HIS BRITISH LISTENERS BEFORE SIGNING OFF... WE VICTORIOUS NAZIS URGE YOU TO SURRENDER...
TELEFUNKEN

... SURRENDER WHILE YOU STILL CAN! NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM OUR MIGHTY PANZER LEGIONS ... FROM OUR GLORIOUS LUFTWAFFE! WE SCOFF AT YOUR R.A.F.!! WE LAUGH AT YOUR COMMANDOS! WE ARE MERCIFUL! WE WANT TO HELP YOU ... TO PROTECT YOU .. SO TRUST US... SURRENDER NOW!!

MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE BROADCAST, LORD HA-HA WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BERLIN, PASSING SOME "MERCIFUL" NAZIS WHO ARE DISPENSING THEIR OWN BRAND OF "PROTECTION"!
A FINE BROADCAST! VE ARE PROUD OF YOU, MEIN FRIEND!
BUT WHY DO YOU ASK ME TO TAUNT THE COMMANDOS ON EVERY PROGRAMME?

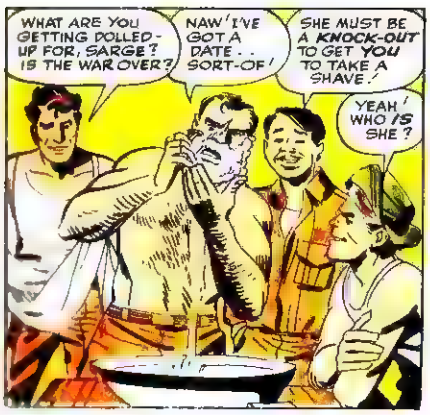
THEY ARE A THORN IN OUR SIDE! F WE CAN PROVOKE THEM ENOUGH, PERHAPS THEY VILL TRY TO STEAL INTO BERLIN, TO SILENCE YOU! THEN, VE VILL TRAP THEM!
I SEE!

YOU ARE USING ME AS BAIT... TO LURE THE COMMANDOS HERE INTO BERLIN! BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THEY WOULDN'T DARE COME HERE!
OR... WOULD THEY??


MEANWHILE BACK IN ENGLAND, AT THE ORDERLY ROOM OF CAPTAIN "HAPPY SAM" SAWYER'S "A" COMPANY...
WHAT IS THIS, A GAG? WHY WOULD AN ENGLISH LORD INVITE ME TO TEA?
BEATS ME, FURY! I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU ON A BET! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE THERE! I GOT THE WORD FROM UPSTAIRS!

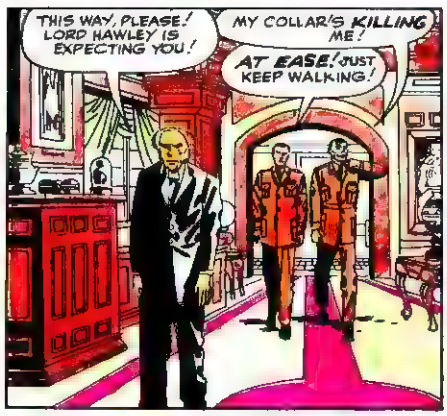
THE HECK I WILL! HOW WOULD I LOOK WITH A CUP OF TEA IN MY MITT??!
THE SAME AS YOU ALWAYS LOOK ..LIKE A BIG APE! NOW SHAVE OFF THAT FUZZ AND GET DRESSED, SOLDIER! THAT'S AN ORDER!!

OF ALL THE CHICKEN-SCRATCHIN', GOOFED-UP, LAME-BRAINED ASSIGNMENTS, THIS TAKES THE CAKE! IF THE HOWLERS EVER HEAR ABOUT IT, I'M COOKED!
WHAT A WAY TO FIGHT A WAR!!


WHAT ARE YOU GETTING DOLLED-UP FOR, SARGE? IS THE WAR OVER?
NAW! I'VE GOT A DATE... SORT-OF!
SHE MUST BE A KNOCK-OUT TO GET YOU TO TAKE A SHAVE!
YEAH! WHO IS SHE?

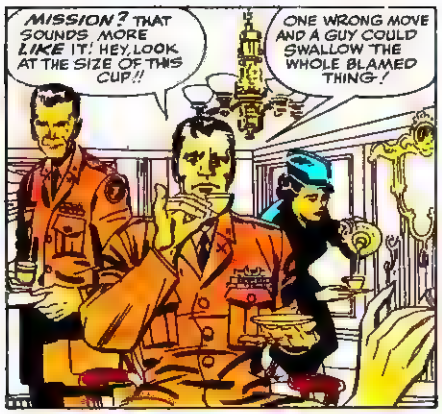
NONE OF YOUR BLAMED BUSINESS!! HEY KNOCK THAT OFF, YOU MEATHEADS!
WE'LL HELP YOU SARGE!
YOU'LL BE A LIVING DOLL!
SARGEY-WARGEY'S GOT A DATE! TRA-LA-LA-LA-LA! ♫

THERE'S LORD HAWLEY'S MANOR NOW!
MAN! HE SURE DIDN'T BUY THAT WITH TRADING STAMPS!
WHAT A GREAT SPOT FOR A POOL ROOM!


THIS WAY, PLEASE! LORD HAWLEY IS EXPECTING YOU!
MY COLLAR'S KILLING ME!
AT EASE! JUST KEEP WALKING!

THANK YOU FOR COMING, GENTLEMEN! I AM PETER HAWLEY! MAY I PRESENT MY WIFE, EVELYN, AND MY DAUGHTER, PAMELA...
HOLY COW! IT'S YOU!! THE RED CROSS GAL!
THE AMERICAN SERGEANT!

FATHER, THIS MAN WAS SO KIND, SUCH A GREAT HELP TO ME EARLIER TODAY DURING THE AIR RAID!
AW, C'MON, WILL YOU? DON'T MAKE A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF IT!
I'M DELIGHTED, MY DEAR! NOW I'M MORE CONVINCED THAN EVER THAT HE'S THE MAN FOR OUR MISSION!

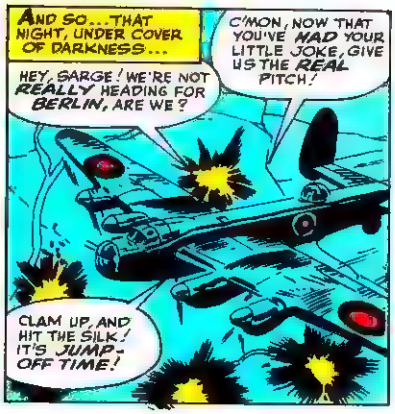

MISSION? THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT! HEY, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS CUP!!
ONE WRONG MOVE AND A GUY COULD SWALLOW THE WHOLE BLAMED THING!

SERGEANT, LOOK AT THIS PHOTO! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE?
NO! LEAST-WAYS, I DON'T THINK SO! IT'S HARD TO CONCENTRATE WITH A COLLAR AND TIE ON!

HE IS LORD HA-HA, THE ENGLISHMAN WHO DELIVERS THE PROPAGANDA BROADCASTS FOR THE NAZIS! ALSO, HE IS... MY SON!!
YOUR SON?!!
AND IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR JOB TO GET HIM OUT OF GERMANY, FURY!

HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT! PERCY HAD BEEN A BERLIN CORRESPONDENT FOR MY NEWSPAPER... BUT THEY MUST HAVE TORTURED HIM INTO WORKING FOR THEM!
OH, SERGEANT... CAN YOU RESCUE MY BROTHER?

WHAT'S SO ALL-FIRED IMPORTANT ABOUT GETTING LORD HA-HA OUT OF GERMANY?
IT WILL BE A GREAT PROPAGANDA VICTORY FOR US IF WE CAN GET HIM TO BROADCAST FOR THE ALLIES!


AND SO... THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...
HEY, SARGE! WE'RE NOT REALLY HEADING FOR BERLIN, ARE WE?
C'MON, NOW THAT YOU'VE MAD YOUR LITTLE JOKE, GIVE US THE REAL PITCH!
CLAM UP, AND HIT THE SILK! IT'S JUMP-OFF TIME!

Y'KNOW SOMETHING? FURY WASN'T KIDDING! WE'RE ONLY ABOUT TWENTY MILES OUT OF BERLIN!
WHEW! CAN YOU IMAGINE IF MY MA, BACK IN BROOKLYN, KNEW WHERE HER LITTLE IZZY WAS RIGHT NOW?!!

OKAY, SARGE. HERE WE ARE! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT... BESIDES HAVING OUR HEADS EXAMINED FOR TAKIN' THIS FOOL JOB?!!
BUTTON-UP, DUM-DUM! I HEAR SOMETHING AHEAD OF US... AND IT AIN'T A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!

HOW'D THEY SPOT US SO FAST?
SPREAD OUT! HE MUST BE NEARBY!
HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! VE MUST FIND HIM! SCHNELL!
THEY DIDN'T! THEY'RE POLICE! NOT SOLDIERS! THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR US!

ALL THOSE BRASS-BUTTONED BULLY-BOYS LOOKING FOR JUST ONE GUY... AND THEY'RE ARMED TO THE TEETH, TOO!
WHOEVER THEY'RE HUNTING FOR MUST BE A REAL "FIRE-BREATHER"!

SARGE, LOOK! WHAT ARMY DOES SHE BELONG TO?
NO ARMY, YOU FAT-HEAD! SHE'S A CIRCUS PERFORMER! SHE'S OUR CONTACT!
PUTZI?? HERE, PUTZI!
OUR CONTACT?

HERE, PUTZI!
HOLY HANNAH!!
GROWRR!
A LION!!

YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY PUTZI! YOU KNOW YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE YOUR CAGE! SHAME ON YOU!
THERE HE IS!! VE HAFF FOUND HIM!

PUT AVAY YOUR GUNS! PUTZI VILL NOT HARM YOU! VOT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ISS THAT ALL YOU CAN DO... JUST SHOOT, SHOOT, SHOOT??!
STEP ASIDE, FRAULEIN! VE HAFF SPENT ALL DAY HUNTING THAT ESCAPED LION... VE DO NOT VISH TO GO BACK EMPTY-HANDED!

NOW, YOU HOWLERS!! LET'S GIVE THOSE TRIGGER-HAPPY HOT-SHOTS THE TARGET-PRACTICE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR!
AT LAST!
WAH-H HOO

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...
IT ISS ABOUT TIME! THEY ALMOST SHOT POOR PUTZI! I REALLY THOUGHT YOU VOULD NEVER GET HERE!
RELAX, SISTER! THERE WERE A COUPLE OF LITTLE THINGS THAT DELAYED US...

I AM SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER! VE SHOULD NOT ARGUE! VE ARE, ALLIES, NEIN?
YOU KNOW IT, BABY! NOW WHERE IS THAT CIRCUS OF YOURS? ACCORDING TO MY BRIEFING, THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE OUR BASE OF OPERATIONS!

I VILL TAKE YOU THERE! IT ISS GOOD TO HAFF YOU HERE IN GERMANY, SERGEANT! IT MAKES US FEEL VE ARE NOT... ALONE!
HONEY, NOBODY WHO FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM IS EVER ALONE... AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT, SEE?
IF THE SPEECHES ARE OVER, SARGE, LET'S GO!!

AND SO, A FEW HOURS LATER, AN INNOCENT-LOOKING CIRCUS TRAIN RATTLES TOWARD BERLIN...

NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT THAT THIS OLD, BROKEN-DOWN CIRCUS TRAIN HAS SEVEN HOWLIN' COMMANDOS ABOARD, EH, SARGE?

THEY'D BETTER NOT SUSPECT IT, GABE, IF WE WANT TO KEEP HOWLIN'!

OKAY, YOU HEROES! GET INTO THESE CIRCUS DUDS AND REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR FLAPPIN' MOUTHS SHUT IF ANYONE TALKS TO YOU!

WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOK AT THAT NICE BIG RAILROAD GUN, JUST BASKING IN THE SUN!

BOY! ME AND BURT LANCASTER, HUH?

HOLD IT, DUM-DUM! DON'T GET ANY IDEAS, YOU CLOWN! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT TO BERLIN WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!!

TROUBLE! DO YOU THINK OL' DUM-DUM WANTS ANY TROUBLE?

PERISH FORBID! I JUST WANT TO LIGHT MY SEE-GAR AND TOSS THE "MATCH" OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! I'M JUST A CLUMSY OLD BUTTERFINGERS!

NICE SHOT, YOU OL' WALRUS! SCRATCH ONE R.R. GUN!!

FINALLY, THE TRAIN REACHES BERLIN, AND THE HOWLERS ACCOMPANY THE VALIANT UNDERGROUND TROUPE TO THEIR PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS UNDER THE BIG TOP...

FATHER, THIS ISS SERGEANT NICK FURY! HIS MISSION ISS TO BRING LORD HA-HA BACK TO ENGLAND!

IMPOSSIBLE! YOU MIGHT AS VELL TRY TO CAPTURE HITLER HIMSELF!

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA, PAL!

HEY, SARGE! WATCH ME TACKLE THAT TRAPEZE!

HERE'S WHERE DINO BREAKS HIS FOOL NECK!

SOME WAY FOR A HOWLER TO DIE... FALLIN' ONTO A LI'L OL' CIRCUS FLOOR, EH, JUNIOR?

IT LOOKS LIKE FUN, REB! I'D LIKE TO TRY IT MYSELF!

BUT, AT EXACTLY 1200 HOURS, THE GRIMMEST PART OF FURY'S MISSION BEGINS! AND SO WE SEE THE TWO PSEUDO-NAZIS WALKING NERVOUSLY DOWN THE WILHELMSTRASSE...

THINK WE'LL MAKE IT, SARGE?

I'LL WRITE YOU A LETTER! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AN ACTOR, AIN'T YOU? WELL, ACT!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE BERLIN RADIO STATION...

VE ARE LOOKING FOR LORD HA-HA!

SORRY, IT ISS NOT PERMITTED FOR ME TO GIFF OUT HIS WHEREABOUTS!

YOU MEAN A BEAUTIFUL FRAULEIN LIKE YOU, VITH SUCH BIG, BLUE, LUFFABLE EYES, CANNOT DO A LITTLE FAVOUR FOR A LONESOME STORM-TROOPER?

DON'T PUT IT ON TOO THICK, YOU HAM!

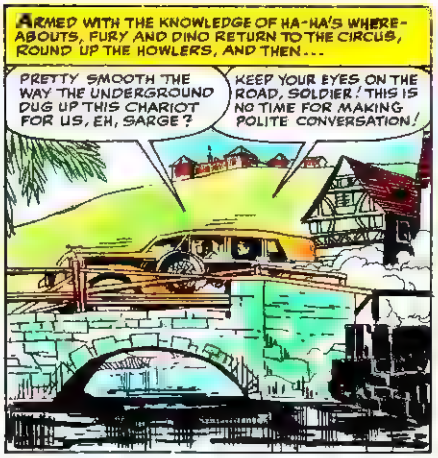
VELL, IFF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...

ONE MINUTE LATER...

JUST OUR CHICKEN-SCRATCHIN' LUCK! HIS BROADCAST IS OVER AND HE'S HAVING DINNER AT A GAULEITER'S MANSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!

HEY! WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT?

DIDN'T YOU NOTICE, SARGE? I THINK SHE LOVES ME!


ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF HA-HA'S WHEREABOUTS, FURY AND DINO RETURN TO THE CIRCUS, ROUND UP THE HOWLERS, AND THEN...
PRETTY SMOOTH THE WAY THE UNDERGROUND DUG UP THIS CHARIOT FOR US, EH, SARGE?
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD, SOLDIER! THIS IS NO TIME FOR MAKING POLITE CONVERSATION!

REACHING THE GAULEITER'S HOME, FURY'S FRIENDLY LITTLE SQUAD GOES ABOUT ITS BUSINESS WITH THE GRIM SILENCE AND SAVAGERY OF A SWARM OF KILLER SHARKS!

AND WITHIN SECONDS...
AIN'T IT A SERIOUS BREACH OF ETIQUETTE TO PAY A VISIT WITHOUT AN INVITE?
YEAH! I'M WORRIED SICK ABOUT IT!

THERE'S OUR PIGEON!
MY! AIN'T HE ADORABLE?
READ US MORE, SIR PERCY, ABOUT VOT YOU VILL SAY ON YOUR NEXT BROADCAST! ESPECIALLY THE PART ABOUT DER VERDAMNDTE COMMANDOS!
A PLEASURE, MEIN HERR! TOMORROW I WILL ACCUSE THEM OF COWARDICE... OF ATTACKING INNOCENT, UNARMED CIVILIANS!
BRILLIANT!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, HOWLERS? WE AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER! LET'S GO!
IF YOU RATZIS ARE SO INTERESTED IN US, WE'LL GIVE YOU CHANCE TO SEE US COWARDS IN ACTION... FIRST HAND!

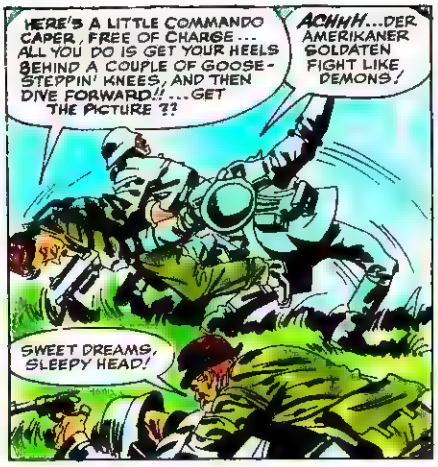
WAH-HOOO!
IT'S THE COMMANDOS! B-BUT HOW...?
KILL THEM! THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL! CUT THEM DOWN! SCHNELL! SCHNELL!

SPEAKING OF HANDFULS, SKINHEAD, HERE'S ONE FOR YOU TO CHEW ON!
LOUDER, YOU CRUMB! LET ME HEAR IT!!
KAMERAD!
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHAT I FOUND! IF IT AIN'T LITTLE LORD HA-HA!!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
UNHAND ME! I HAVE DONE NOTHING!

SURE, YOU'VE DONE NOTHING! YOU'RE JUST AS INNOCENT AS A NEW-BORN BABE! WELL, SWEETHEART, WE'RE TAKIN' YOU BACK HOME SO THEY CAN PIN A LITTLE MEDAL ON YOU!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME BACK TO BRITAIN! YOU CAN'T!!
DON'T BET ON IT, BIG-MOUTH!

UH-UH! COME TO THINK OF IT, IT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD BET!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE MAKIN' TARGETS OF YOURSELVES!! MOVE!!

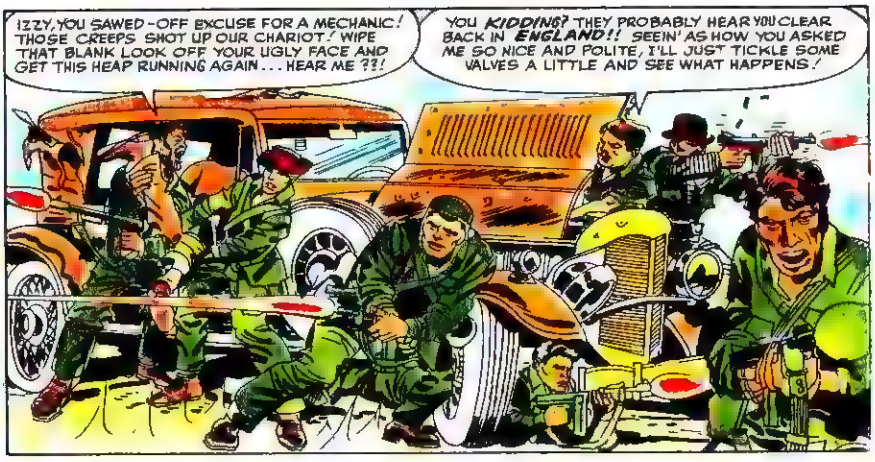
SUDDENLY, DINO MANELLI, WHO HAS BEEN HIDDEN OUTSIDE WITH DUM-DUM AND GABE, LEAPS INTO ACTION!
WATCH OUT WHERE YOU'RE POINTING THOSE POP GUNS!
DONNER-WETTER!
VAS ISS LOS?!
!!

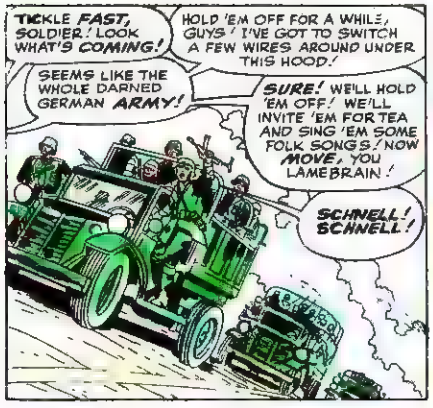

HERE'S A LITTLE COMMANDO CAPER, FREE OF CHARGE... ALL YOU DO IS GET YOUR HEELS BEHIND A COUPLE OF GOOSE-STEPPIN' KNEES, AND THEN DIVE FORWARD!!... GET THE PICTURE ??
ACHHH...DER AMERIKANER SOLDATEN FIGHT LIKE DEMONS!
SWEET DREAMS, SLEEPY HEAD!

UH-OH! MORE TROUBLES FOR DUM-DUM AND DINO! NOW IT'S UP TO OL' GABE TO TILT THE ODDS IN THEIR FAVOUR! SO BLOW SWEET AND TRUE, BABY!
ACHTUNG!! ANOTHER AMERIKANER SCHWEINHUND!

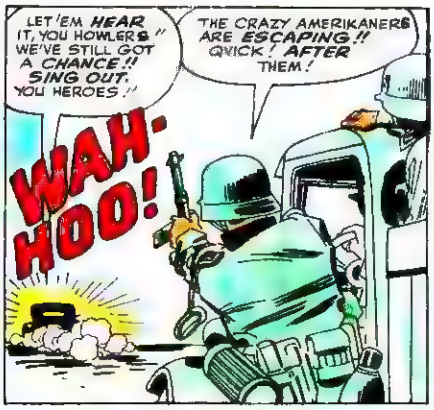
WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO SHOOT, MAN? IN A PENNY ARCADE? OKAY, YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE... NOW IT'S MY INNINGS!
HEADS UP, MASTER RACE!

COME ON, MOVE! GET THE LEAD OUT, MISTER!
WH-WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
SHUCKS, SUH! Y'ALL DON'T WANT US TO TELL AND SPOIL OUR LITTLE SURPRISE!


IZZY, YOU SAWED-OFF EXCUSE FOR A MECHANIC! THOSE CREEPS SHOT UP OUR CHARIOT! WIPE THAT BLANK LOOK OFF YOUR UGLY FACE AND GET THIS HEAP RUNNING AGAIN... HEAR ME ??!
YOU KIDDING? THEY PROBABLY HEAR YOU CLEAR BACK IN ENGLAND!! SEEIN' AS HOW YOU ASKED ME SO NICE AND POLITE, I'LL JUST TICKLE SOME VALVES A LITTLE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!


TICKLE FAST, SOLDIER! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!
HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A WHILE, GUYS! I'VE GOT TO SWITCH A FEW WIRES AROUND UNDER THIS HOOD!
SEEMS LIKE THE WHOLE DARNED GERMAN ARMY!
SURE! WE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF! WE'LL INVITE 'EM FOR TEA AND SING 'EM SOME FOLK SONGS! NOW MOVE, YOU LAMEBRAIN!
SCHNELL! SCHNELL!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, IZ!! WHAT'S THE ANSWER, GUY?? DID YOU DO IT??!
I'VE NEVER LET YOU DOWN YET, SARGE! PLANT THAT SIZE THIRTEEN OF YOURS ON THE GAS PEDAL, AND LET'S TAKE OFF!
IZ DID IT! LET'S GO!!


LET 'EM HEAR IT, YOU HOWLERS!! WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE!! SING OUT, YOU HEROES!!
THE CRAZY AMERIKANERS ARE ESCAPING!! QUICK! AFTER THEM!
WAH-HOO!

WE'LL BE KILLED! SURRENDER!! WHY DON'T YOU SURRENDER?!!
HEY, IZ! EVER HEAR THAT THERE WORD?
NAW! WHAT IN BLAZES DOES IT MEAN, DUM-DUM?

SARGE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TURN OFF THE ROAD HERE! QUICK!
OKAY, JUNIOR! BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD! SPILL IT!
WELL, THEIR TROOP-CARRIERS ARE MUCH HEAVIER THAN OUR TOURING CAR, AND THERE'S A NICE GOOEY SWAMP UP AHEAD OF US!

IT WORKED! OUR BEETLE-BRAINED PLAY-MATES GOT STUCK IN THE MUD BEHIND US!
JUNIOR, IF YOU WEREN'T SO UGLY, I'D KISS YOU!
THANKS, SARGE, BUT I'D RATHER FACE A FIRING SQUAD!

A FEW HOURS LATER FINDS FURY AND HIS HOWLERS IN AN ABANDONED HOUSE ON THE COAST AT BREMERHAVEN, WAITING FOR A RENDEZVOUS SUB TO APPEAR...

MAN! THIS IS THE LIFE!

SERGEANT, I'LL MAKE YOU RICH IF YOU SET ME FREE!

STOW IT, CHUM!

SEE ANYTHING YET, JUNIOR?

YEP! TWO SEA-GULLS, AND A MILLION MILES OF EMPTY OCEAN!

WHILE WE'RE WAITING, MISTER, TELL ME SOMETHING .. WHAT MAKES A JOE LIKE YOU TURN TRAITOR?

I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF A TRAITOR! EVERY MAN FIGHTS IN HIS OWN WAY FOR WHAT HE BELIEVES IN! I BELIEVE IN THE GLORIOUS DESTINY OF DER FUHRER'S THIRD REICH!

JUST LIKE I THOUGHT! HAWLEY, YOU'RE A NUT!

THEN SUDDENLY, JUNIOR JUNIPER GIVES A LOW-PITCHED WHISTLE, AND FURY COMES RUNNING...

IT'S A ROUTINE PATROL OF NAZI PANZERS, SARGE! IF THEY SIGHT US, WE'RE SUNK!

RELAX, SONNY! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SIGHT US!

IZZY! DINO! GET OUT OF MY FIELD OF FIRE, YOU GUYS! THIS WINDOW IS NARROW ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TWO CRITTERS HORNIN' IN!

TONE IT DOWN TO A SHOUT, WILLYA, YOU HUMAN FOG-HORN!

THEY'VE FORGOTTEN ME! THIS IS MY CHANCE!

I'VE GOT TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THAT NAZI TANK PATROL!

UP HERE!! THE AMERICANS ARE HIDING HERE! COME AND GET THEM... HELP ME! HELP ME!

SARGE! HAWLEY IS LOOSE! HE'S WARNING THE NAZIS!!

UP HERE! HERE I AM!! COME AND SAVE ME... KILL THE AMERICAN SAVAGES!

A MADMAN WITH AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE! SO!

NO! NO!! DON'T SHOOT! I'M ON YOUR SIDE! I..I.. OHHH!!

BUT NOW, THE HUNTER TANKS HAVE PICKED UP THE SCENT! SLOWLY THE GIANT GUN TURRETS SWING AROUND! STEADILY, THEY ZERO IN ON THEIR TARGET! AND THEN...

VIPE OUT DER AMERIKANER PATROL!! FIRE!!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US! NOW WE'RE REALLY IN FOR IT!

UP'N AT 'EM, YOU HOWLERS! WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, BUT LET'S GO OUT LIKE COMMANDOS!

YOU TELL 'EM, BIG MAN!

IZ, YOU CAN FORGET THAT DOLLAR YOU OWE ME!

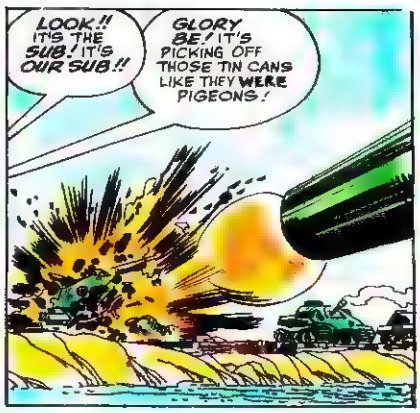
THANKS, REB! LIKE I ALWAYS SAID... YOU'RE ALL HEART!

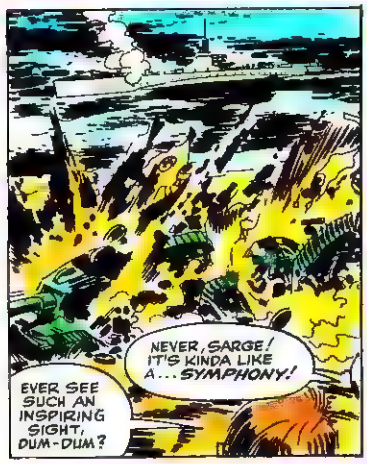
C'MON, GABE! LET'S HEAR THOSE SAINTS GO MARCHIN' IN ONE LAST TIME, OL' BUDDY!

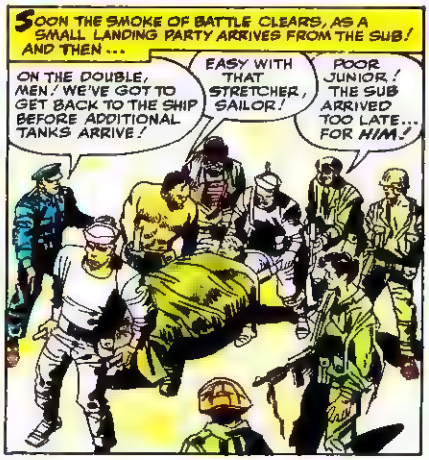
HERE'S A PRESENT, YOU NAZI CREEPS, FROM MRS. JUNIPER'S LITTLE BOY, JUNIOR!

EASY, JUNIOR! YOU CAN'T WIN THE WAR SINGLE-HANDED, KID! C'MON AND... HEY! JUNIOR! HOLY COW! SARGE... JUNIOR GOT IT!!

D-DON'T STOP, DINO! LET 'EM HAVE IT... GIVE 'EM AN EXTRA BURST FOR... JUN.. UHHH!







FOR MORE ACTION-PACKED STORIES GET THESE GREAT ANNUALS...

FANTASTIC EAGLE

SMASH!

Boys' World

WHAM!

ON SALE NOW!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

JEFFREY HUDSON, WHO WAS BORN AT OAKHAM, RUTLAND, IN **1619,** WAS SO SMALL THAT AS A STUNT HE WAS ONCE PLACED IN A PIE FOR CHARLES STUART AND HOPPED OUT ON TO THE DINNER TABLE.

A SHEFFIELD KNIFE CUTTER ONCE MADE A PENKNIFE OF HIS OWN IN HIS LEISURE TIME WHICH MEASURED ALMOST **SEVEN FEET** WHEN OPENED. ANOTHER REMARKABLE PENKNIFE OF MORE USUAL DIMENSIONS MADE IN SHEFFIELD IN **1919** HAD **1,919** BLADES.

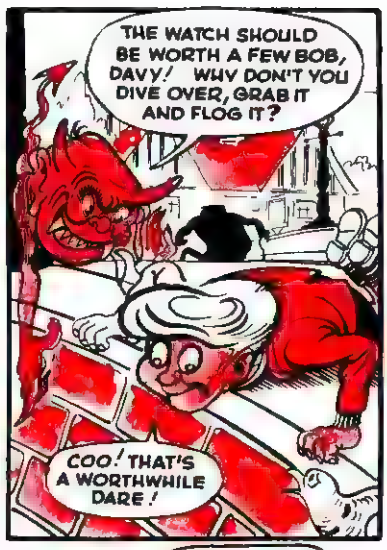
BRITAIN'S LONGEST FACTORY EXTENDED FOR **FIVE MILES** BUT IT WAS ONLY FIVE FEET ACROSS. DURING THE LAST WAR, A TUNNEL INTENDED FOR USE AS AN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY WAS ADAPTED AND USED FOR MAKING WAR MATERIALS.

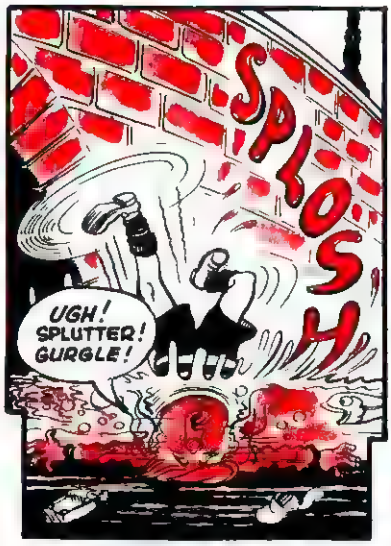
THE FAMOUS SIAMESE TWINS, WHO WERE JOINED AT THE CHEST, WERE BOTH MALE. BOTH OF THEM GREW UP AND WERE MARRIED—AND HAD FAMILIES OF THEIR OWN.

IN GERMANY, AN UNUSUAL BICYCLE APPEARED BETWEEN THE WARS DESIGNED FOR TWO PEOPLE TO RIDE **SIDE BY SIDE!**

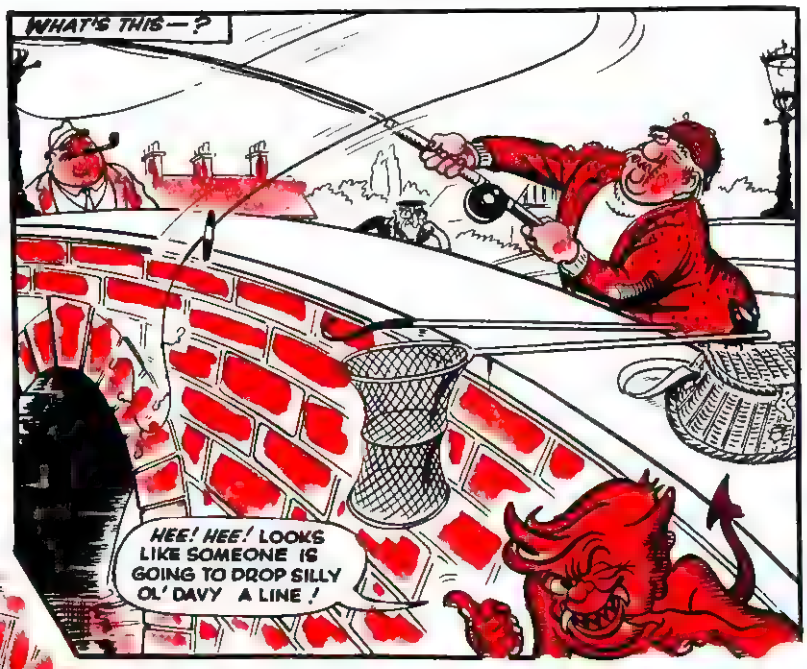
HARES CAN RUN AT A SPEED OF UP TO **45** M.P.H. WITHOUT EFFORT. THEY USE THEIR **EARS** TO ADJUST THEIR DIRECTION.

DARE -A- DAY DAVY





I'VE ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT — BETTER DO A QUICK CIRCUIT ON THIS ...


WHAT'S THIS — ?
HEE! HEE! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE IS GOING TO DROP SILLY OL' DAVY A LINE !

FOUND IT! FOUND IT! I'M RICH!!

HELP! — I'VE BEEN HOOKED!

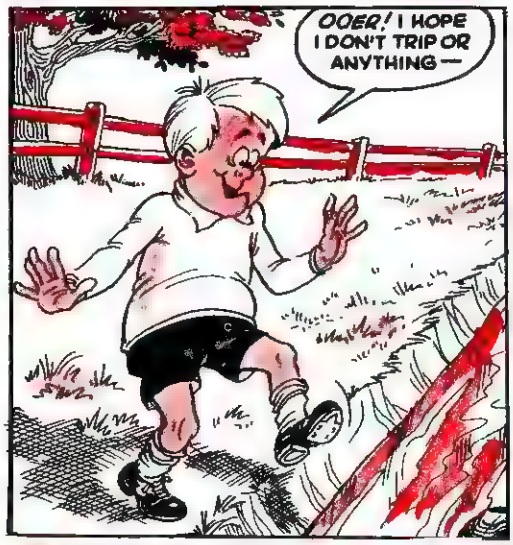
CRIKEY! I THINK I'VE CAUGHT A WHALE!
WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, MISTER !

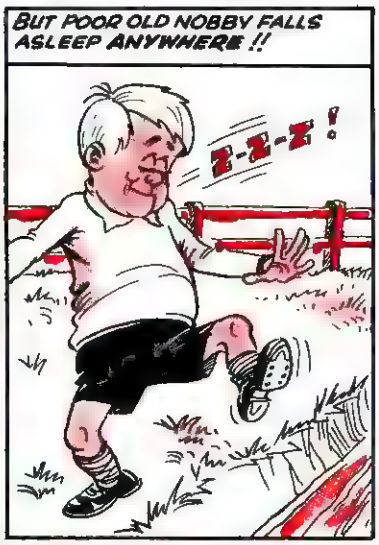
FUNNIEST LOOKING WHALE I'VE EVER SEEN!

S'TREWTH! COULD HAVE SWORN I DROPPED MY OLD WATCH IN THE RIVER!
BAH!

WILL YOU NEVER LEARN?
SPLITHERIN' BOTHERATION! GRR! A THOUSAND DRATS! ETC. — ETC.!!

NOBBY'S
NIGHT MARES


OOER! I HOPE I DON'T TRIP OR ANYTHING—


BUT POOR OLD NOBBY FALLS ASLEEP ANYWHERE !!
Z-Z-Z !

AND THAT'S WHERE NIGHT-MARES LIKE ME COME IN! WE'LL RUN HIM A HORRIBLE DREAM—TARZAN TODAY, I THINK! HO! HO!

GULP! L-LOOK AT THOSE SNAPPING JAWS! I'D HATE TO BE A CROC-DENTIST!
HIM TARZAN. ME JANE MARE! HO! HO!

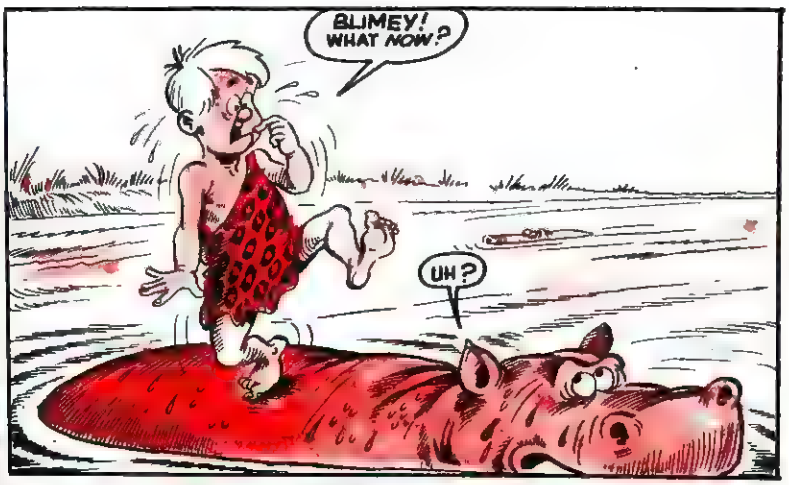
AIEE! LUCKY THIS ROPE WAS HANDY!
SNAP!

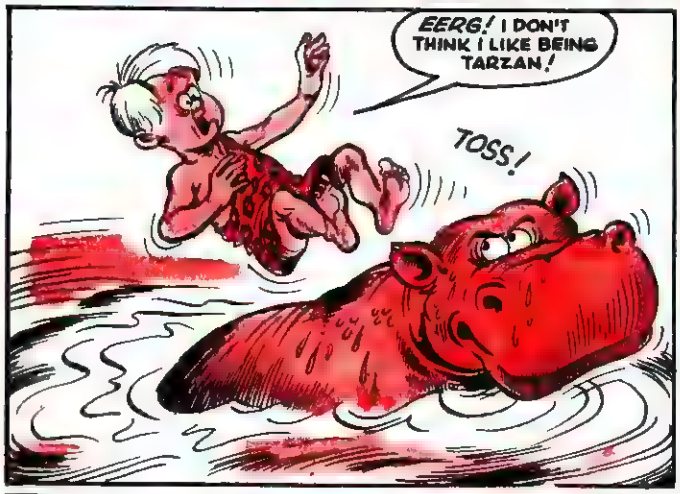
LUCKY?! POOR OL' NOBBY SPOKE TOO SOON!
CRACK!

YIPES! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO BE A CROC'S DINNER!
SLURP!

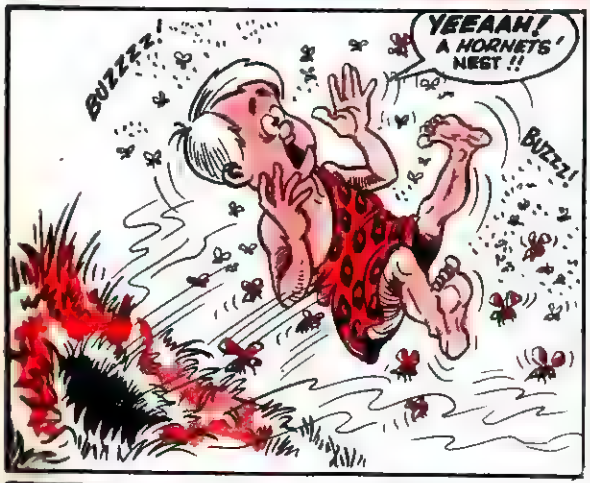
CAN'T LET HIM GET EATEN UP YET — THERE'S LOTS MORE NIGHTMARE TO COME!
I'VE WEDGED A STICK IN THAT CROC'S MOUTH!
PHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!

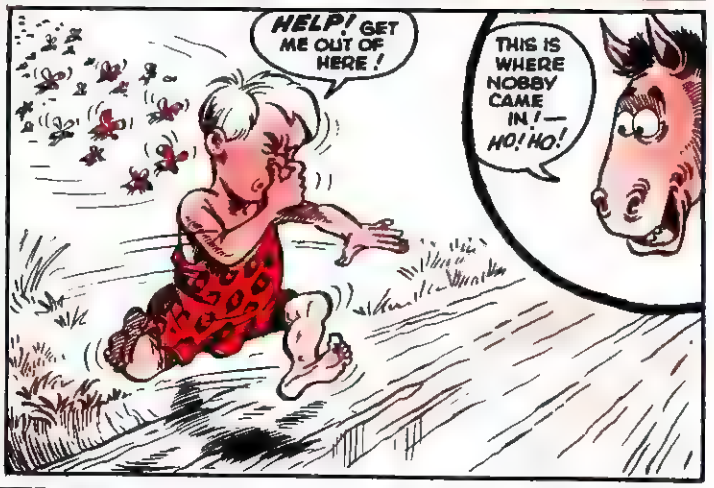
I'LL GET ACROSS THIS RIVER IF IT KILLS ME!
GURR!

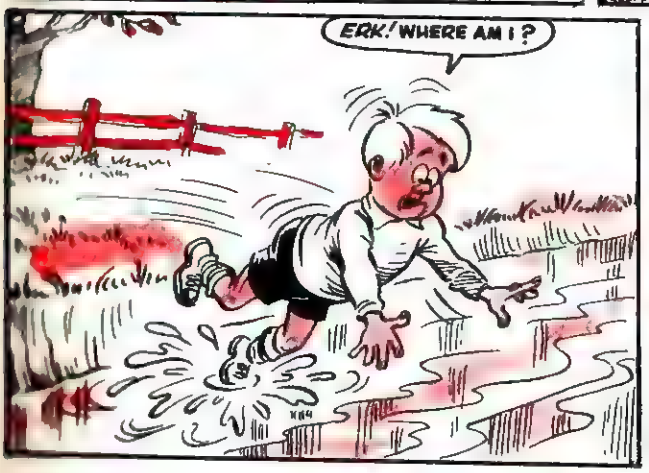

BLIMEY! WHAT NOW?
UH?


EERG! I DON'T THINK I LIKE BEING TARZAN!
TOSS!

WATCH! THIS NIGHTMARE HAS A STING IN THE TAIL!


BUZZZZ!
YEEAAH! A HORNETS' NEST!!
BUZZZ!


HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
THIS IS WHERE NOBBY CAME IN! — HO! HO!

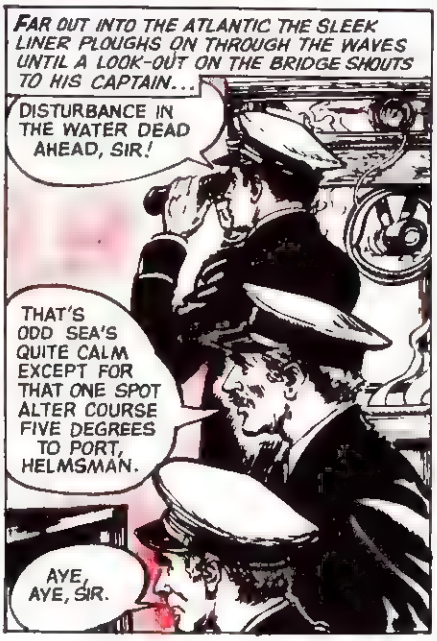

ERK! WHERE AM I?

WHAT A STUPID PLACE TO FALL ASLEEP — AND WHAT A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE I HAD! BUT KNOW WHAT — I REALLY HAVE BEEN STUNG!

MENACE BENEATH THE WAVES

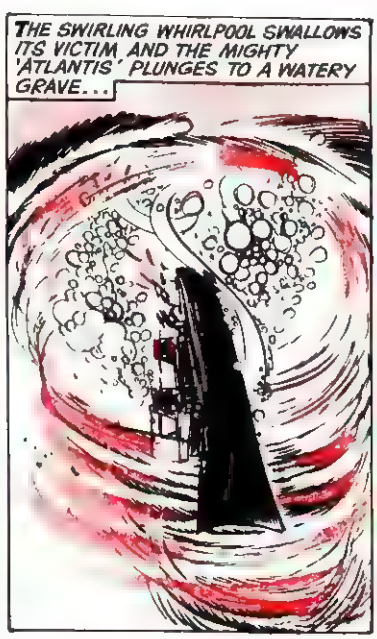
TWENTY THOUSAND FEET BENEATH THE MIGHTY WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ONE MAN STANDS ALONE, FACED WITH THE DEADLIEST MENACE YET TO THREATEN THE WORLD — **THE AQUA MEN!**

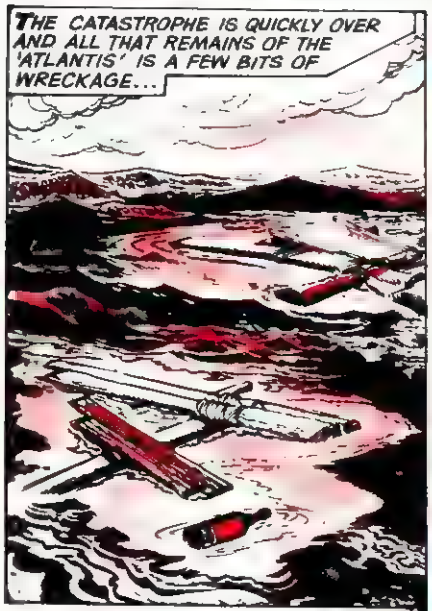
BUT THIS TALE OF TERROR BEGINS ON A DAY WHEN, UNAWARE OF THE PERIL THAT IS IN STORE FOR HER, THOUSANDS OF JUBILANT SPECTATORS CHEER THE MIGHTY ATOMIC-POWERED OCEAN LINER 'ATLANTIS' AS SHE IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC...



THE FULL HORROR OF WHAT IS HAPPENING MEETS THE CAPTAIN'S EYES AS THE SHIP IS PULLED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE BUBBLING WATER.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! A WHIRLPOOL IN MID—ATLANTIC!
WE'VE HAD IT! WE'RE DOOMED!

SECONDS LATER THE SHIP IS IN THE GRIP OF THE WHIRLPOOL...
AAARGH!! WE'RE SINKING!


THE SWIRLING WHIRLPOOL SWALLOWS ITS VICTIM AND THE MIGHTY 'ATLANTIS' PLUNGES TO A WATERY GRAVE...


THE CATASTROPHE IS QUICKLY OVER AND ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE 'ATLANTIS' IS A FEW BITS OF WRECKAGE...

READ ALL ABOUT IT! 'ATLANTIS' MISSING IN MYSTERY SINKING!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE NEWS REACHES DON CLYDE, THE WORLD-FAMOUS UNDERWATER EXPLORER...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS SHIP WAS SUPPOSED TO BE UNSINKABLE. SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE— VERY FAR WRONG! I RECKON I MIGHT BE NEEDED!

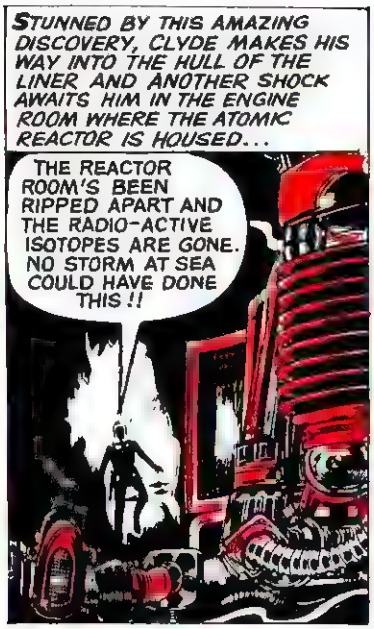
MEANWHILE THE OWNERS OF THE 'ATLANTIS' MEET...
...AS A SHIPPING COMPANY WE ARE FINISHED IF WE CAN'T DISCOVER WHAT CAUSED THE ATLANTIS TO SINK. MORE THAN 500 PEOPLE WERE ON BOARD THAT SHIP. WHO WILL TRUST US NOW THAT THE 'ATLANTIS', THE UNSINKABLE SHIP, HAS GONE TO THE BOTTOM?
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED WITHOUT EXAMINING THE SHIP— AND SHE IS LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN. WE'RE FINISHED!!

AFTER HOURS OF DISCUSSION IN THE BOARD ROOM, DON CLYDE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM...
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, GENTLEMEN. I'M DON CLYDE. I THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.
I VERY MUCH DOUBT IT, MISTER CLYDE. IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE TO GET DOWN TO THE SHIP.
IT IS NOT AS IMPOSSIBLE AS YOU MIGHT IMAGINE. I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER.

ACCORDING TO THE R.A.F. REPORTS, WRECKAGE WAS SEEN ABOUT HERE WHICH IS JUST ON THE EDGE OF THE CONTINENTAL SHELF. THAT MEANS THAT THE 'ATLANTIS' IS LYING IN ABOUT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET OF WATER. I HAVE A BATHYSCAPHE WHICH CAN TAKE ME TO THAT DEPTH AND I HAVE A DIVING SUIT WHICH WILL ALLOW ME TO LEAVE THE BATHYSCAPHE AND EXAMINE THE SHIP.

DON CLYDE EXPLAINS HOW HIS REMARKABLE DIVING SUIT OPERATES...
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE SUIT HAS ALL THE DEVICES I SHALL REQUIRE FOR THE DIVE. I HAVE USED A REVOLUTIONARY TYPE OF METAL FOR THE SUIT WHICH I HOPE CAN WITHSTAND THE IMMENSE PRESSURES AT 20,000 FEET.
WE ASSUME THAT THIS SUIT OF YOURS HAS BEEN PROPERLY TESTED, MISTER CLYDE.
ER, NO! THIS WILL BE THE FIRST TIME I HAVE USED IT AT THAT DEPTH.
BUT YOU COULD BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!
I HAVE FACED THAT HAZARD BEFORE. IT IS A CHANCE I WILL HAVE TO TAKE.
THE FOLLOWING DAY, CLYDE SETS OFF IN A FREIGHTER WITH ALL HIS GEAR LOADED...
I'VE BEEN AT SEA A LONG TIME, CLYDE, AND I KNOW IT WELL. SEAMEN ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT AND SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT YOU'RE HEADING FOR A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN THERE.
WE SHALL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE, CAPTAIN. THE SEA HOLDS MANY MYSTERIES. PERHAPS WE'RE ABOUT TO REVEAL ONE OF THEM.
TWO DAYS LATER, THE FREIGHTER ARRIVES AT THE REPORTED POSITION OF THE WRECK AND SOON ALL IS READY FOR CLYDE'S DESCENT INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS...
GOOD LUCK, CLYDE...
YOU'LL NEED IT!
THANKS. I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU BY RADIO. PREPARE TO LOWER AWAY.
THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF DON CLYDE— ALIVE!
AN HOUR LATER, THE BATHYSCAPHE REACHES THE BOTTOM AND THERE BEFORE HIM, CLYDE SEES THE TWISTED WRECK OF THE ONCE PROUD LINER...
PHEW! SOMETHING'S RIPPED THE SHIP APART! WHAT COULD HAVE DONE IT? THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT— GET OUT AND TAKE A LOOK FOR MYSELF.
CLYDE DONS HIS DIVING SUIT AND PREPARES TO VENTURE OUT INTO THE UNEXPLORED OCEAN BED...
NOW COMES THE TRICKY BIT. THIS SUIT SHOULD WORK BUT IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL BE CRUSHED LIKE A PEANUT UNDER A STEAM-ROLLER!
CAUTIOUSLY, HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, CLYDE EMERGES FROM THE BATHYSCAPHE...
SO FAR SO GOOD— IT'S WORKING!
IF THIS PROVES NOTHING ELSE AT LEAST I'LL KNOW MY SUIT CAN STAND UP TO THE FANTASTIC PRESSURE DOWN HERE.

CLYDE IS IN FOR A SHOCK WHEN HE EXAMINES THE GREAT GASH IN THE SIDE OF THE LINER...
GOSH! THIS HAS BEEN CUT OPEN! SOMETHING—OR SOMEBODY HAS SLICED THIS OPEN WITH A CUTTER. IT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE!


STUNNED BY THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY, CLYDE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE HULL OF THE LINER AND ANOTHER SHOCK AWAITS HIM IN THE ENGINE ROOM WHERE THE ATOMIC REACTOR IS HOUSED...
THE REACTOR ROOM'S BEEN RIPPED APART AND THE RADIO-ACTIVE ISOTOPES ARE GONE. NO STORM AT SEA COULD HAVE DONE THIS!!

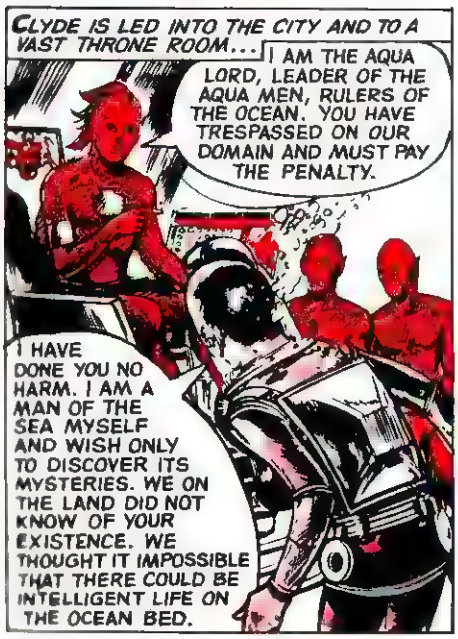
BUT AS THE UNDER-WATER EXPLORER PONDERS ON THE MYSTERY, ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH IS ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY...
OH, NO!!

AAARGH!

STRUGGLE AS HE MIGHT, CLYDE'S FATE SEEMS SEALED UNTIL...
WHAT THE— WHO?

CLYDE'S SHOCK TURNS TO ICY FEAR AS ONE OF THE CREATURES SPEAKS...
WE ARE THE AQUA MEN, RULERS OF THE OCEAN. YOU ARE OUR PRISONER! ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE. YOU ARE IN THE GRIP OF THE GUARDIAN OF THE DEEP, AND THIS LESSER CREATURE IS UNDER OUR CONTROL.
THIS IS BEYOND BELIEF... CREATURES OF THE SEA WHO SPEAK!!!

STILL IN THE GRIP OF THE GIANT SQUID, CLYDE IS TAKEN TO THE UNDER-WATER DOMAIN OF THE AQUA MEN...
AN UNDERWATER CITY!! HOW CAN THESE CREATURES HAVE ADVANCED THIS FAR??


CLYDE IS LED INTO THE CITY AND TO A VAST THRONE ROOM...
I AM THE AQUA LORD, LEADER OF THE AQUA MEN, RULERS OF THE OCEAN. YOU HAVE TRESPASSED ON OUR DOMAIN AND MUST PAY THE PENALTY.
I HAVE DONE YOU NO HARM. I AM A MAN OF THE SEA MYSELF AND WISH ONLY TO DISCOVER ITS MYSTERIES. WE ON THE LAND DID NOT KNOW OF YOUR EXISTENCE. WE THOUGHT IT IMPOSSIBLE THAT THERE COULD BE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THE OCEAN BED.

WE ARE OF YOUR OWN MAKING, LAND CREATURE. FOR MANY YEARS YOUR SCIENTISTS HAVE DISPOSED OF THEIR ATOMIC WASTE IN THE OCEAN. OUR FOREFATHERS FED ON IT AND THROUGH THE YEARS HAVE DEVELOPED INTO THE MASTER RACE OF THE SEA...THE AQUA MEN!

SO THAT'S IT!
NOW WE ARE SHORT OF OUR LIFE FOOD—ATOMIC WASTE. THAT IS WHY WE SANK YOUR LINER...TO OBTAIN THE FOOD WE NEED FOR OUR EXISTENCE. AND WE SHALL SINK MORE TO GET OUR FOOD IF NEED BE. WE SHALL NOT PERISH!!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!!
BUT WE SHALL! AND WE HAVE THE POWER TO DO IT. COME, I SHALL SHOW YOU.

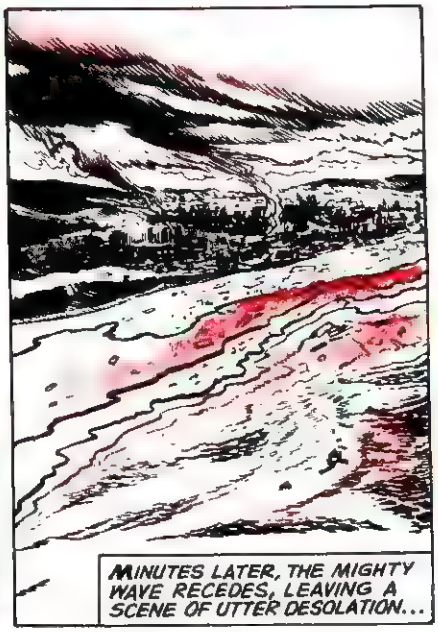
CLYDE IS TAKEN TO THE HUGE DOME IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY...
THERE IS OUR WEAPON...THE AGITATOR. THIS MIGHTY MACHINE CAN CREATE A WHIRLPOOL OR A TIDAL WAVE AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON
IT'S INCREDIBLE. BUT YOU WOULDN'T DARE USE IT.
WE WOULD AND WE SHALL!! YOU SHALL SEE... NOW!!

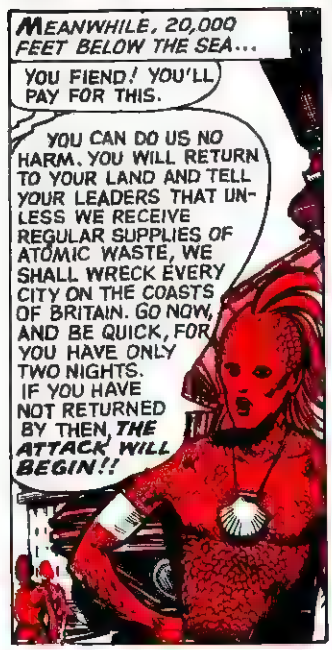
THERE IS A CITY OF GREAT SIZE ON YOUR COAST. IT WILL PERISH BENEATH THE WAVES WHEN I TOUCH THIS BUTTON AND DIRECT THE AGITATOR TOWARDS IT!

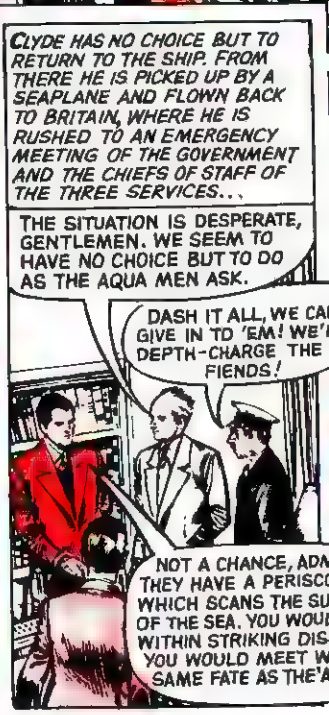
NO! YOU CAN'T DO IT!!
SEIZE HIM! IT IS TOO LATE... THE DEED IS DONE!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE RISES ABOVE THE CITY OF MIDHAMPTON...
LOOK! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE GIGANTIC WAVE CRASHES DOWN, SMASHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH...


MINUTES LATER, THE MIGHTY WAVE RECEDES, LEAVING A SCENE OF UTTER DESOLATION...


MEANWHILE, 20,000 FEET BELOW THE SEA...
YOU FIEND! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.
YOU CAN DO US NO HARM. YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR LAND AND TELL YOUR LEADERS THAT UNLESS WE RECEIVE REGULAR SUPPLIES OF ATOMIC WASTE, WE SHALL WRECK EVERY CITY ON THE COASTS OF BRITAIN. GO NOW, AND BE QUICK, FOR YOU HAVE ONLY TWO NIGHTS. IF YOU HAVE NOT RETURNED BY THEN, THE ATTACK WILL BEGIN!!


CLYDE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO RETURN TO THE SHIP. FROM THERE HE IS PICKED UP BY A SEAPLANE AND FLOWN BACK TO BRITAIN, WHERE HE IS RUSHED TO AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CHIEFS OF STAFF OF THE THREE SERVICES...
THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE, GENTLEMEN. WE SEEM TO HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DO AS THE AQUA MEN ASK.
DASH IT ALL, WE CAN'T GIVE IN TO 'EM! WE'LL DEPTH-CHARGE THE FIENDS!
NOT A CHANCE, ADMIRAL. THEY HAVE A PERISCOPE WHICH SCANS THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. YOU WOULDN'T GET WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE. YOU WOULD MEET WITH THE SAME FATE AS THE ATLANTIS!

THERE IS ONLY ONE POSSIBLE WAY OF RIDDING US OF THE AQUA MEN. I SHALL RETURN TO THE UNDERWATER CITY AND TAKE A SMALL HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB WITH ME. THEN I SHALL DETONATE IT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.
B-BUT THAT WOULD BE SUICIDE!
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY. I SHALL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. THE BOAT IS STILL IN POSITION.

CLYDE RACES BACK TO THE SHIP AND DESCENDS TO THE DEPTHS... ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE THE ATTACKS ARE DUE TO BEGIN.
YOU HAVE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME. THE AQUA LORD AWAITS YOU IN THE AGITATOR DOME!

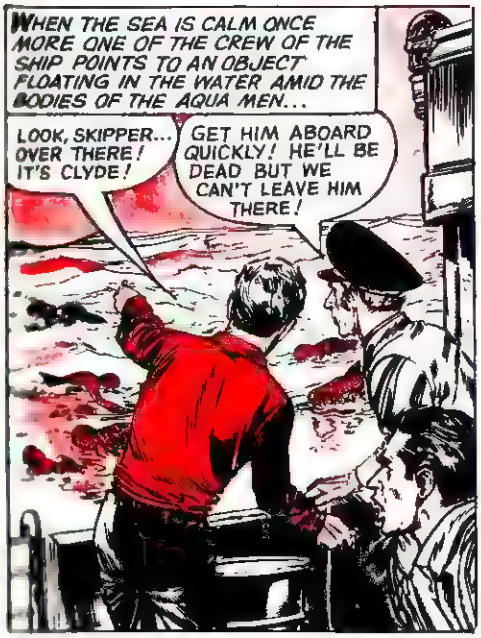
YOU HAVE RETURNED NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. YOUR NEWS HAD BETTER BE GOOD OR THE WRATH OF THE AQUA MEN WILL DESCEND UPON YOUR COAST
FIRST I MUST UNBURDEN MY LOAD. TRAVEL ON THE OCEAN FLOOR IS TIRING FOR A MERE HUMAN.

UNSEEN BY THE AQUA MEN, CLYDE FLICKS ON A SWITCH ON THE PACK WHICH ACTIVATES THE TIMING MECHANISM OF THE BOMB HIDDEN INSIDE...
SPEAK, HUMAN. WHAT IS THE ANSWER FROM YOUR LEADERS?
THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE. YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE ANY SUPPLIES FROM US. YOU WILL DIE OF HUNGER!

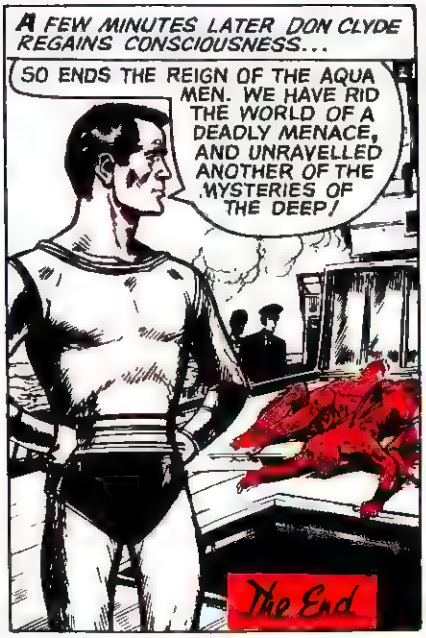
FOOLS! FOOLS! YOU WILL DIE REGRETTING YOUR DECISION! START THE ATTACK!

BUT THE AQUA LORD'S FINGER NEVER REACHES THE ACTIVATING BUTTON...

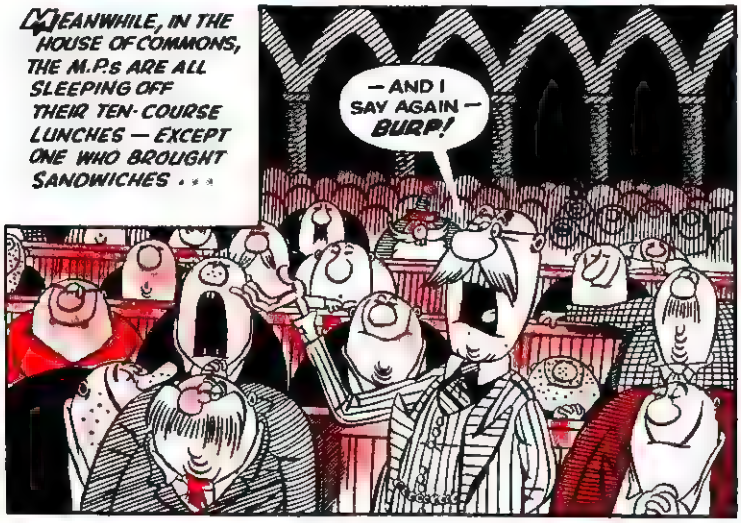
FAR ABOVE, THE SEA ERUPTS AS THE SHOCK WAVE REACHES THE SURFACE...


WHEN THE SEA IS CALM ONCE MORE ONE OF THE CREW OF THE SHIP POINTS TO AN OBJECT FLOATING IN THE WATER AMID THE BODIES OF THE AQUA MEN...
LOOK, SKIPPER... OVER THERE! IT'S CLYDE!
GET HIM ABOARD QUICKLY! HE'LL BE DEAD BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM THERE!

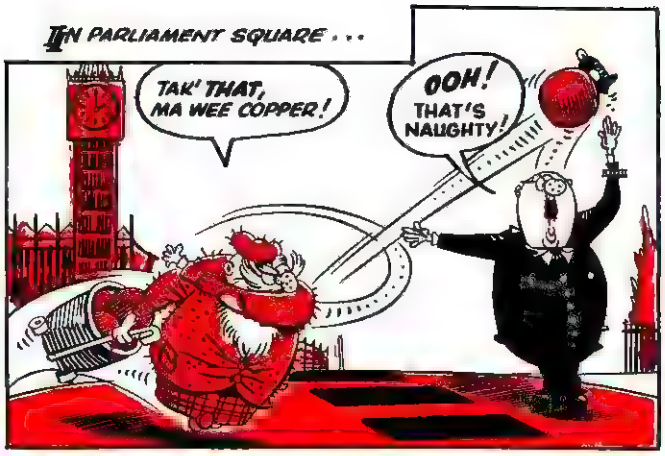
I DON'T BELIEVE IT... HE'S ALIVE!! HE'S JUST STUNNED! THAT MUST BE SOME SUIT HE'S GOT TO WITHSTAND THAT BLAST!


A FEW MINUTES LATER DON CLYDE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
SO ENDS THE REIGN OF THE AQUA MEN. WE HAVE RID THE WORLD OF A DEADLY MENACE, AND UNRAVELLED ANOTHER OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP!
The End

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS
THE SPY FROM SKYE

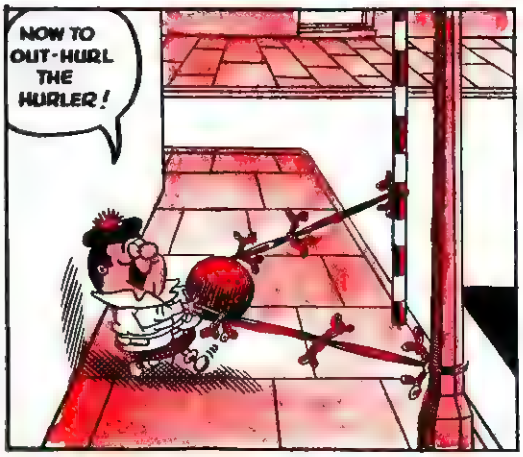


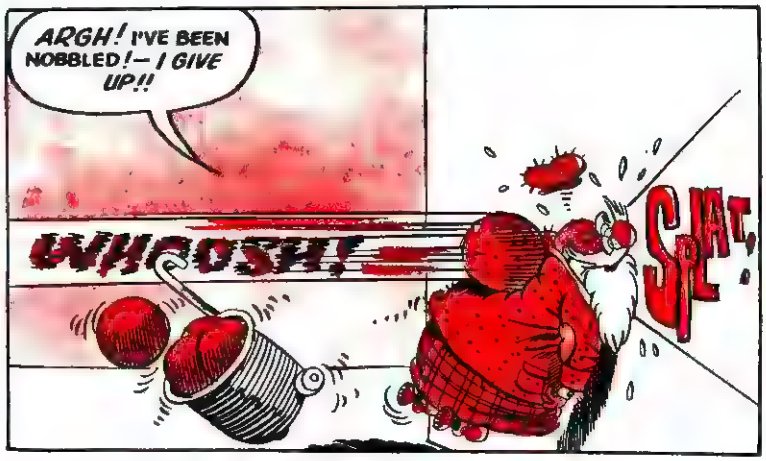
WHOOPS!
I'LL GET MA WEE KNIGHTHOOD FOR MA SERVICES TO HURLING IF I HAVE TO SPLODGE EVERY V.I.P. IN LONDON!

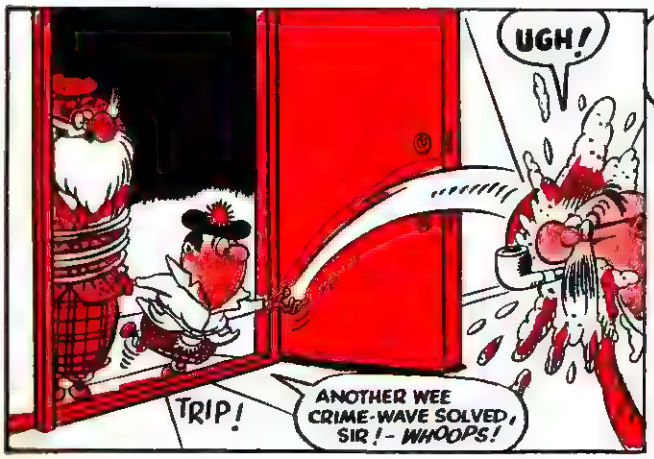

IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE . . .
TAK' THAT, MA WEE COPPER!
OOH! THAT'S NAUGHTY!

THE ONLY WAY TO STOP HIM IS TO HURT HIS SCOTTISH PRIDE, AH KEN!

AH'LL HAVE TO BORROW A FEW WEE BREEKS HOLDERS!
AGH! SOMEONE'S NICKED MY BRACES!!

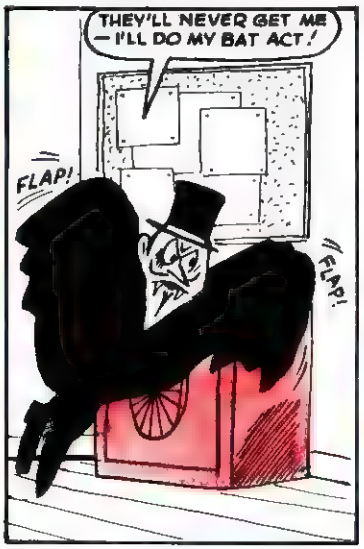

NOW TO OUT-HURL THE HURLER!


ARGH! I'VE BEEN NOBBLED! — I GIVE UP!!
WHOOSH!
SPLAT!


UGH!
TRIP!
ANOTHER WEE CRIME-WAVE SOLVED, SIR! - WHOOPS!

CHOKE! THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN — BUT IT'S WHERE YOU GO OUT!
OW!
EEK!
BOSS

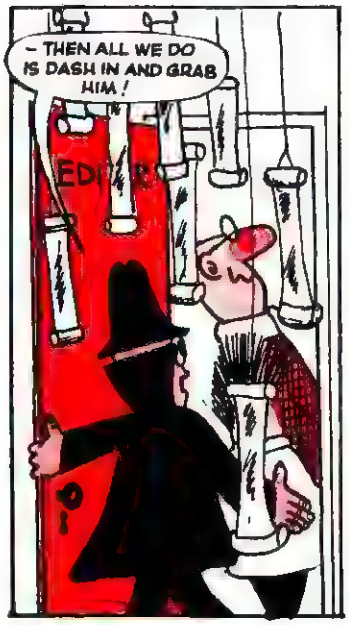
THE CLOAK v. DRACULA



I KNOW HOW WE CAN CATCH THE CRAFTY COUNT—
HOW?
HOW?

WE'LL FESTOON THE ROOM WITH FLY-PAPERS! THEN WHEN HE TRIES TO FLY AWAY AGAIN, HE'LL COME TO A STICKY END!

WHEN HE CLIMBS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, HE'LL TREAD ON THIS MOTOR-HORN!


– THEN ALL WE DO IS DASH IN AND GRAB HIM!

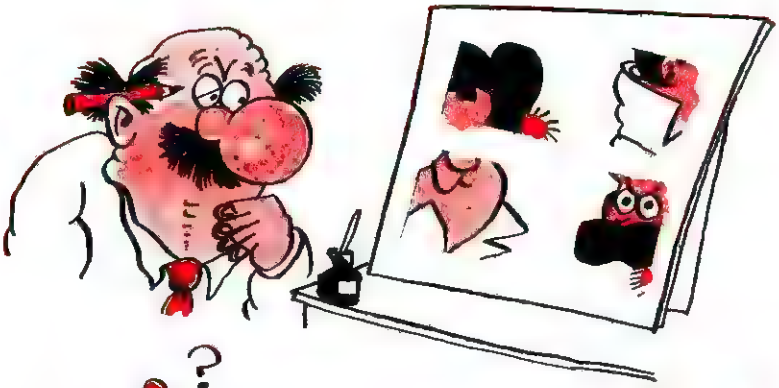
THEN THEY SETTLE DOWN TO A LONG WAIT!
LONG "WAIT"
EDITOR
ONE TONE

HE'S THERE! GET HIM!
PHARRRRRP
EEK! GET OFF MY F-FOOT!

HELP! I'M STUCK UP IN MY OWN PAPERS!
ARK!– ERK!– URGLE!
WE CAN'T HELP YOU– WE CAN'T EVEN HELP OURSELVES! —

BLIMEY!– IT'S NOT COUNT DRACULA AFTER ALL!
NO! IT'S TWO OTHER...
...HORRIBLE-LOOKING THUGS!
WE'RE NOT HORRIBLE-LOOKING THUGS — WE'RE THE EDITORS OF POW!
WE JUST CAME BACK TO GET OUR SUPPER SANDWICHES OUT OF THE SAFE — THAT'S ALL WE EVER KEEP IN THERE!

POW PUZZLERS



IDENTIKIT
The men from M.I.5½ have been making an Identikit picture of a POW character. Unfortunately, they've got a bit muddled up. Can you help them out and discover who the character is?

Answer: Wee Willie Haggis.

POW WORDS
Miss Bolster has set the DOLLS a tricky problem for homework. She wants to see how many words of three or more letters they can find in the words *POW ANNUAL*. So far they've found 14. They're listed below, but see how many you can find before comparing your lists. We bet you do better than those dozy Dolls!

(THE DOLLS WORDS: Pan, Paw, Pal, Pun, Wan, Won, Nap, Now, Lap, Lop, Low, Law, Upon, Annul.)

TRICKY MATCHES
Can you start off with three matches—take one away—and be left with five?

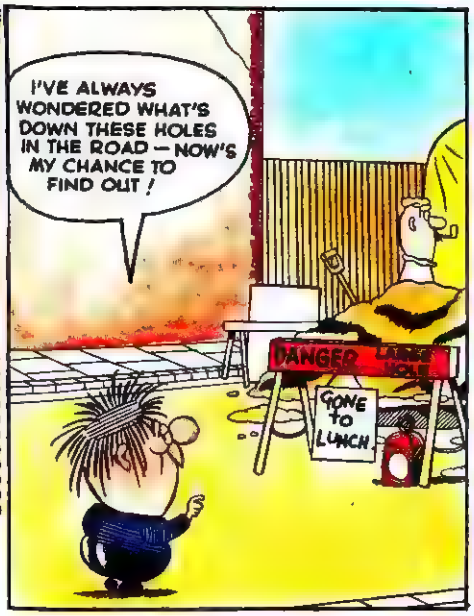
The sketch shows how. You make the Roman numeral four, take away the one and you're left with the Roman numeral five!

A CRACKING JOKE!
Here's a bit of fun that our old pal KICKS recommends you try on Dad! Imagine him walking into the bathroom for his morning shave and finding the mirror all cracked! It's an easy illusion to create—all you do is take a piece of soap and carefully 'draw' a few cracks on the mirror—you'll be amazed how realistic they look. Then you simply wash them off.

CRACK THE CODE
Wee Willie Haggis has a message in code for you. See if you can solve it.

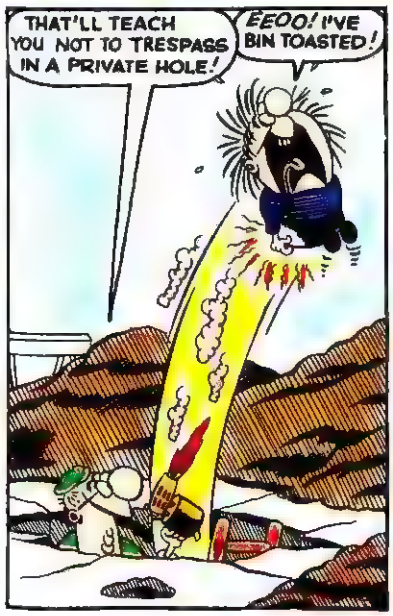
(The code reads READ POW EVERY WEEK. Each letter was replaced by the next one in the alphabet.)

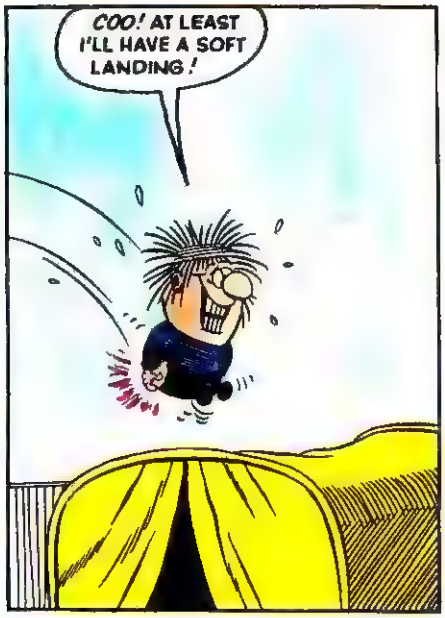
KICKS
HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR KICKS!


I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT'S DOWN THESE HOLES IN THE ROAD — NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT!
DANGER
GONE TO LUNCH

TEE! HEE! — THIS SHOULD BE FUN!

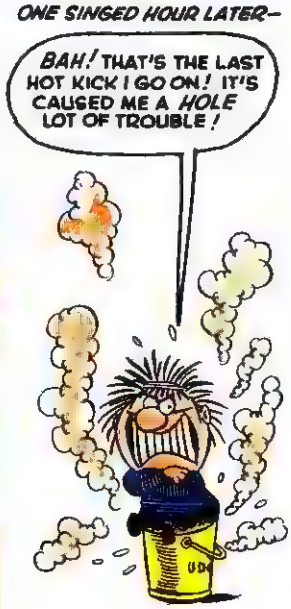
AIEEEE!


THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRESPASS IN A PRIVATE HOLE!
EEOO! I'VE BIN TOASTED!

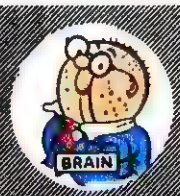

COO! AT LEAST I'LL HAVE A SOFT LANDING!

COR! — AN AERIAL ATTACK!
CAN'T A BLOKE HAVE A CUP OF TEA IN PEACE AROUND 'ERE?!
GULP! — SORRY!
RIP!

YEEK! — NOT AGAIN! HELP!


ONE SINGED HOUR LATER—
BAH! THAT'S THE LAST HOT KICK I GO ON! IT'S CAUSED ME A HOLE LOT OF TROUBLE!

THE GROUP


BRAIN

LUVVY

FATSO

STUPID

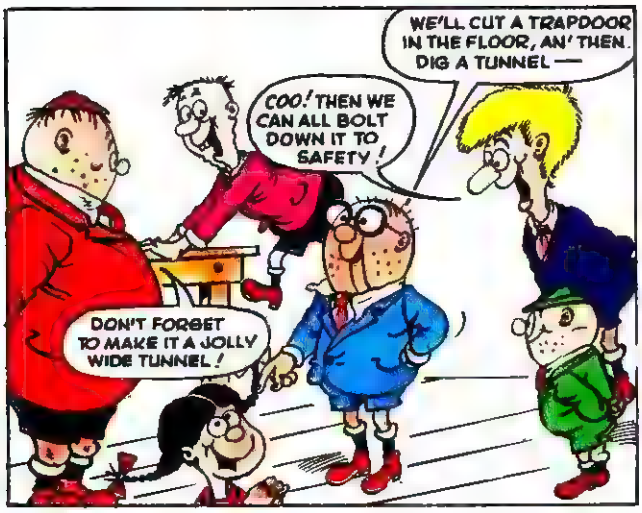
SHRIMP

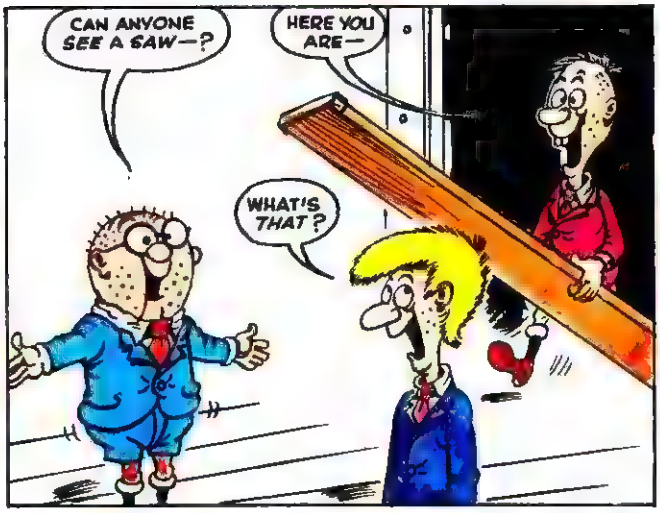
RINGO

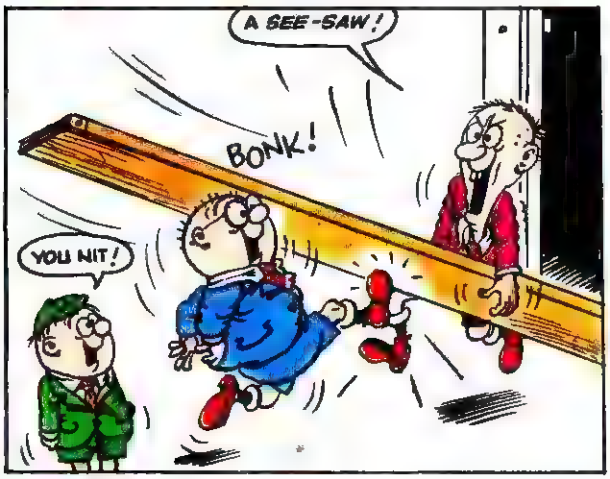
RIGHT, YOU LOT — WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A COUNCIL OF WAR!
BUT I WANT TO GO TO THE PICTURES! THERE IS A GOOD COWBOY FILM ON!

AS PRESIDENT OF THIS HERE COUNCIL, I RULE STUPID OUT OF ORDER!
ULP!

LISTEN — THE LAST TIME THE GASWORKS' GANG ATTACKED OUR HIDEOUT, WE GOT CLOBBERED! SO WE'RE GOING TO PREPARE A STRATEGIC RETREAT — IN ADVANCE!
EH?


WE'LL CUT A TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR, AN' THEN DIG A TUNNEL —
COO! THEN WE CAN ALL BOLT DOWN IT TO SAFETY!
DON'T FORGET TO MAKE IT A JOLLY WIDE TUNNEL!

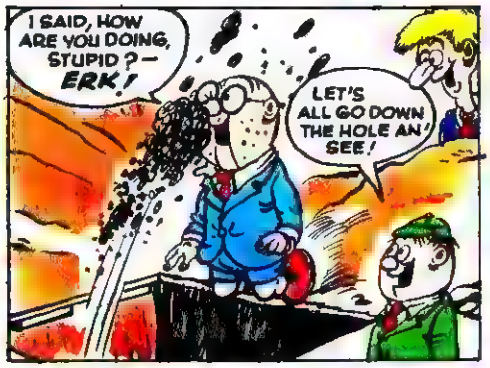

CAN ANYONE SEE A SAW —?
HERE YOU ARE —
WHAT'S THAT?

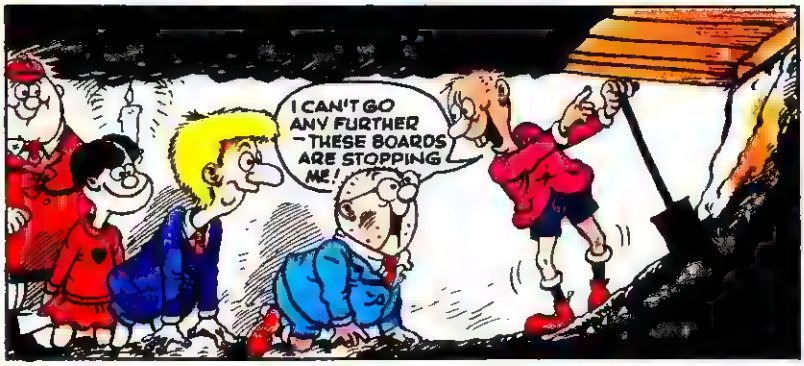

A SEE-SAW!
BONK!
YOU NIT!

HERE YOU ARE, STUPID — YOU CAN START THE DIGGING!
UM-ER — WHICH DIRECTION SHALL I DIG?

THIS WAY!
NO! THAT WAY!
THIS WAY!
THAT WAY!
OKAY!

HOW ARE YOU DOING, STUPID?
GET CLOSER — HE CAN'T HEAR YOU!


I SAID, HOW ARE YOU DOING, STUPID? — ERK!
LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE HOLE AN' SEE!


I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER — THESE BOARDS ARE STOPPING ME!

HUH! I'LL SOON SAW THROUGH THEM!
MY HERO!

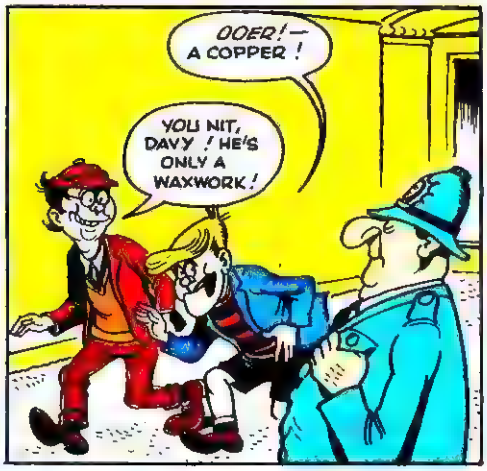
EEK! — STUPID'S DUG OUR TUNNEL RIGHT INTO THE GASWORKS' GANG'S HEADQUARTERS!
EEK! — MUMMY!

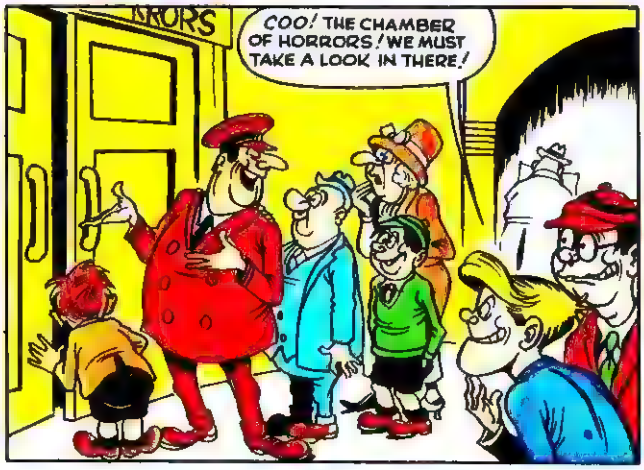
RUN FOR IT!
GET 'EM!
BASH 'EM!
HEY, BRAIN! WE'RE USIN' OUR RETREAT TUNNEL, AFTER ALL — BACKWARDS!!

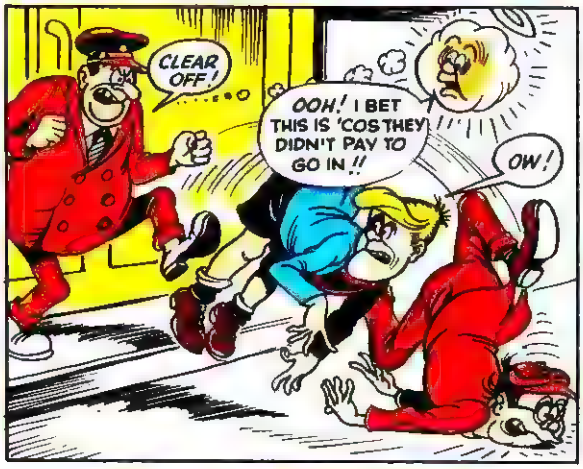
QUICK! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!
B-BUT WHERE CAN WE GO?—

— WHERE WE SHOULD HAVE GONE IN THE FIRST PLACE — TO THE PICTURES WITH STUPID!
UM-ER-WHY IS IT ALWAYS LEFT TO ME TO THINK OF THE BRIGHT IDEAS?
GURRRR!

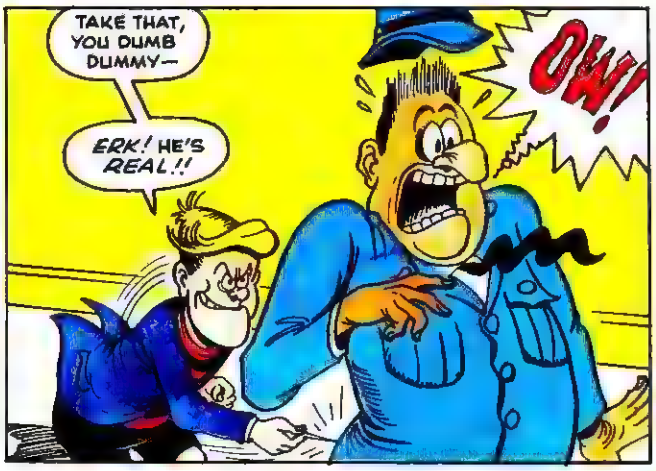
DARE-A-DAY DAVY

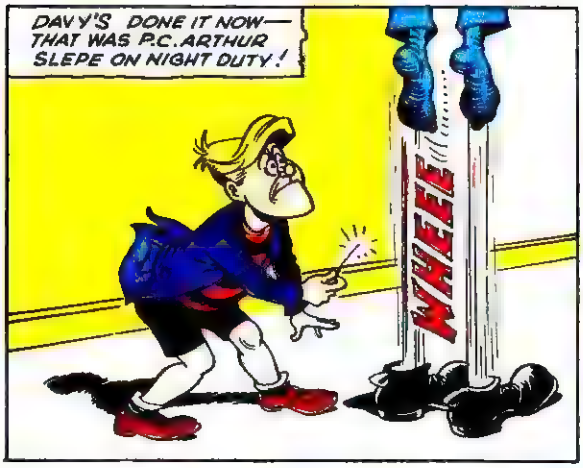


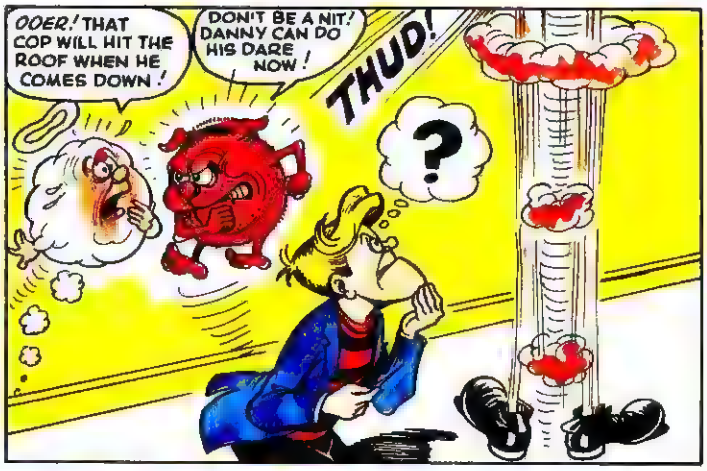




GO ON, DAVY BOY, GIVE IT TO HIM!
'ERE GOES!

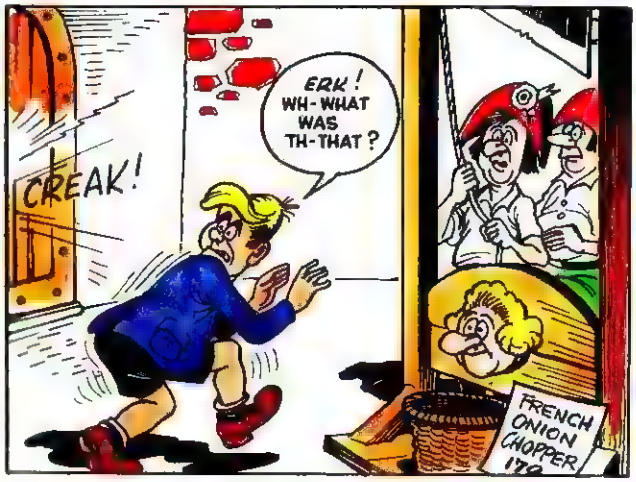

TAKE THAT, YOU DUMB DUMMY—
ERK! HE'S REAL!!
OW!

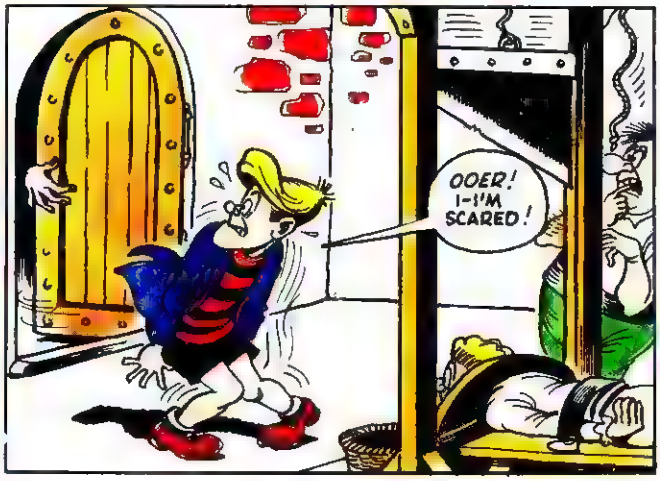

DAVY'S DONE IT NOW— THAT WAS P.C. ARTHUR SLEPE ON NIGHT DUTY!
WHEEE


OOER! THAT COP WILL HIT THE ROOF WHEN HE COMES DOWN!
DON'T BE A NIT! DANNY CAN DO HIS DARE NOW!
THUD!
?

BUT WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN — EVEN P.C. SLEPE! —
COO! HE DID HIT THE ROOF.

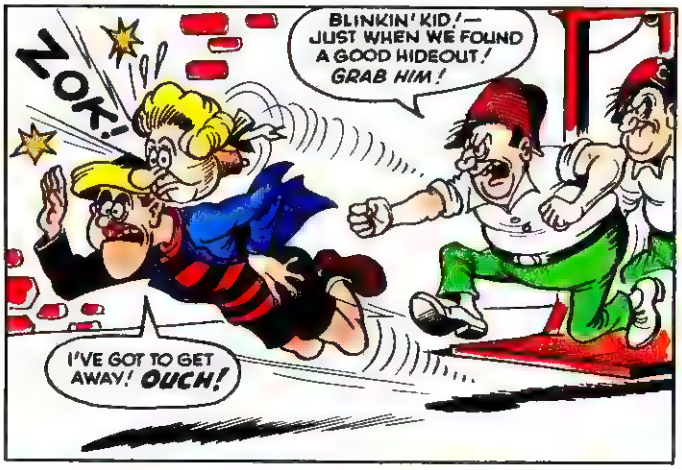
COO! THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO GIVE ME THE HORRORS! NOW, WHERE CAN I SLEEP?
DRACULA

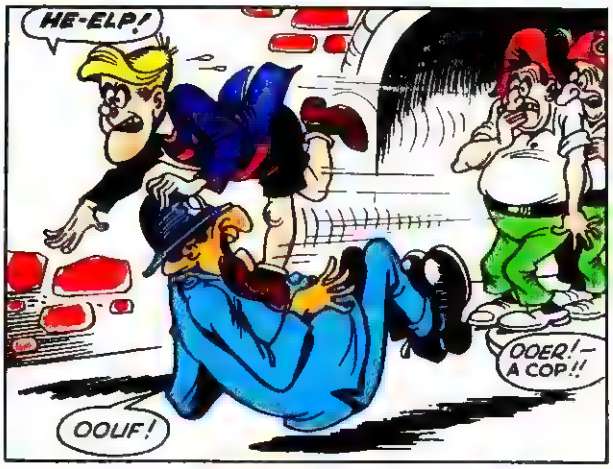

CREAK!
ERK! WH-WHAT WAS TH-THAT?
FRENCH ONION CHOPPER

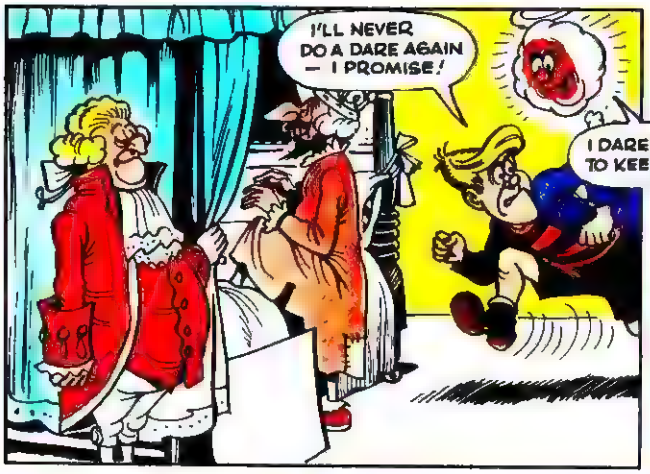

OOER! I-I'M SCARED!

EEK! M-MUMMY!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

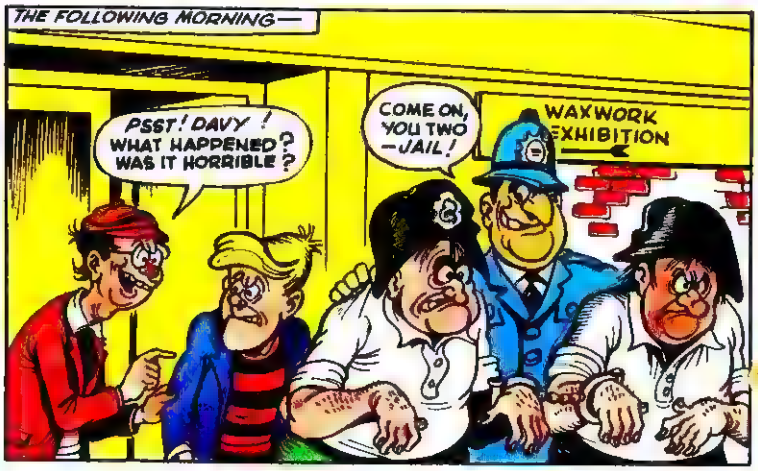
HELP!
OH, LOR'! THAT'S DONE IT!!
HE'LL GIVE US AWAY!

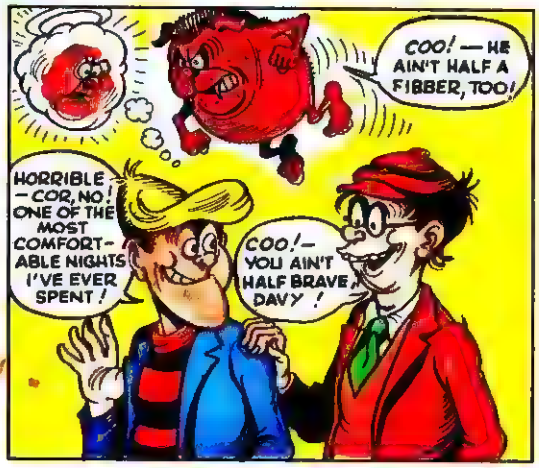

ZOK!
BLINKIN' KID!— JUST WHEN WE FOUND A GOOD HIDEOUT! GRAB HIM!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! OUCH!


HE-ELP!
OOER!— A COP!!
OOUF!


I'LL NEVER DO A DARE AGAIN — I PROMISE!
I DARE YOU TO KEEP IT!

PHEW! SAFE!! NOT A BAD PLACE TO HAVE A KIP!
"BEDDER" THAN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS! HEH! HEH! HEH!


THE FOLLOWING MORNING—
PSST! DAVY! WHAT HAPPENED? WAS IT HORRIBLE?
COME ON, YOU TWO —JAIL!
WAXWORK EXHIBITION


COO! — HE AIN'T HALF A FIBBER, TOO!
HORRIBLE — COR, NO! ONE OF THE MOST COMFORTABLE NIGHTS I'VE EVER SPENT!
COO!— YOU AIN'T HALF BRAVE, DAVY!

SPIDER-MAN

V. "THE TERRIBLE TINKERER!"

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A STORY HAS TO START SOMEWHERE, SO LET'S BEGIN OURS IN THE SCIENCE LAB OF MIDTOWN SCHOOL, WHERE WE FIND PETER PARKER HARD AT WORK, WHILE...

GOSH, I THOUGHT CLASS WOULD *NEVER* END TODAY! I COULDN'T BEAR LOOKING AT ONE MORE TEST TUBE OR BUNSEN BURNER!

QUIET! YOU'LL BREAK PETER'S HEART! *HE* CAN'T BEAR TO BE *PARTED* FROM THEM!

THERE'S THE BOY I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, DOCTOR! HE'S PETER PARKER, OUR TOP SCIENCE STUDENT!

PETER, PROFESSOR COBBWELL HAS ASKED ME TO RECOMMEND A STUDENT WHO COULD HELP HIM WITH SOME RESEARCH OVER THE WEEK-END, AND I WAS WONDERING--?

GOSH! A CHANCE TO WORK WITH THE MOST FAMOUS ELECTRONICS EXPERT IN TOWN? I'D BE *DELIGHTED*, SIR!

THANK YOU, MY BOY! I HAVE SOME URGENT EXPERIMENTS TO PERFORM, AND WILL APPRECIATE YOUR ASSISTANCE!

HERE IS MY ADDRESS, SON! ON YOUR WAY OVER TOMORROW, PLEASE STOP AT THE RADIO REPAIR SHOP AND PICK UP A SMALL RADIO FOR ME! I HAD SOME NEW VALVES PUT IN IT!

SURE, I'LL BE GLAD TO, DOCTOR COBBWELL!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE STUDENTS ARE ALONE AGAIN...

WELL, WELL! SO TEACHER'S PET IS GOING TO HELP THE NICE LITTLE DOCTOR WITH SOME EXPERIMENTS THIS WEEK-END, EH? WHILE US OTHER DUMBHEADS WASTE TIME HAVING DATES AND LIVIN' IT UP!

KNOCK IT OFF, FLASH! YOU'RE DARN *RIGHT* I'D JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO WORK WITH A BRILLIANT MAN LIKE DOCTOR COBBWELL! AS FOR YOU BEING A DUMBHEAD, IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF! YOU WERE JUST *BORN* THAT WAY!

THEN, BEFORE THE ANGRY FLASH THOMPSON CAN THINK OF A SUITABLE RETORT, PETER PARKER IS GONE! AND, THE NEXT DAY, AT HOME...

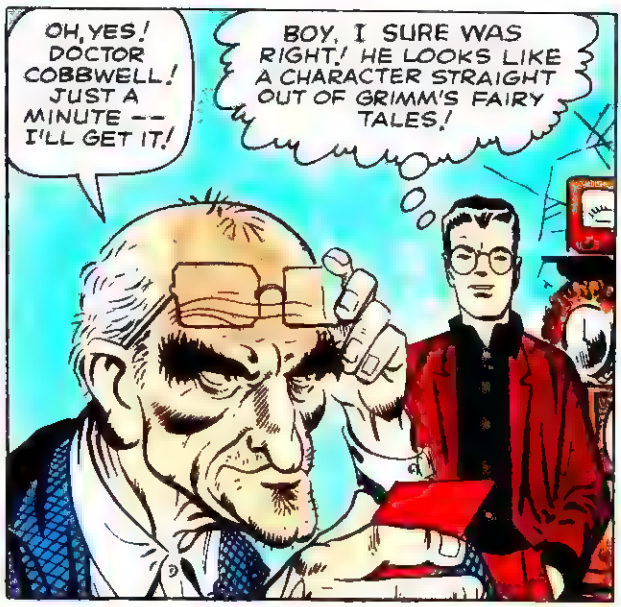
I'D BETTER TAKE MY *SPIDER-MAN* OUTFIT! NEVER KNOW *WHEN* I'LL NEED IT! BESIDES, I FEEL ALMOST UNDRESSED WITHOUT IT!

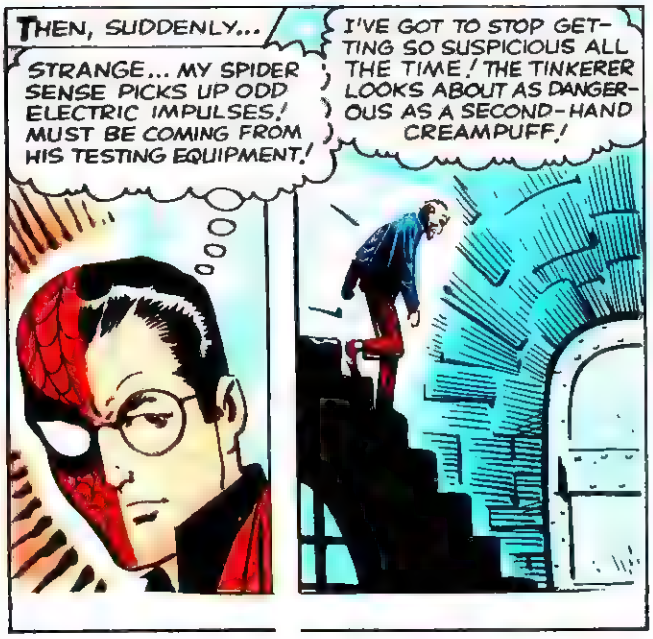
HMMM, HERE'S THE PLACE THE DOC WANTED ME TO PICK UP HIS RADIO!

THE TINKERER REPAIR SHOP--SURE IS AN OFF-BEAT NAME! WONDER WHAT KIND OF KOOKIE CHARACTER RUNS IT?

TINKERER

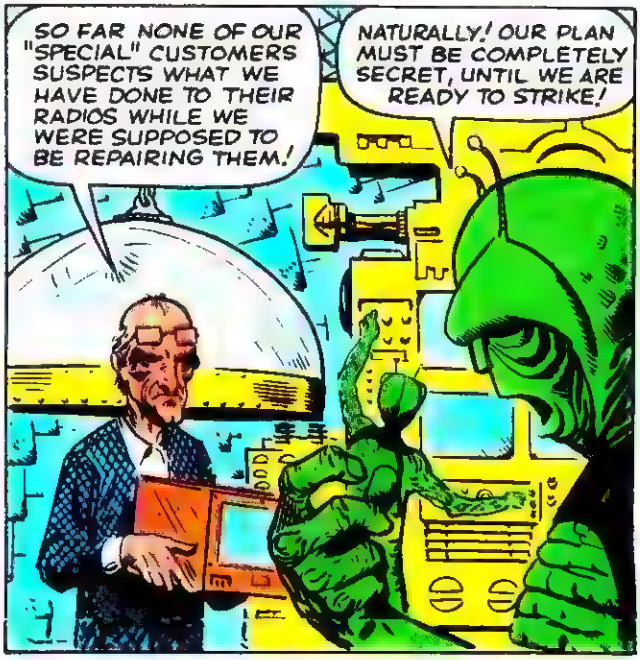
INSIDE THE SHOP...
I'M THE TINKERER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MY BOY?
I'M HERE TO PICK UP A RADIO FOR DR. COBBWELL!

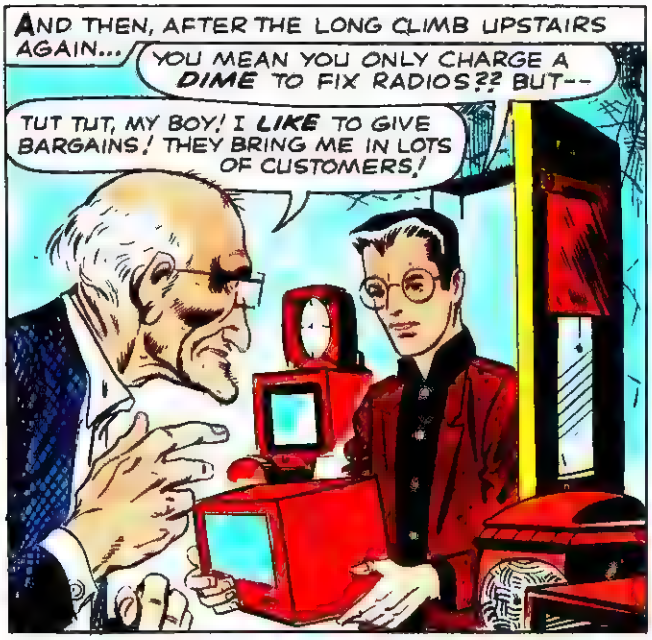

OH, YES! DOCTOR COBBWELL! JUST A MINUTE -- I'LL GET IT!
BOY, I SURE WAS RIGHT! HE LOOKS LIKE A CHARACTER STRAIGHT OUT OF GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES!

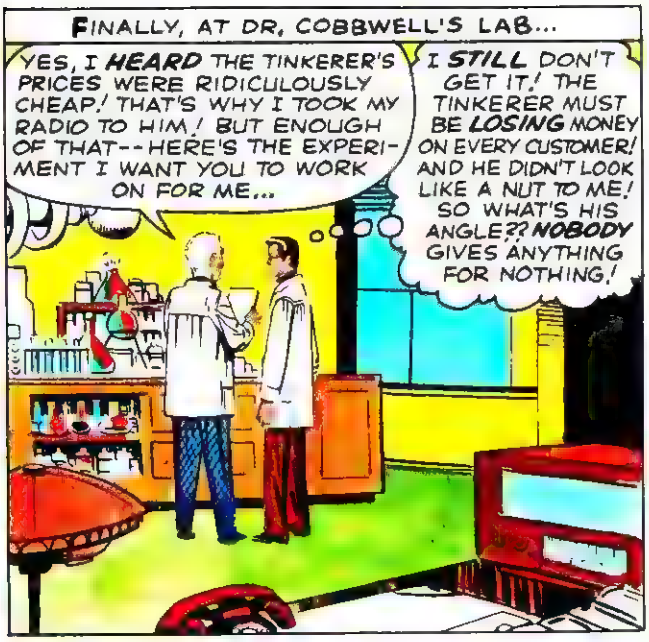

THEN, SUDDENLY...
STRANGE... MY SPIDER SENSE PICKS UP ODD ELECTRIC IMPULSES! MUST BE COMING FROM HIS TESTING EQUIPMENT!
I'VE GOT TO STOP GETTING SO SUSPICIOUS ALL THE TIME! THE TINKERER LOOKS ABOUT AS DANGEROUS AS A SECOND-HAND CREAMPUFF!

MEANWHILE, IN A SOUND-PROOFED BASEMENT WORKROOM, DIRECTLY UNDER THE SHOP...
DR. COBBWELL IS READY FOR HIS RADIO! IT IS ONE OF THE SPECIAL JOBS!
GOOD! I HAVE JUST FINISHED IT! HE MAY HAVE IT NOW!

I HAVE INSERTED OUR SPECIAL DEVICE! HE WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT THIS IS NOW MUCH MORE THAN A SIMPLE RADIO!


SO FAR NONE OF OUR "SPECIAL" CUSTOMERS SUSPECTS WHAT WE HAVE DONE TO THEIR RADIOS WHILE WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE REPAIRING THEM!
NATURALLY! OUR PLAN MUST BE COMPLETELY SECRET, UNTIL WE ARE READY TO STRIKE!

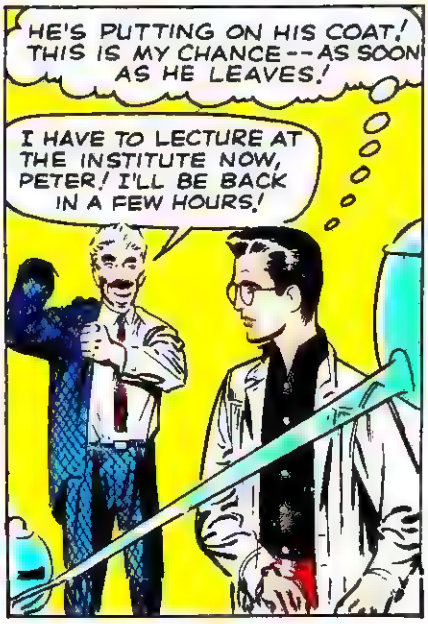

AND THEN, AFTER THE LONG CLIMB UPSTAIRS AGAIN...
YOU MEAN YOU ONLY CHARGE A DIME TO FIX RADIOS?? BUT--
TUT TUT, MY BOY! I LIKE TO GIVE BARGAINS! THEY BRING ME IN LOTS OF CUSTOMERS!


FINALLY, AT DR. COBBWELL'S LAB...
YES, I HEARD THE TINKERER'S PRICES WERE RIDICULOUSLY CHEAP! THAT'S WHY I TOOK MY RADIO TO HIM! BUT ENOUGH OF THAT--HERE'S THE EXPERIMENT I WANT YOU TO WORK ON FOR ME...
I STILL DON'T GET IT! THE TINKERER MUST BE LOSING MONEY ON EVERY CUSTOMER! AND HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A NUT TO ME! SO WHAT'S HIS ANGLE?? NOBODY GIVES ANYTHING FOR NOTHING!

THIS IS BATTY! I'VE GOT TO FORGET THE TINKERER AND CONCENTRATE ON WHAT I'M DOING!
BUT SOMETHING ABOUT HIM KEEPS STICKIN' IN MY MIND!

WAIT! I KNOW! THOSE ELECTRICAL IMPULSES WHICH I SENSED IN HIS SHOP! NOW I SENSE THEM HERE!
THE PART OF ME WHICH IS SPIDER-MAN IS REACTING SUSPICIOUSLY TO THEM! I'VE GOT TO CHECK THIS OUT!

BUT WHERE CAN THE IMPULSES BE COMING FROM? THE RADIO IS SHUT OFF! AND DOCTOR COBBWELL DOESN'T HAVE ANY OTHER ELECTRICAL GADGETS OPERATING NOW!


HE'S PUTTING ON HIS COAT! THIS IS MY CHANCE--AS SOON AS HE LEAVES!
I HAVE TO LECTURE AT THE INSTITUTE NOW, PETER! I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS!

SLAM!
HE'S GONE! NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

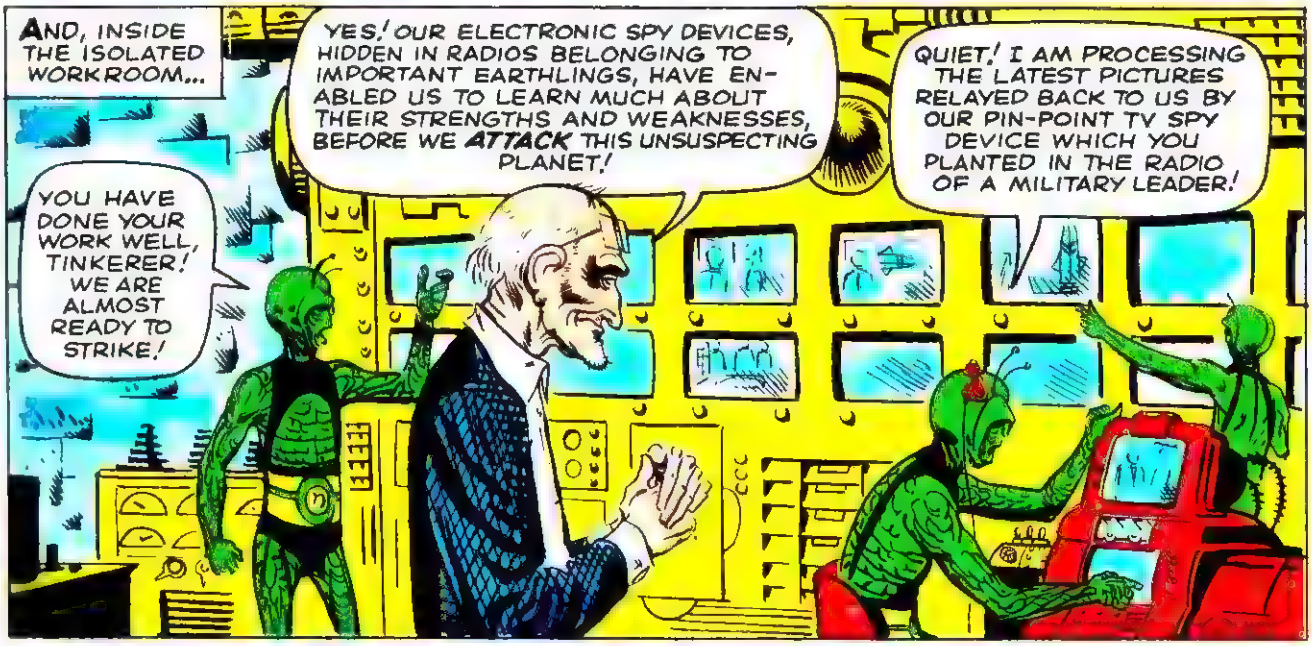
HEY, NO ORDINARY RADIO HAD GADGETS LIKE THAT INSIDE IT! THERE'S WHERE THE IMPULSES ARE COMING FROM--EVEN WITH THE SET OFF!
THAT DOES IT! NOW I'M THROUGH KIDDING AROUND!

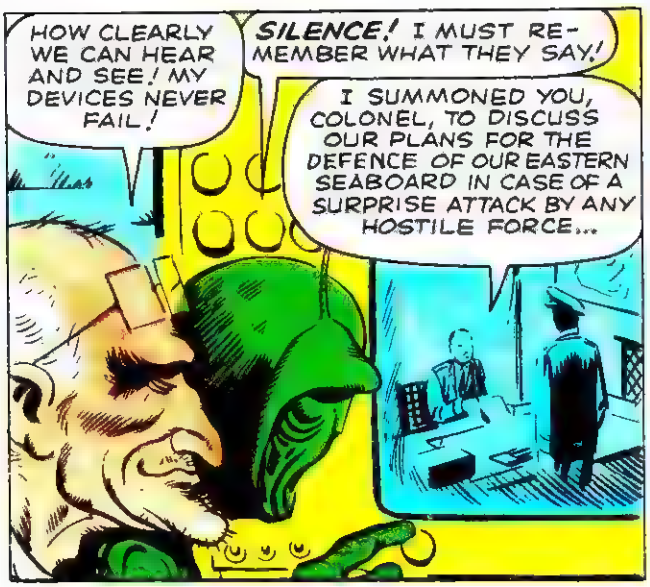
NOW SPIDER-MAN IS GOING TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK-SEE AT THE TINKERER'S SHOP!

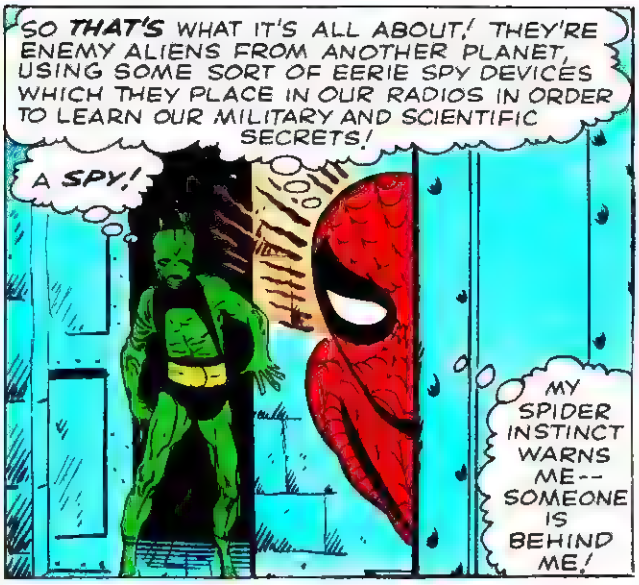
THE PLACE IS CLOSED FOR THE DAY! WELL, THAT WON'T STOP ME!

I'M GETTING THOSE SAME STRANGE IMPULSES AGAIN! THEY'RE COMING FROM BELOW!

WOW! NO INNOCENT LITTLE REPAIR SHOP EVER HAD A BASEMENT WORKROOM LIKE THAT BEFORE! IT'S MORE LIKE A CONCRETE-REINFORCED DUNGEON!
LUCKY THE DOOR'S OPEN! GUESS THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING VISITORS!


AND, INSIDE THE ISOLATED WORKROOM...
YES! OUR ELECTRONIC SPY DEVICES, HIDDEN IN RADIOS BELONGING TO IMPORTANT EARTHLINGS, HAVE ENABLED US TO LEARN MUCH ABOUT THEIR STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES, BEFORE WE ATTACK THIS UNSUSPECTING PLANET!
QUIET! I AM PROCESSING THE LATEST PICTURES RELAYED BACK TO US BY OUR PIN-POINT TV SPY DEVICE WHICH YOU PLANTED IN THE RADIO OF A MILITARY LEADER!
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL, TINKERER! WE ARE ALMOST READY TO STRIKE!


HOW CLEARLY WE CAN HEAR AND SEE! MY DEVICES NEVER FAIL!
SILENCE! I MUST REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAY!
I SUMMONED YOU, COLONEL, TO DISCUSS OUR PLANS FOR THE DEFENCE OF OUR EASTERN SEABOARD IN CASE OF A SURPRISE ATTACK BY ANY HOSTILE FORCE...


SO THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT! THEY'RE ENEMY ALIENS FROM ANOTHER PLANET, USING SOME SORT OF EERIE SPY DEVICES WHICH THEY PLACE IN OUR RADIOS IN ORDER TO LEARN OUR MILITARY AND SCIENTIFIC SECRETS!
A SPY!
MY SPIDER INSTINCT WARNS ME-- SOMEONE IS BEHIND ME!

WHEW! NOT A SECOND TOO SOON! NOW, NO PLACE TO GO BUT INSIDE!

A COSTUMED EARTH CREATURE! SEIZE HIM!
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY, BUDDY-BOY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN??

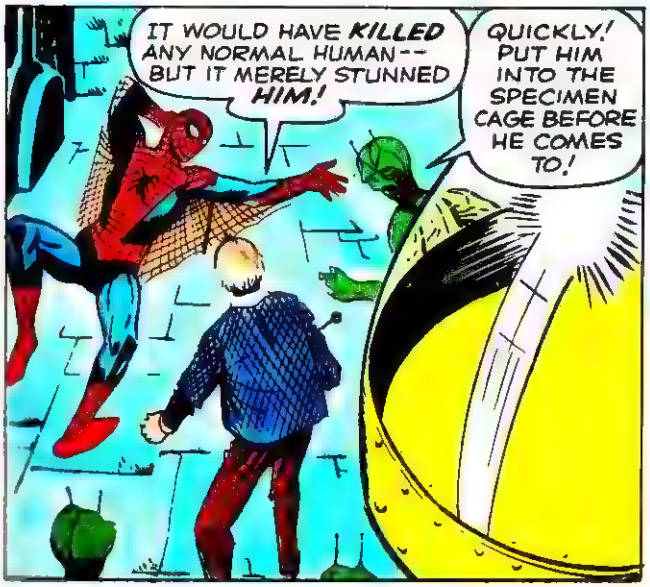
LOOK! HE CAN CLIMB SHEER WALLS!
HE IS NO ORDINARY EARTHLING! HE IS SPIDER-MAN! GET HIM!

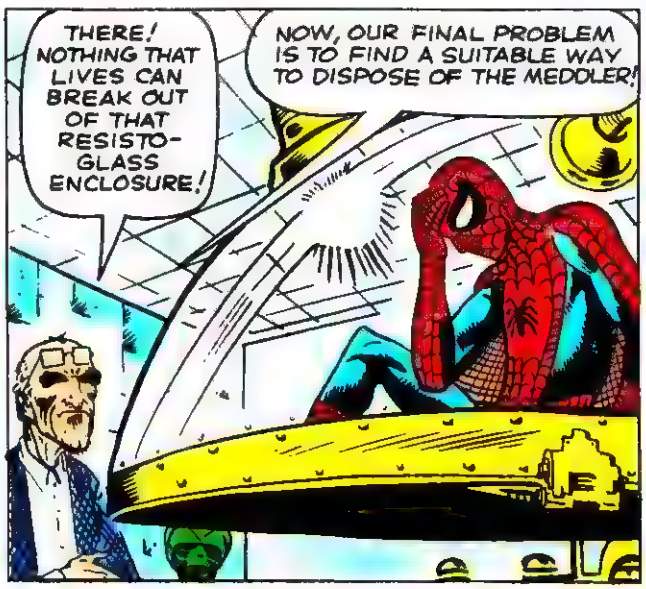
IF HE ESCAPES WITH KNOWLEDGE OF OUR PLANS, WE ARE LOST!
HAH! THAT INVERTER MECHANISM THROWN AT HIM LOOSENED HIS GRIP ON THE CEILING! HE'S FALLING!

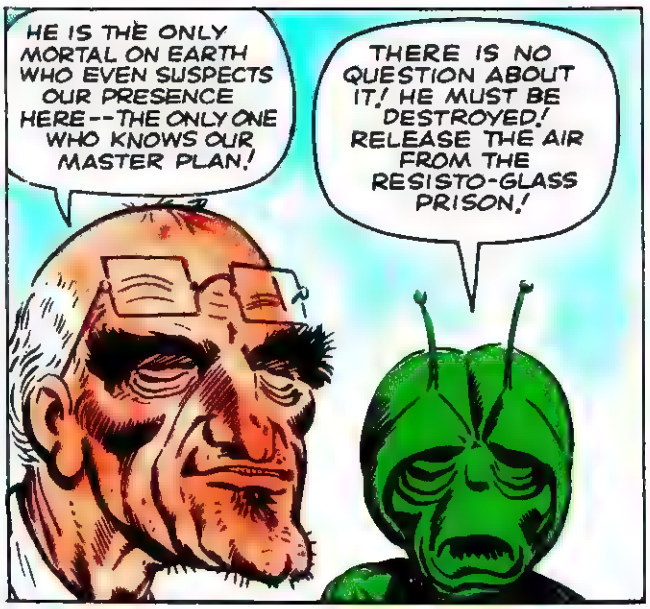
NOW WE HAVE HIM! RENDER HIM HELPLESS!
WE CAN OVERWHELM HIM BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! IT'S BEEN TRIED BEFORE!

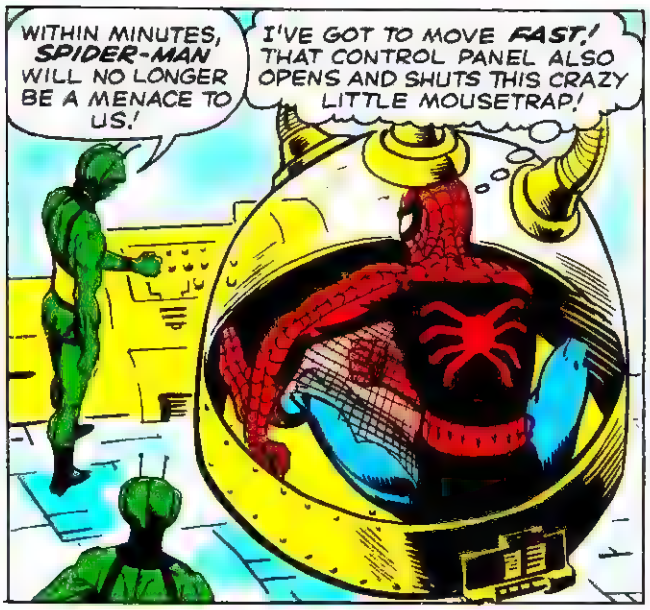
HIS STRENGTH IS GREATER THAN WE SUSPECTED!
HE SHOOK US ALL OFF! A WEAPON! WE NEED A WEAPON!

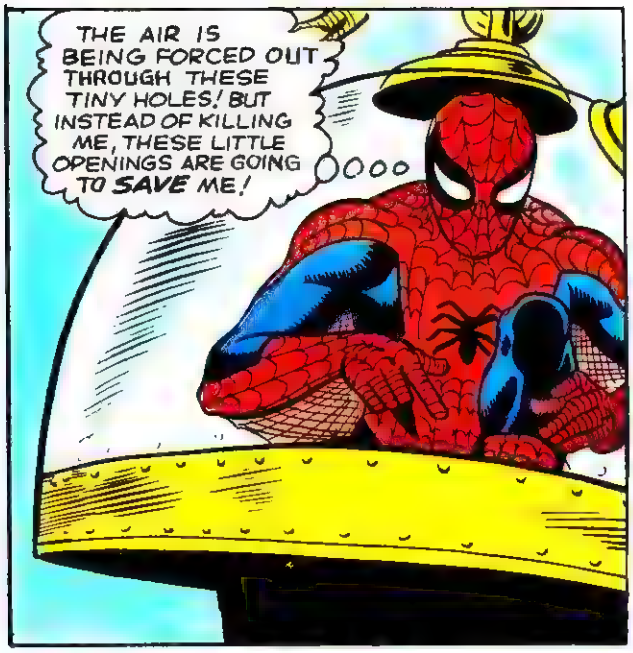
WE HAVE A WEAPON! THE TINKERER IS NEVER UNPREPARED! THIS WILL STOP SPIDER-MAN!
OHHHH...

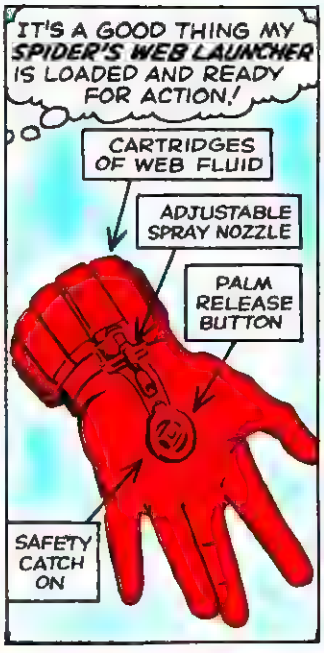

IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ANY NORMAL HUMAN -- BUT IT MERELY STUNNED HIM!
QUICKLY! PUT HIM INTO THE SPECIMEN CAGE BEFORE HE COMES TO!


THERE! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN BREAK OUT OF THAT RESISTO-GLASS ENCLOSURE!
NOW, OUR FINAL PROBLEM IS TO FIND A SUITABLE WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE MEDDLER!

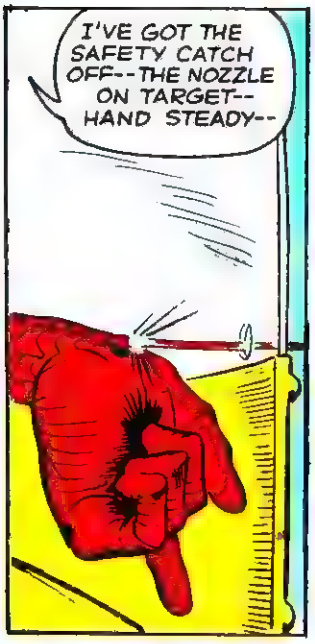

HE IS THE ONLY MORTAL ON EARTH WHO EVEN SUSPECTS OUR PRESENCE HERE--THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS OUR MASTER PLAN!
THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT! HE MUST BE DESTROYED! RELEASE THE AIR FROM THE RESISTO-GLASS PRISON!

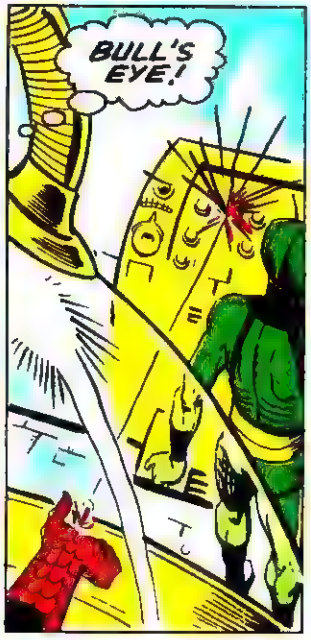

WITHIN MINUTES, SPIDER-MAN WILL NO LONGER BE A MENACE TO US!
I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! THAT CONTROL PANEL ALSO OPENS AND SHUTS THIS CRAZY LITTLE MOUSETRAP!


THE AIR IS BEING FORCED OUT THROUGH THESE TINY HOLES! BUT INSTEAD OF KILLING ME, THESE LITTLE OPENINGS ARE GOING TO SAVE ME!

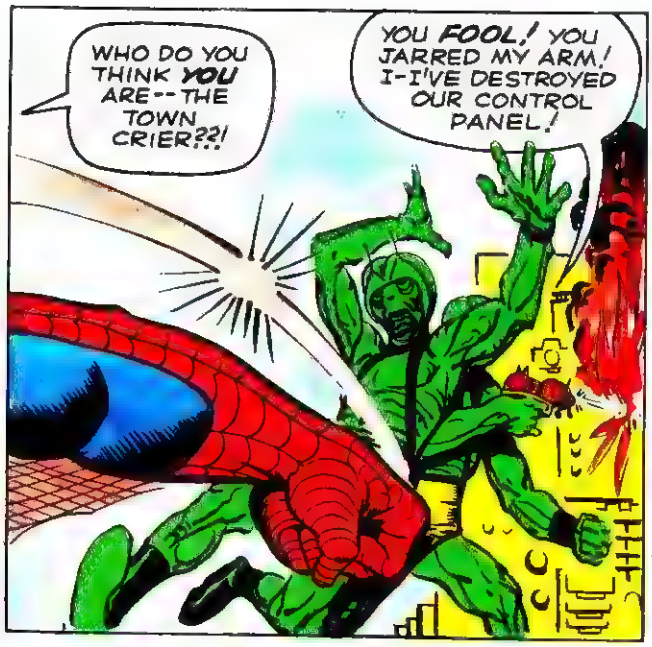

IT'S A GOOD THING MY SPIDER'S WEB LAUNCHER IS LOADED AND READY FOR ACTION!
CARTRIDGES OF WEB FLUID
ADJUSTABLE SPRAY NOZZLE
PALM RELEASE BUTTON
SAFETY CATCH ON

CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! I'VE GOT TO LINE IT UP PERFECTLY WITH THE HOLE AND THE PROPER CONTROL PANEL BUTTON!


I'VE GOT THE SAFETY CATCH OFF--THE NOZZLE ON TARGET--HAND STEADY--


BULL'S EYE!

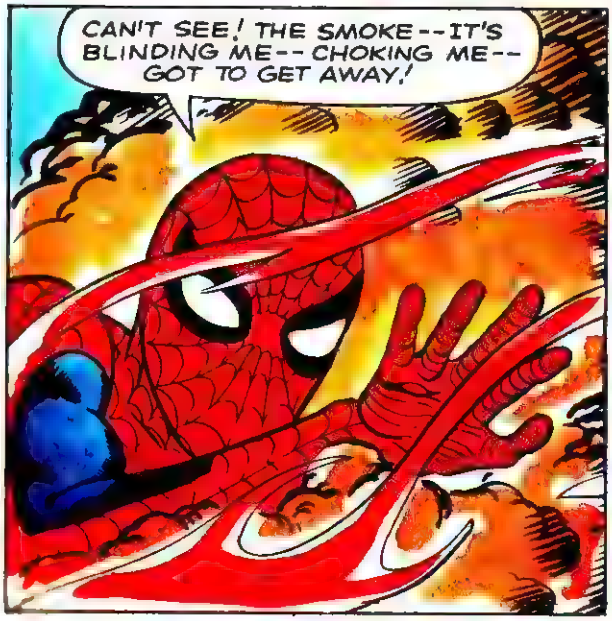
IT WORKED! THE CAGE IS OPEN! I'M FREE!
LOOK! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, BUT--HE'S LOOSE! SPIDER-MAN IS LOOSE!


WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE--THE TOWN CRIER??!
YOU FOOL! YOU JARRED MY ARM! I-I'VE DESTROYED OUR CONTROL PANEL!

IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS TO REBUILD THAT CONTROL PANEL! WE--WE HAVEN'T THE TIME!
QUICK! LET US FLEE WHILE WE CAN! SPIDER-MAN IS TOO POWERFUL!
WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T ABANDON ME!

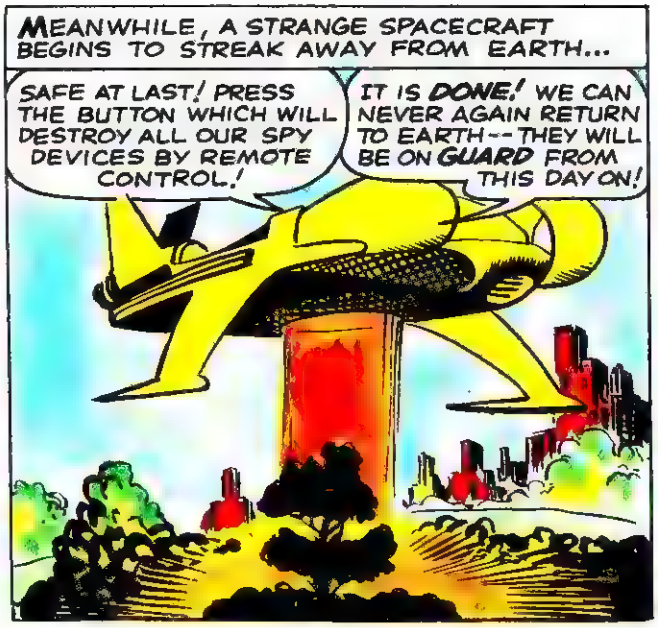
HOLD ON THERE, LAUGHING BOY! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
THEY WERE JUST DOING THEIR DUTY TO WHATEVER PLANET THEY WERE FROM! BUT YOU, YOU TRAITOR--!

THIS SMOKE! THE BURNING CONTROL PANEL--IT PUT THE WHOLE PLACE ON FIRE! STOP STRUGGLING, TINKERER! I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOU!
NO! LET ME GO! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! NOBODY TOUCHES THE TINKERER!


CAN'T SEE! THE SMOKE--IT'S BLINDING ME--CHOKING ME--GOT TO GET AWAY!

JUST IN TIME! COULDN'T HAVE LASTED MUCH LONGER! BUT THE BUILDING IS A TOTAL WRECK! IT'LL BE REDUCED TO ASHES IN MINUTES!
I HEAR SIRENS! FIRE ENGINES! SOMEONE MUST HAVE SOUNDED AN ALARM! I'VE GOT TO DISAPPEAR!

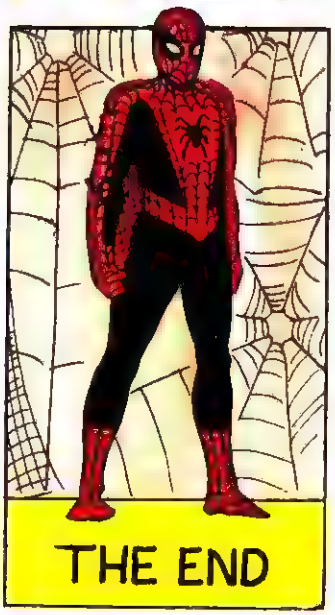
LOOK! IT'S SPIDER-MAN!
MAYBE HE STARTED THE FIRE! BUT-- WHY??


MEANWHILE, A STRANGE SPACECRAFT BEGINS TO STREAK AWAY FROM EARTH...
SAFE AT LAST! PRESS THE BUTTON WHICH WILL DESTROY ALL OUR SPY DEVICES BY REMOTE CONTROL!
IT IS DONE! WE CAN NEVER AGAIN RETURN TO EARTH-- THEY WILL BE ON GUARD FROM THIS DAY ON!

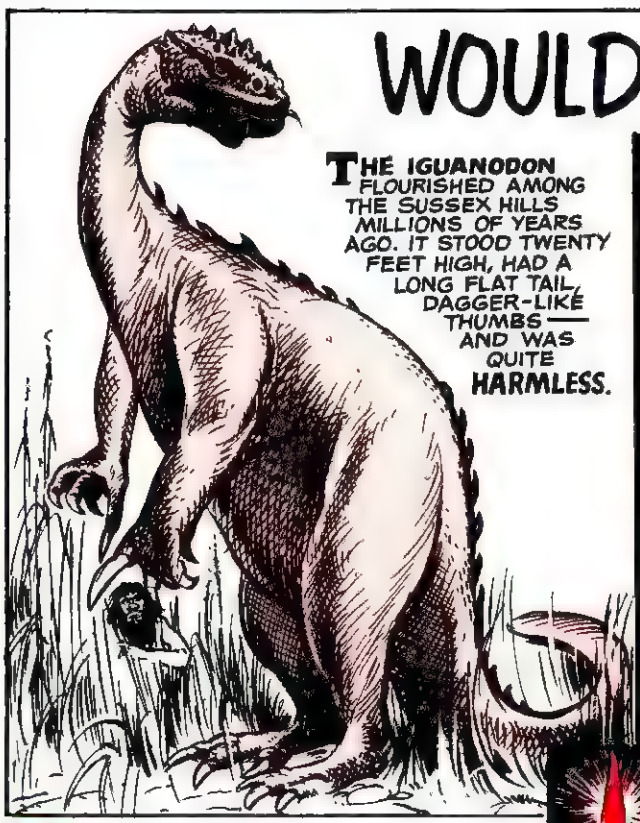
AND, BACK AT THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR COBBWELL...
I'VE RE-EXAMINED THE RADIO, AND IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL NOW! NO DEVICES-- NO IMPULSES --NOTHING!
HERE COMES DR. COBBWELL! HE LOOKS EXCITED!
MY BOY, I JUST SAW THE MOST STARTLING SIGHT!
...A STRANGE SPACESHIP FADING INTO THE ATMOSPHERE!

IT WAS SORT OF—OHHH, WHAT AM I SAYING?? I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE ME, ANYWAY! I HAVE NO PROOF! PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M A TYPICAL ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR! FORGET IT, PETER! LET'S GET BACK TO WORK!
SURE, DOC!

AND YET, I WAS SO SURE...
I KNOW HOW THE DOC FEELS! IF NOT FOR THIS MASK I YANKED OFF THE TINKERER AT THE LAST MINUTE, I MIGHT NOT BELIEVE IT MYSELF! BUT I'D BETTER NEVER MENTION THIS TO ANYONE! IT WOULD BE TOO HARD TO EXPLAIN HOW PETER PARKER KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT THE SPIDER-MAN'S ADVENTURES!


THE END

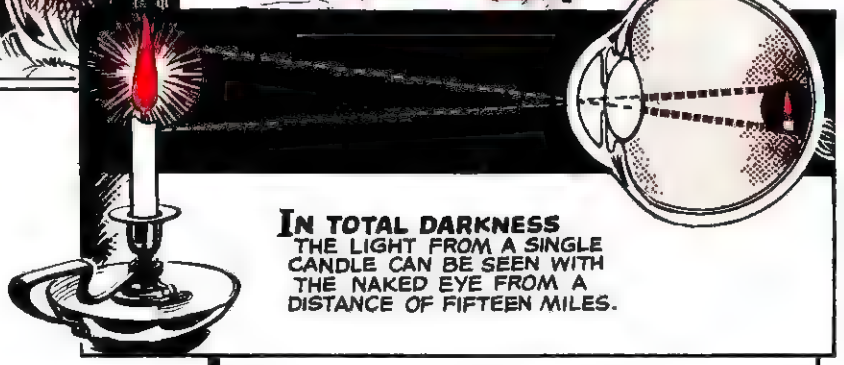
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?



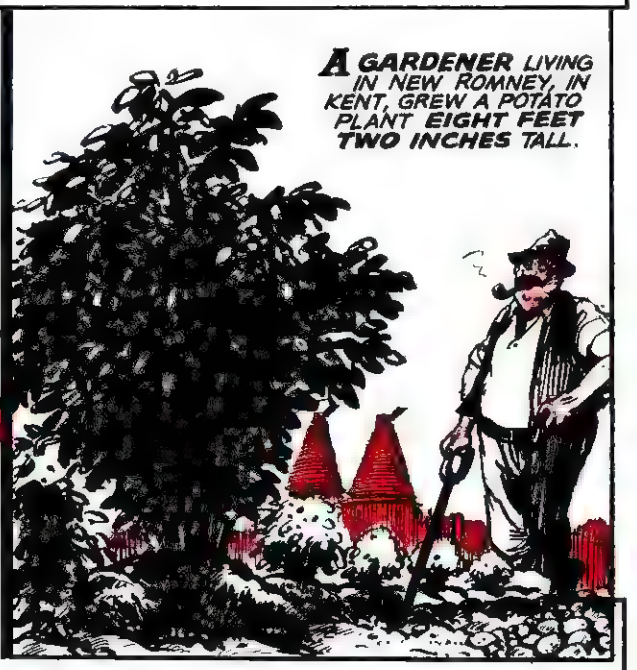
THE IGUANODON FLOURISHED AMONG THE SUSSEX HILLS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO. IT STOOD TWENTY FEET HIGH, HAD A LONG FLAT TAIL, DAGGER-LIKE THUMBS — AND WAS QUITE **HARMLESS.**

IN 1810, A YORKSHIRE-MAN *LEFT MONEY FOR THE PURCHASE OF* ***480*** *PENNY LOAVES EACH YEAR TO BE THROWN FROM THE TOP OF THE LOCAL CHURCH TOWER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.*

THE ROMANS *WERE THE ORIGINATORS OF THE LUCKY DIP BUT THE ROMAN VERSION* ***WASN'T*** *LUCKY. AMONG THE BLANK SLIPS PLACED IN THE URN WAS A NUMBER OF FREE TICKETS TO THE LIONS' DEN!*

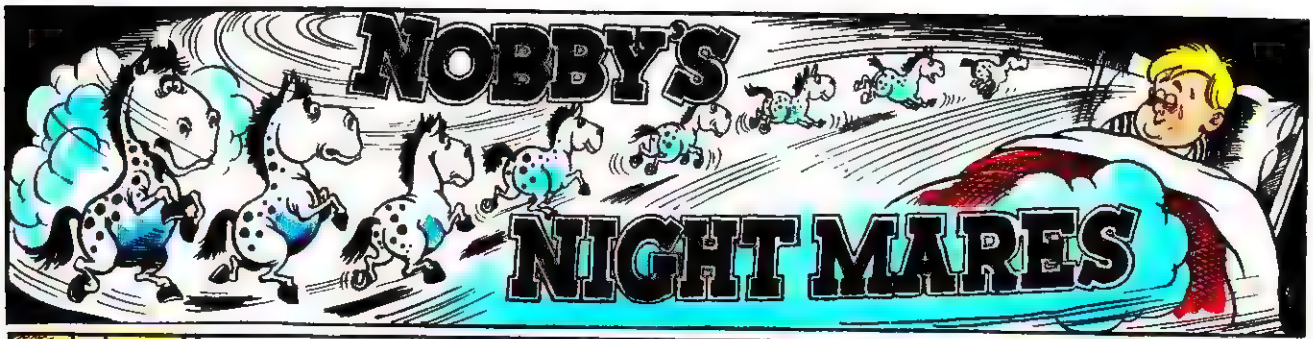


IN TOTAL DARKNESS THE LIGHT FROM A SINGLE CANDLE CAN BE SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE FROM A DISTANCE OF FIFTEEN MILES.

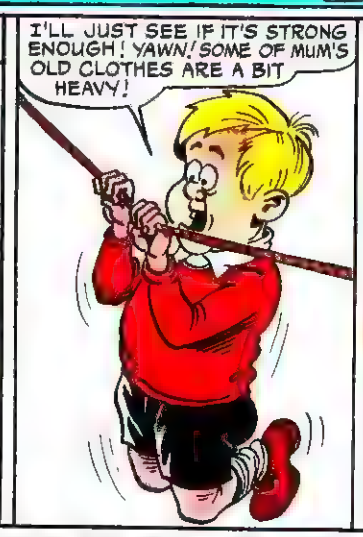


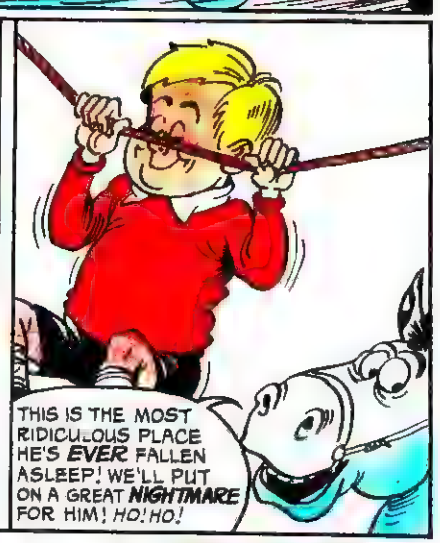
A GARDENER *LIVING IN NEW ROMNEY, IN KENT, GREW A POTATO PLANT* ***EIGHT FEET TWO INCHES*** *TALL.*

BECAUSE OF HIGH FREIGHT CHARGES, BRICKS FOR AN AMERICAN BANK WERE DESPATCHED FROM THE BRICK WORKS **400** MILES AWAY **BY POST** — NINE BRICKS TO A PARCEL AND HUNDREDS OF PARCELS.

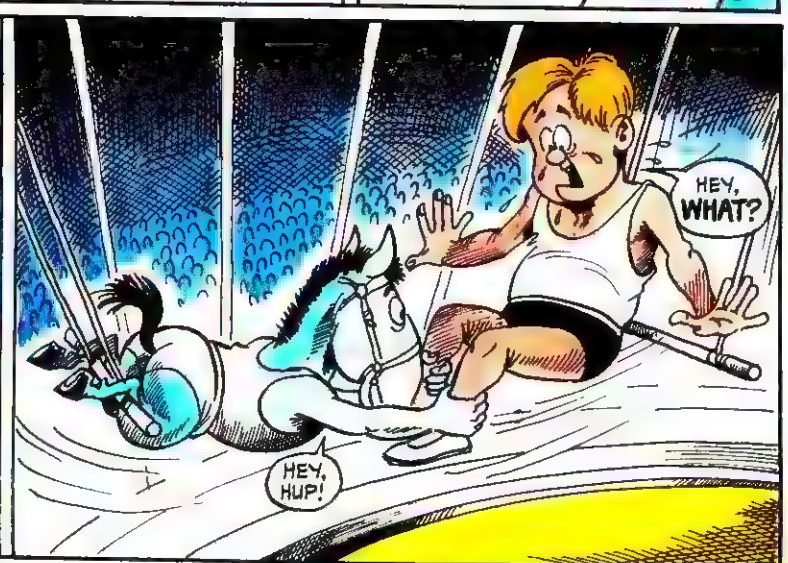

NOBBY'S
NIGHT MARES

STRING THAT LINE UP, NOBBY, AND PEG UP MY WASHING, WILL YOU?
I SUPPOSE SO! YAWN!


I'LL JUST SEE IF IT'S STRONG ENOUGH! YAWN! SOME OF MUM'S OLD CLOTHES ARE A BIT HEAVY!


THIS IS THE MOST RIDICULOUS PLACE HE'S EVER FALLEN ASLEEP! WE'LL PUT ON A GREAT NIGHTMARE FOR HIM! HO! HO!

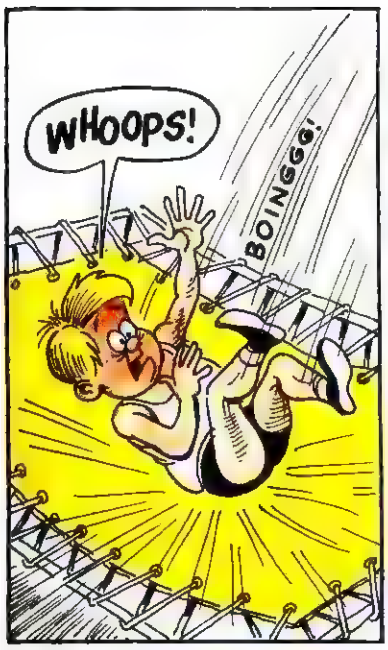
UP IN THE TEMPLE THEATRE, THE MARES TURN NOBBY INTO 'THE GREAT NOBBY-O'.
HELP! WHERE AM I?


HEY, WHAT?
HEY, HUP!

HELP!
HANG ON, NOBBY... WE'LL DO A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT NEXT!

YOU LAZY FOOL! COME DOWN AT ONCE!
Z-Z-Z-Z!

HA! HA! I TOLD HIM TO HANG ON TIGHT!
WHOOOO!

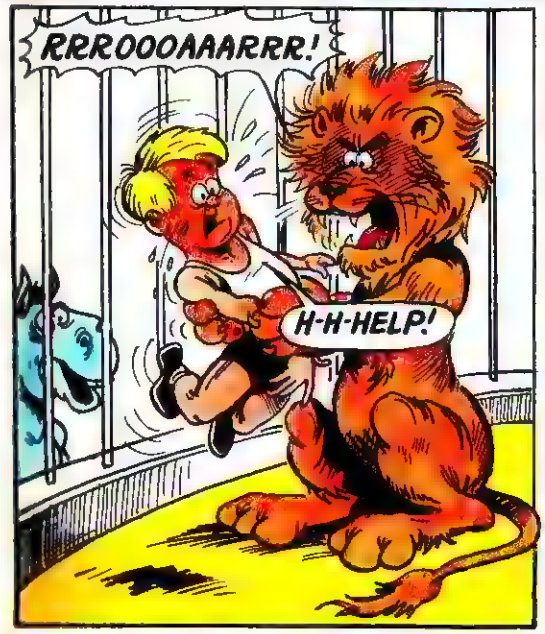

WHOOPS!
BOINGGG!

PEEYOING!
REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING— WHAT COMES DOWN MUST GO UP! HEE! HAW!

GULP! HOW DID I EVER GET INTO THIS MESS!
RIP
IF YOU'D STAYED AWAKE, YOU WOULDN'T BE IN IT, NOBBY!

YOUCH!
NOW TO GIVE HIM AN UNHAPPY ENDING TO THE NIGHTMARE!
HEH! HEH! LET'S MAKE THIS ONE A REAL SHOCKER!

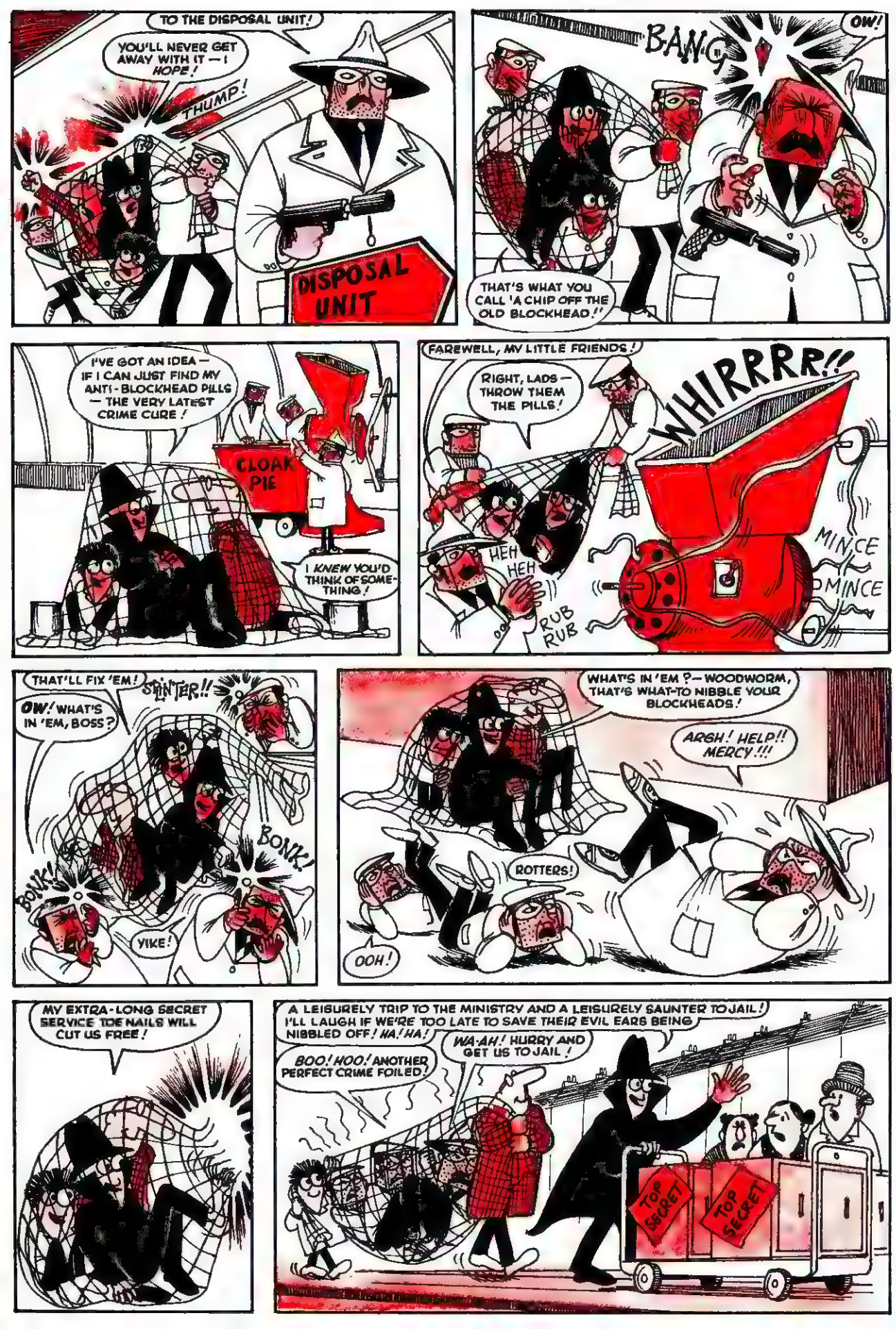
BUT THE FELLA BEHIND YOU ISN'T! HA! HA!
THUMP!
I'VE BIN CAGED! LET ME OUT! I'M QUITE TAME!


RRROOOAAARRR!
H-H-HELP!

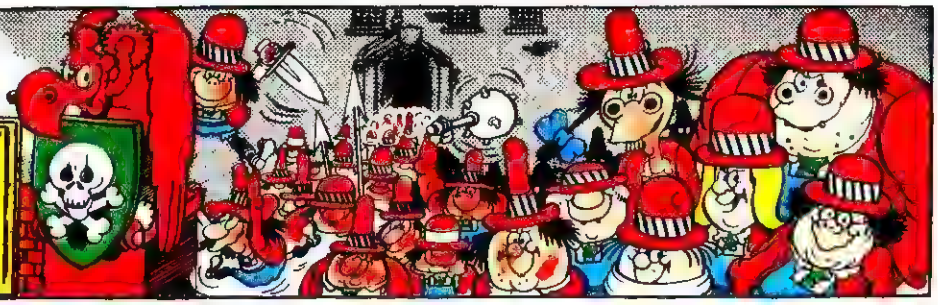
YOU SLEEPY-EYED GOOD-FOR-NOTHING OLD SNORER! YOU CAN DO ALL MY WASHING AGAIN NOW!
HUH? WHAT? WHERE? WHY?

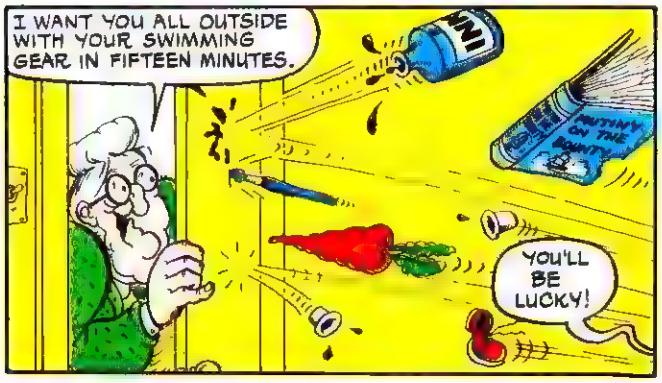
MUTTER! MOAN! GRUMBLE!
HEH! HEH! I THINK THIS IS WORSE THAN ANY NIGHTMARE FOR NOBBY! HA! HA!

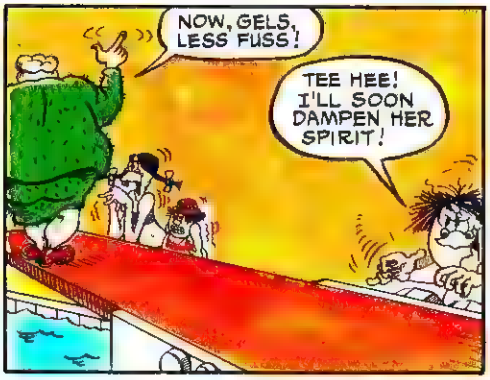
THE CLOAK V. BLOCKHEAD

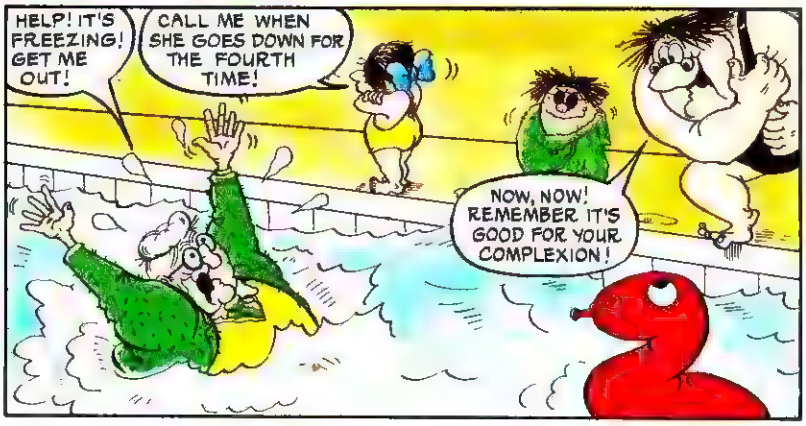

TO THE DISPOSAL UNIT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT — I HOPE!
THUMP!
DISPOSAL UNIT
BANG
OW!
THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL 'A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCKHEAD!'
I'VE GOT AN IDEA — IF I CAN JUST FIND MY ANTI-BLOCKHEAD PILLS — THE VERY LATEST CRIME CURE!
CLOAK PIE
I KNEW YOU'D THINK OF SOMETHING!
FAREWELL, MY LITTLE FRIENDS!
RIGHT, LADS — THROW THEM THE PILLS!
WHIRRRR!!
HEH HEH
RUB RUB
MINCE
MINCE
THAT'LL FIX 'EM!
SPLINTER!!
OW! WHAT'S IN 'EM, BOSS?
BONK!
BONK!
YIKE!
WHAT'S IN 'EM?— WOODWORM, THAT'S WHAT-TO NIBBLE YOUR BLOCKHEADS!
ARGH! HELP!! MERCY!!!
ROTTERS!
OOH!
MY EXTRA-LONG SECRET SERVICE TOE NAILS WILL CUT US FREE!
A LEISURELY TRIP TO THE MINISTRY AND A LEISURELY SAUNTER TO JAIL! I'LL LAUGH IF WE'RE TOO LATE TO SAVE THEIR EVIL EARS BEING NIBBLED OFF! HA! HA!
WA-AH! HURRY AND GET US TO JAIL!
BOO! HOO! ANOTHER PERFECT CRIME FOILED!
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET

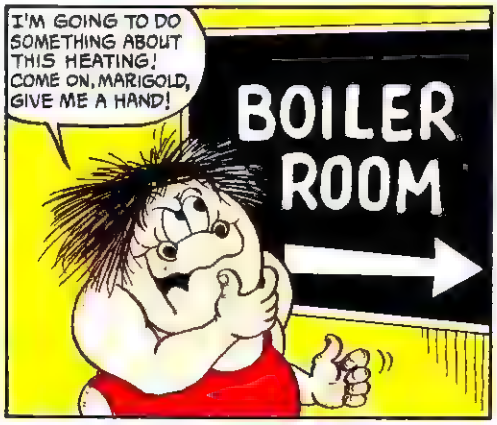
The Dolls of St. Dominic's

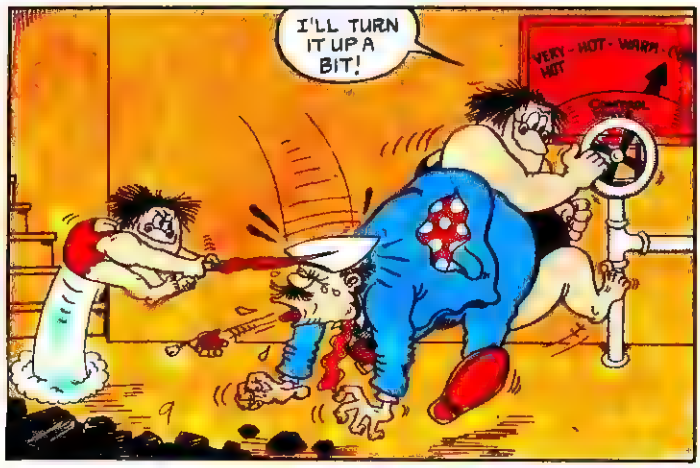


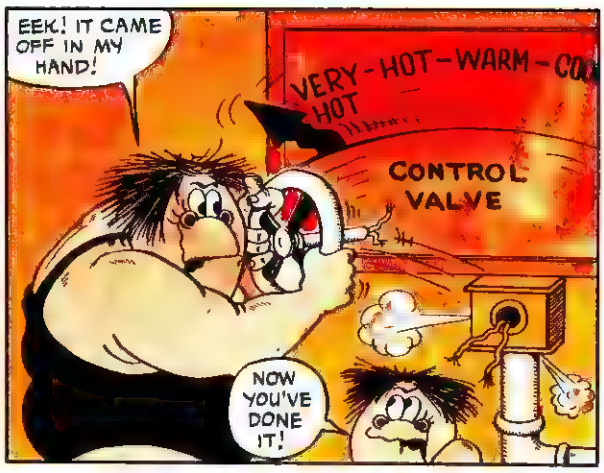




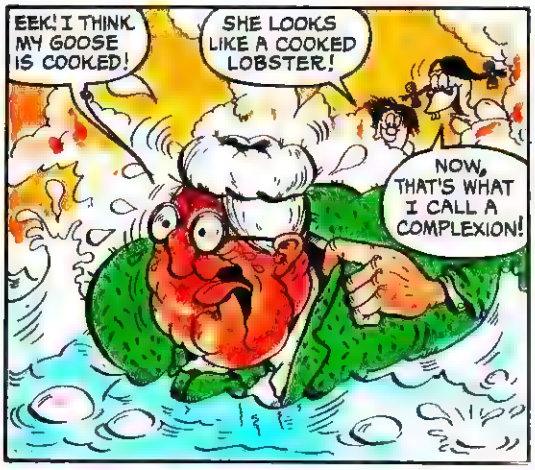




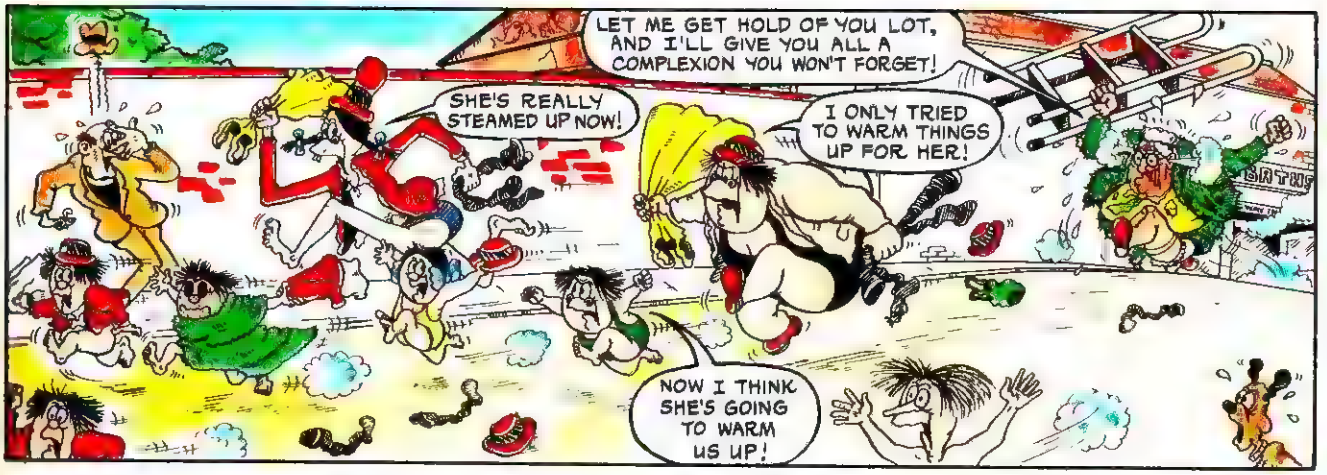

I'LL TURN IT UP A BIT!
VERY - HOT - WARM - COOL
HOT
CONTROL


EEK! IT CAME OFF IN MY HAND!
VERY - HOT - WARM - COOL
HOT
CONTROL VALVE
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!

HELP! I'M BEING BOILED ALIVE!
SHE ALWAYS WAS HARD-BOILED!
WHAT'S SHE GETTING SO STEAMED UP ABOUT?
COO! SHE'S GOING PINK!


EEK! I THINK MY GOOSE IS COOKED!
SHE LOOKS LIKE A COOKED LOBSTER!
NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A COMPLEXION!

COO! NOW SHE'S GOING TO TRY SOME HIGH-DIVING!
WHAT GOES UP...
BOOM!


LET ME GET HOLD OF YOU LOT, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ALL A COMPLEXION YOU WON'T FORGET!
SHE'S REALLY STEAMED UP NOW!
I ONLY TRIED TO WARM THINGS UP FOR HER!
NOW I THINK SHE'S GOING TO WARM US UP!

THE GROUP

BRAIN

LUVVY

FATSO

STUPID

SHRIMP

RINGO

GOSH! WONDER WHAT ALL THESE WORKMEN WANT ?
HEY, STUPID— GO AND ASK THEM WHAT THEY WANT.
ER— ALL RIGHT!

MUMBLE... MUMBLE... MUMBLE...
HMM! — CAN'T BE ANYTHING SERIOUS. STUPID IS GETTING A GOOD LAUGH OUT OF IT!
IS THAT SO? -HA! HA! HA!

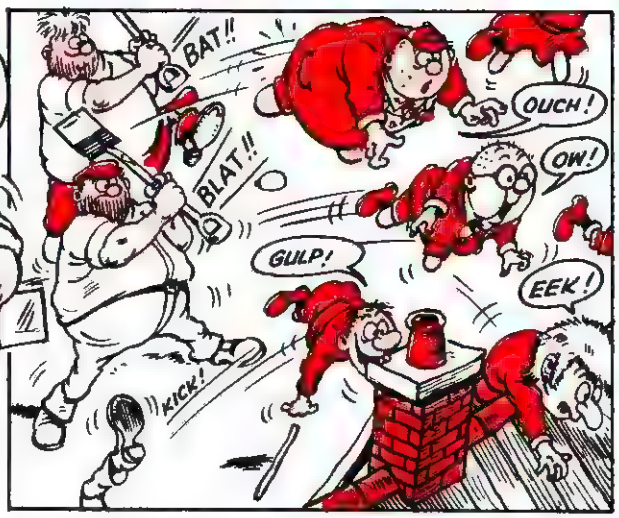
WHAT DID THEY SAY—WHAT DO THEY WANT?
ER... OH, UM... IT'S NOTHING REALLY...

THEY'VE GOT A DEMOLITION ORDER FROM THE COUNCIL — AN' THEY'RE GOIN' TO TEAR DOWN OUR HIDEOUT!

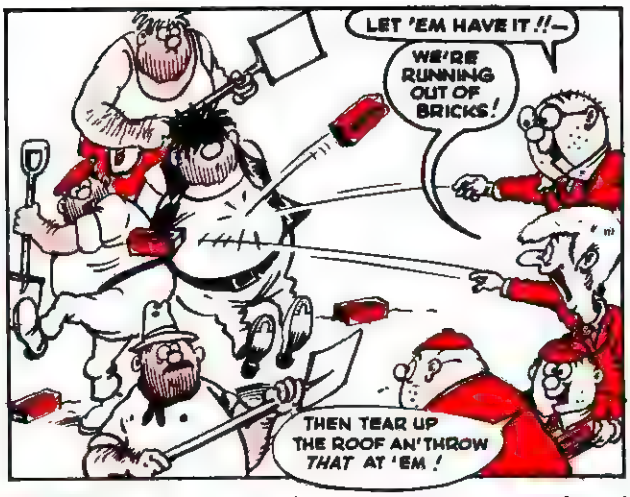
ERK!
OH, NO!
GULP!
SWOON!
GRR!
WHAT'S WRONG WIV' YOU LOT?

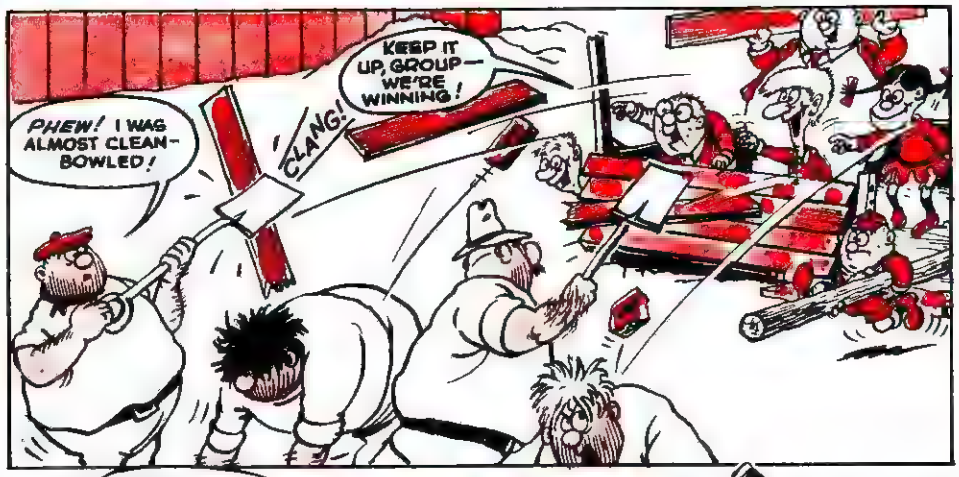
STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!
GRR!
GRR!
HO! HO! WE DON'T WANT TO BE BOARDERS — WE WANT TO BASH THEIR HUT DOWN!

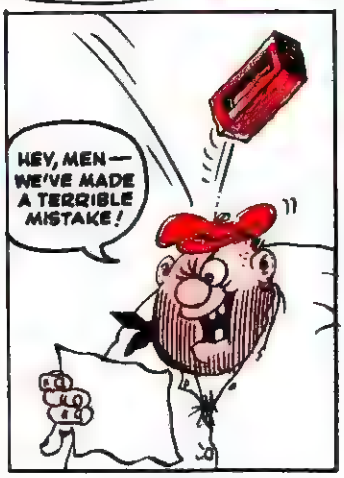
RIGHT, MEN — WE'LL USE THE SAME TACTICS AS WE USED AGAINST THE OLD PEOPLE IN THE WORKHOUSE!


BAT!!
BLAT!!
OUCH!
OW!
GULP!
EEK!
KICK!

RIGHT! SO THEY WANT TO PLAY IT ROUGH, EH?!


LET 'EM HAVE IT !!—
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF BRICKS!
THEN TEAR UP THE ROOF AN' THROW THAT AT 'EM!


PHEW! I WAS ALMOST CLEAN-BOWLED!
CLANG!
KEEP IT UP, GROUP— WE'RE WINNING!


HEY, MEN— WE'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

WE SHOULD BE KNOCKING DOWN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR!

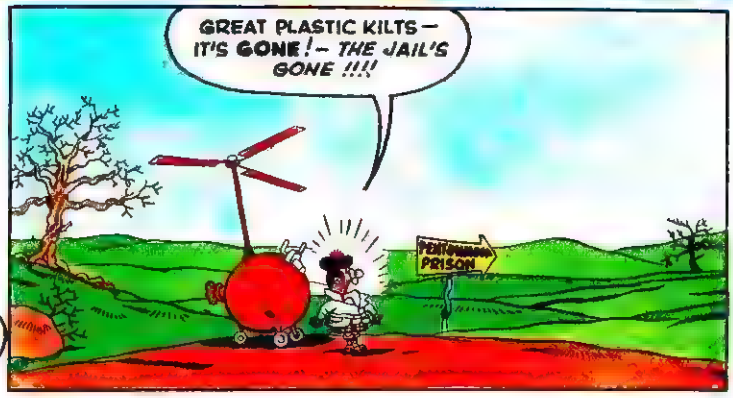
HOORAY! THEY'VE GONE SOME-WHERE ELSE!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM!
ULP— HIC!

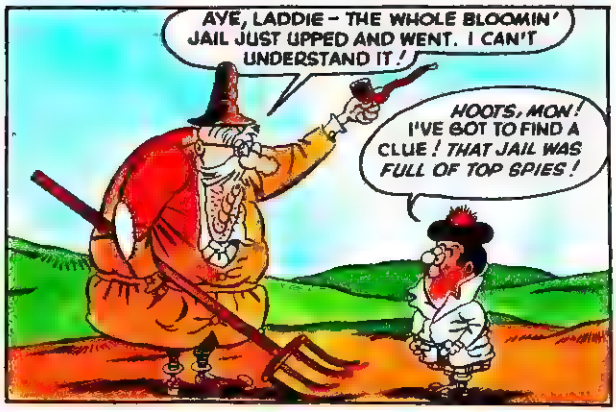
WE CERTAINLY STOPPED THEM PULLING OUR HIDEOUT DOWN!

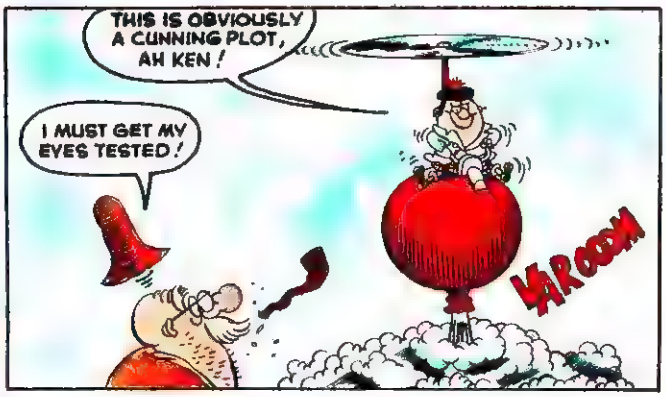
YEAH! BUT WE PULLED IT DOWN OURSELVES!
NOW WE'LL HAVE TO REBUILD IT OUR-SELVES! GRR!
MY MUM SAYS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEING BUSY TO KEEP US OUT OF MISCHIEF!

WEE WILLIE HAGGIS
THE SPY FROM SKYE
M.I.5½

POP! POP!
POP!
THREE WEE SPIES ARE ARRIVING AT PENTONMOOR JAIL TODAY, AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY CANNY WEE EYE ON THEM!

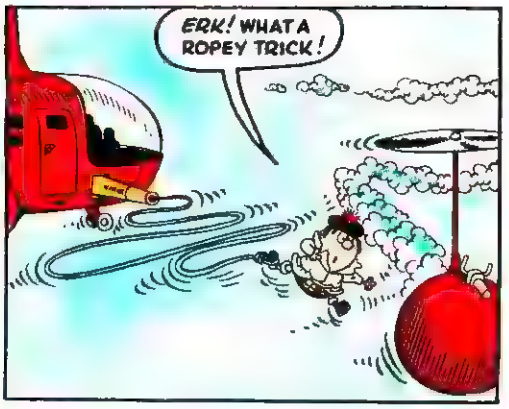

GREAT PLASTIC KILTS — IT'S GONE! — THE JAIL'S GONE !!!!
PENTONMOOR PRISON


AYE, LADDIE — THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' JAIL JUST UPPED AND WENT. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
HOOTS, MON! I'VE GOT TO FIND A CLUE! THAT JAIL WAS FULL OF TOP SPIES!

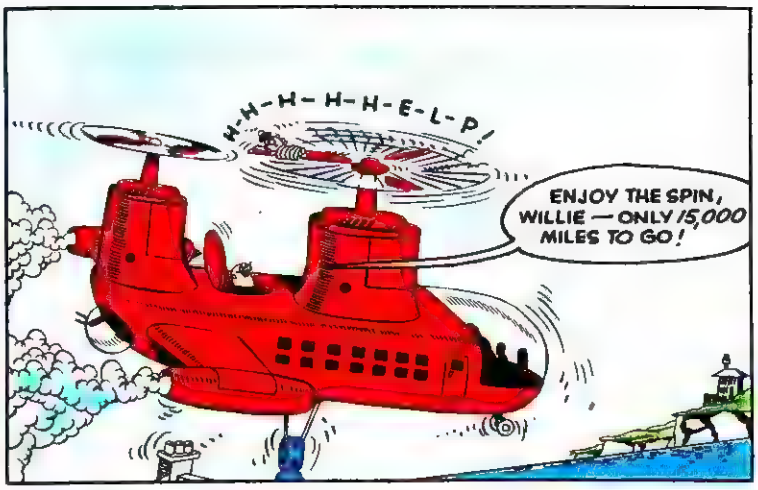

THIS IS OBVIOUSLY A CUNNING PLOT, AH KEN!
I MUST GET MY EYES TESTED!
WHOOSH

TWO HOURS LATER — HIGH OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL . . .
A FLYING PRISON — I DINNA BELIEVE IT!

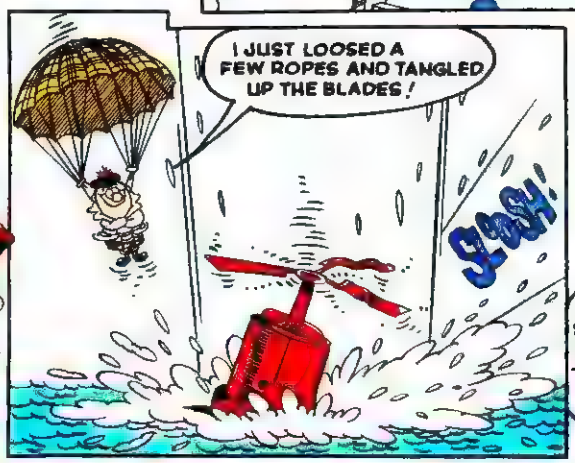
WILLIE HAS BEEN SPOTTED, TOO!
ACH! HERE COMES THAT KILTED CLOT! FIRE THE SPY-CATCHER GUNS!
YESSIR!

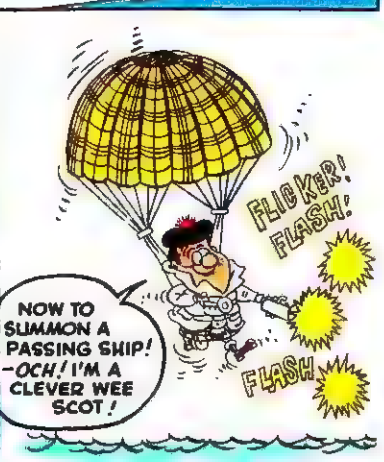

ERK! WHAT A ROPEY TRICK!

COO! A GENUINE M.I.5½ AGENT! — THE BIG BOSS WILL BE PLEASED! A PRISON FULL OF OUR OWN SPIES BACK — PLUS ONE OF THEIRS!
GOSH! IT'S BARON VON KNEESUP — THE NURDLIN' FIEND!


H-H-H-H-H-H-E-L-P!
ENJOY THE SPIN, WILLIE — ONLY 15,000 MILES TO GO!

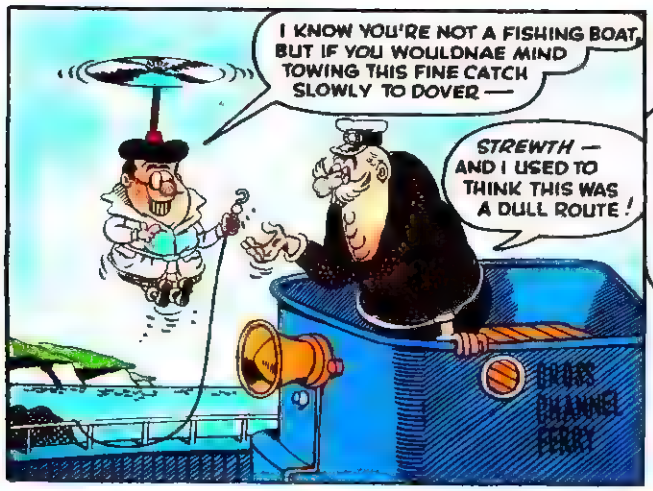
HOW'S OUR HERO GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS KNOTTY SITUATION? HELP! WHAT'S THE LAD DONE — ?
KRUNK!


I JUST LOOSED A FEW ROPES AND TANGLED UP THE BLADES!
SOSH!


NOW TO SUMMON A PASSING SHIP! —OCH! I'M A CLEVER WEE SCOT!
FLICKER! FLASH!
FLASH

I'LL TRY OUT THE LATEST SUPER GUN!
HELP! I'M GETTING WET!
SPLUT!
GLUP!
SO AM I!

HEH! HEH! IT'S OUR NEW COBWEB FIRER MARK ONE! AMAZING WHAT I CAN CARRY IN MAH SPORRAN!
BANG!


I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A FISHING BOAT, BUT IF YOU WOULDNAE MIND TOWING THIS FINE CATCH SLOWLY TO DOVER —
STREWTH — AND I USED TO THINK THIS WAS A DULL ROUTE!
DOVER CHANNEL FERRY

BACK AT M.I.5½ HEADQUARTERS...
'FRAID WE'VE LOST THE PRISON, BOSS, BUT WE'VE CAUGHT THE SPIES! THOUGH AFTER CHURNING THROUGH THE CHANNEL THEY MAY BE WEE MINCED-SPIES!
HA! HA! WE'LL SET 'EM ALL TO WORK BUILDING A NEW PRISON!

KICKS
HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR KICKS!

COO! THAT LOOKS DEAD EASY— BET I COULD BECOME A CHAMPION ROCK-CLIMBER!

TWENTY POUNDS FOR THIS LOT — THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF MY PIGGY-BANK— BUT IT'S WORTH IT!
FOOTBALLS
THANK YOU, SIR!

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE BEST KICK I'VE HAD IN AGES!
TO THE HILLS

HUH!— NOTHING TO IT! I COULD CLIMB EVEREST ANY OL'DAY!

ERK!— I'M BEGINNING TO WISH I'D NEVER STARTED OUT ON THIS KICK! GULP!

OOER! I'VE STARTED A LAND-SLIDE!

DOWN IN THE VILLAGE . . .
OUCH!
SOME STUPID TWIT HAS STARTED A LAND-SLIDE!
BASH!
BOINK!

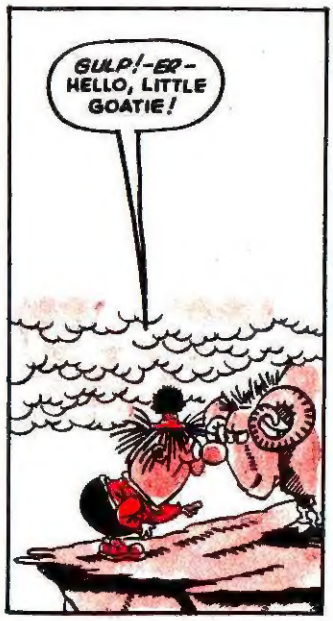
IT'S STILL FALLING — WE'VE GOT TO GO UP AND TEACH THE CULPRIT A LESSON!

MEANWHILE, UP THE MOUNTAIN—
OH, NO!— ME HAVERSACK'S BURST OPEN!

OOF! LET'S GET HIM BEFORE HE KNOCKS US ALL OUT!

HELP! I'M BEING CHASED! OOER! PUFF! GASP!
GRRR! THROW THINGS AT US, WOULD YOU?
SNARL!
GRRR!

COUGH! CHOKE! THEY MUST BE TRYING TO SMOKE ME OUT! — GASP!
DON'T BE A TWERP, KICKS— MOUNTAIN MIST FALLS SUDDENLY— AND THIS ONE HAS FALLEN OVER YOU!!


GULP!-ER- HELLO, LITTLE GOATIE!

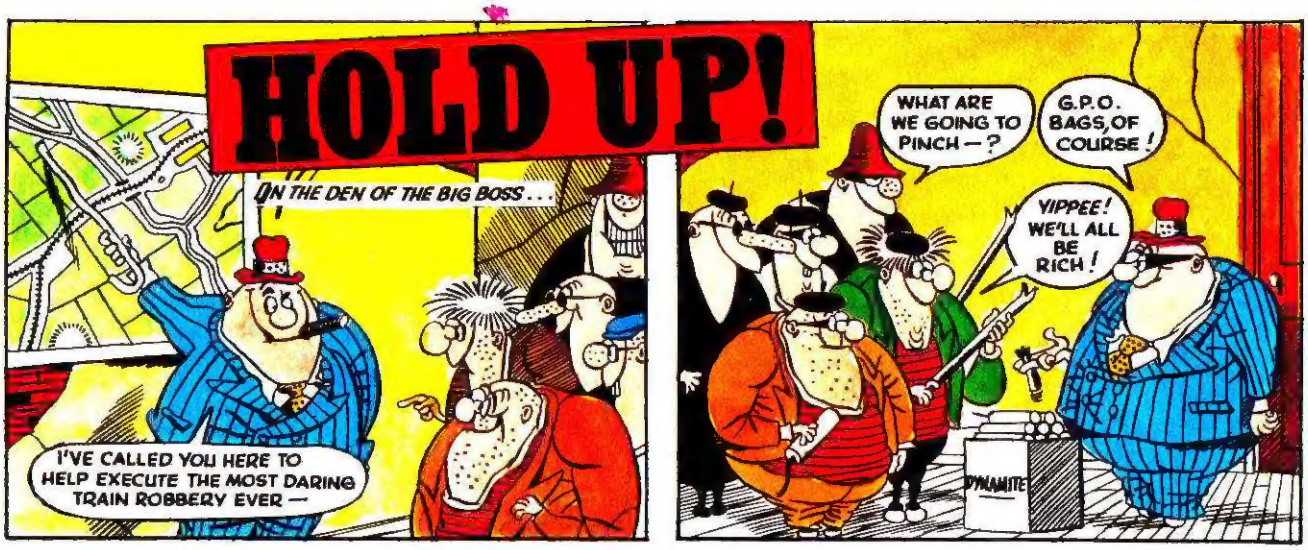
YEE-OW! ROTTEN OL' RAM!
BLAM!

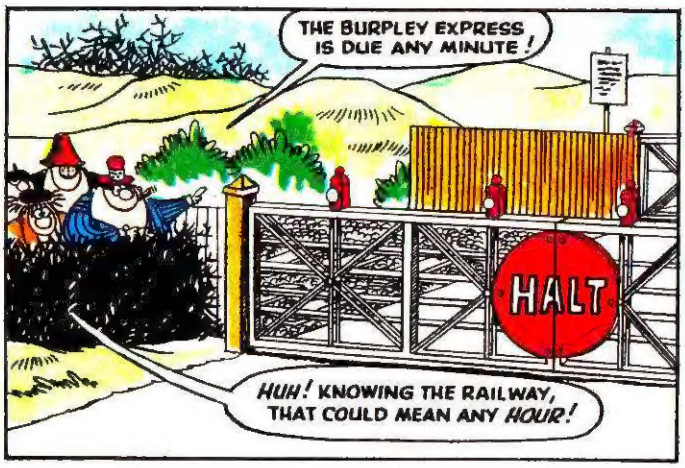
OOER! I'VE BEEN NABBED!
WE'LL GIVE HIM WRECK OUR LOVELY MOUNTAIN!
NICE OF YOU TO DROP IN!
GET YOUR HOB-NAILED BOOTS OFF, CYRIL!

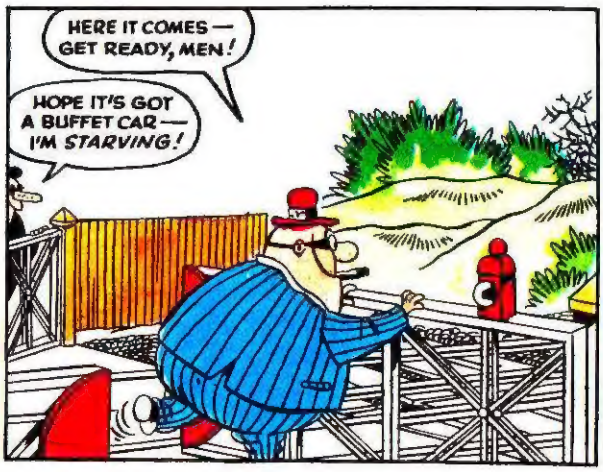
OOOOOH!
WHACK!
BOP!
OW!
THUMP!
HELP!
YOW!
THWACK!

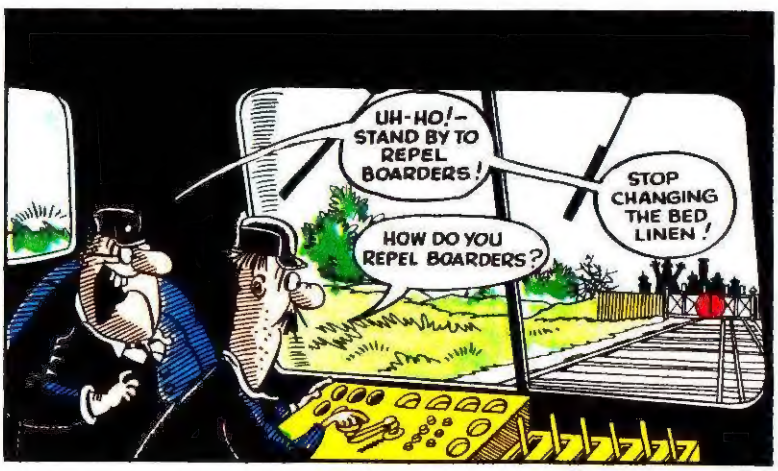
BAH! THE ONLY CLIMBING I'M GOING TO DO IN FUTURE IS UP THE BLINKING STAIRS!

HOLD UP!


ON THE DEN OF THE BIG BOSS...
I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO HELP EXECUTE THE MOST DARING TRAIN ROBBERY EVER —
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO PINCH — ?
G.P.O. BAGS, OF COURSE!
YIPPEE! WE'LL ALL BE RICH!
DYNAMITE


THE BURPLEY EXPRESS IS DUE ANY MINUTE!
HALT
HUH! KNOWING THE RAILWAY, THAT COULD MEAN ANY HOUR!


HERE IT COMES — GET READY, MEN!
HOPE IT'S GOT A BUFFET CAR — I'M STARVING!


UH-HO! — STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!
STOP CHANGING THE BED LINEN!
HOW DO YOU REPEL BOARDERS?

RIGHT! — IT'S STOPPED! TIE UP THE CREW, AND LET'S FIND THE G.P.O. BAGS!
SCREEECH!

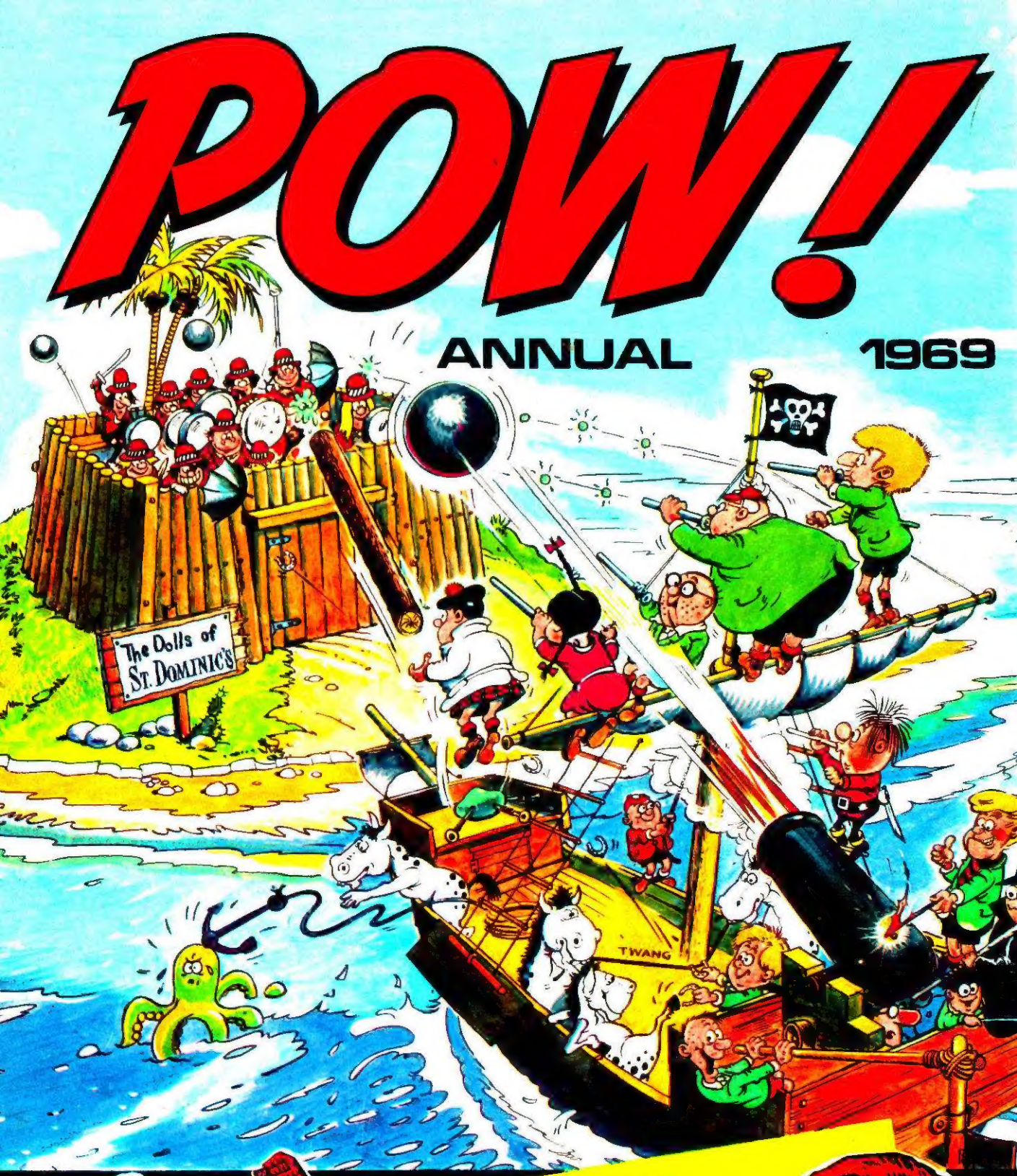
QUIET! — YOU'LL WAKE THE POLICE UP! HEH! HEH!
MUMBLE! MUMBLE!

DONE IT! OPEN UP THE BAGS AN' COUNT THE SPOILS, LADS!

HUH! THIS ISN'T MAIL!
— NOT SO MUCH AS A POSTCARD FROM ME AUNT GLADYS!
I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND —
S'EASY, LADS — G.P.O. DOESN'T STAND FOR GENERAL POST OFFICE — IT STANDS FOR . . .
. . . IT STANDS FOR GREAT POW ORDER! AND, IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, READERS — YOU'LL ORDER POW EVERY WEEK, TOO! OTHERWISE YOU MAY HAVE TO RESORT TO THIS!
HEE! HEE! 'THE GROUP' ARE GREAT THIS WEEK!
'THE DOLLS' ARE DELIRIOUS! HA! HA!
HO! HO! 'KICKS' IS A RIOT!
HO! HO! I LIKE 'THE CLOAK' BEST!
I'M GLAD IT WASN'T JUST A LOAD OF OLD LETTERS AND MONEY NOW!
POW!
BANG ON! FOR THRILLS AND LAUGHS!

POW!

ANNUAL 1969



Featuring The Sensational "Spiderman" and Battling "Nick Fury"